Collier's

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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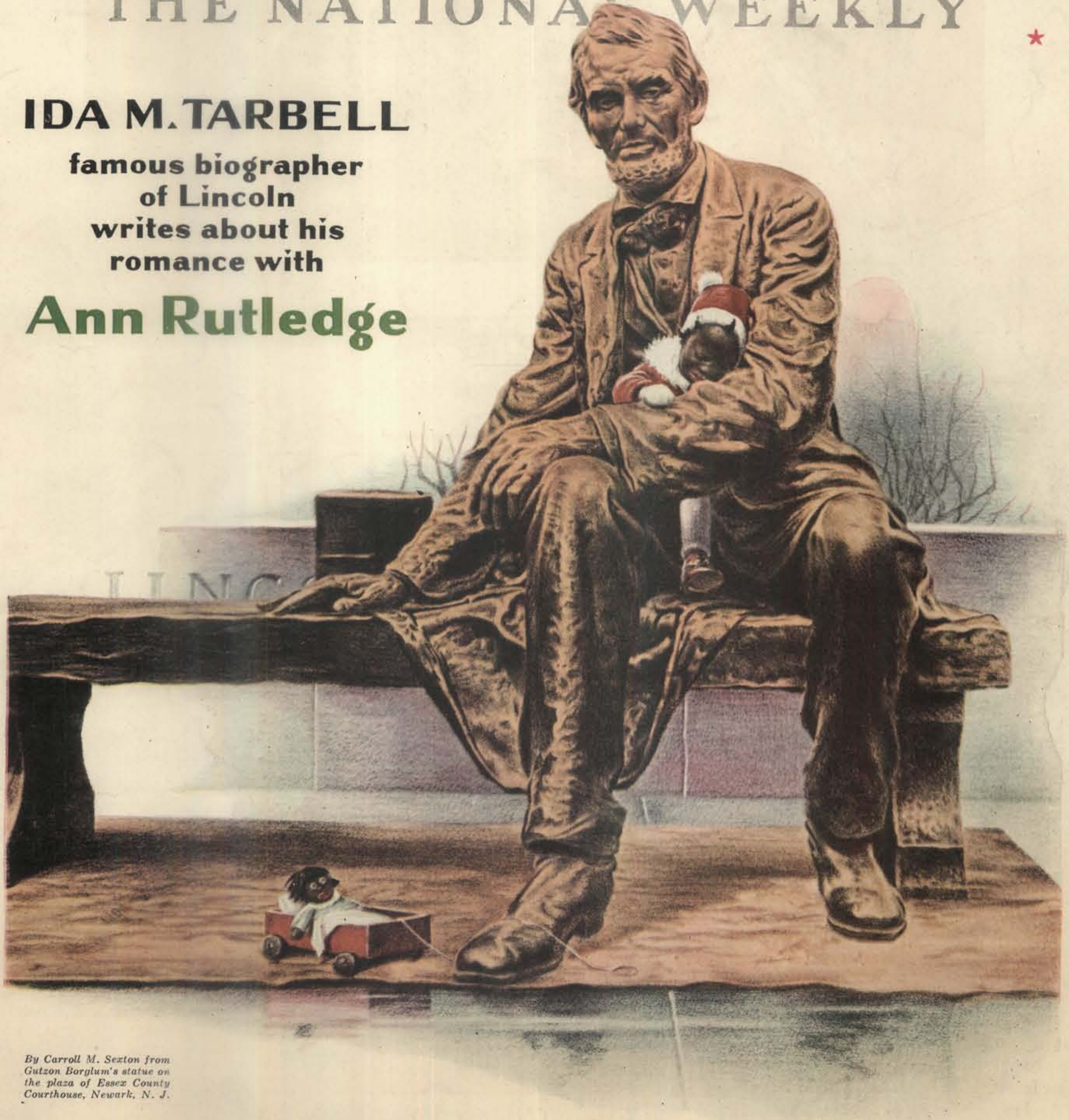
IDA M. TARBELL

**famous biographer
of Lincoln
writes about his
romance with**

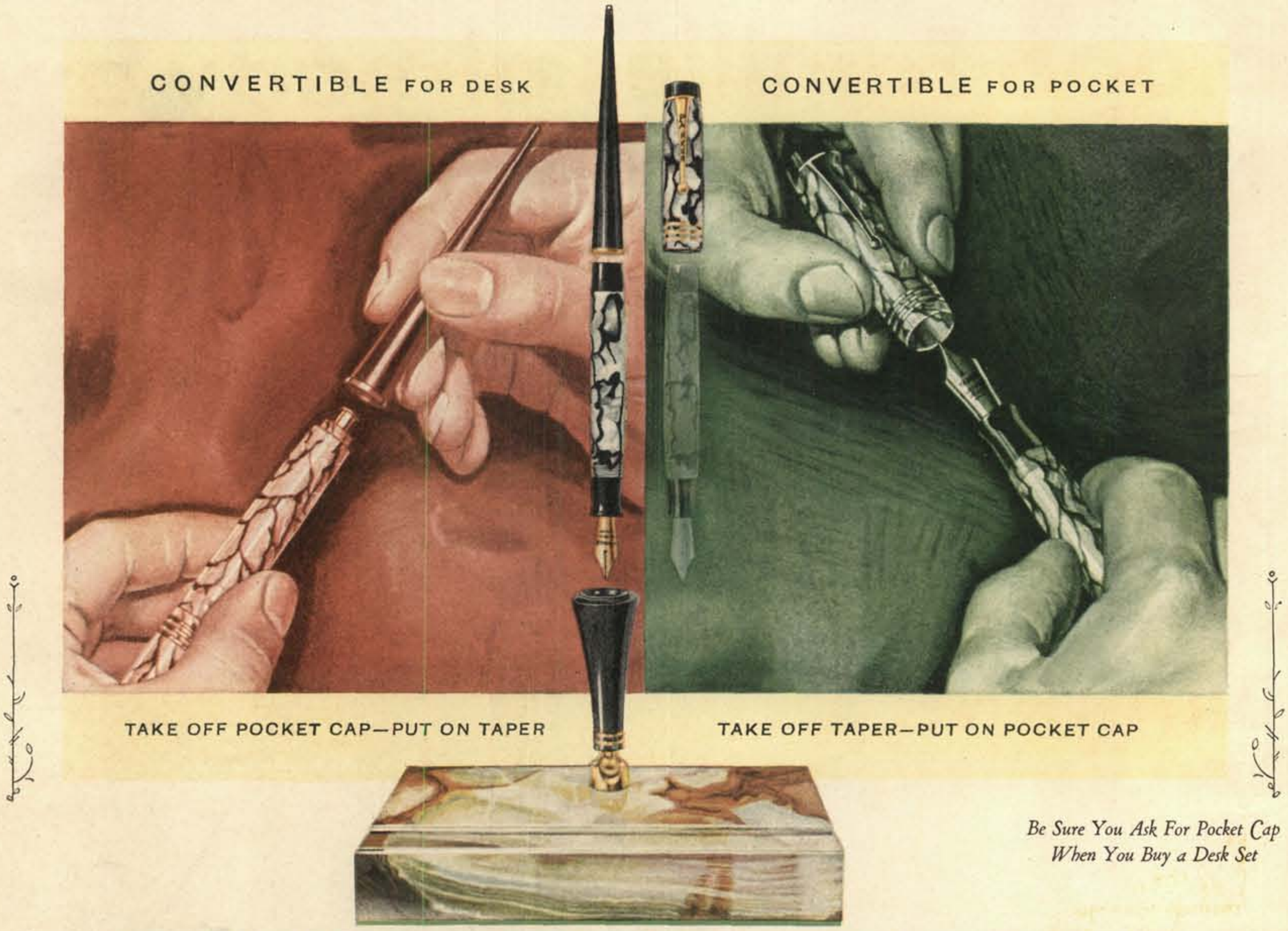
Ann Rutledge



By Carroll M. Sexton from Gutzon Borglum's statue on the plaza of Essex County Courthouse, Newark, N. J.

More than 2,200,000 Ci

FEB. 8, 1930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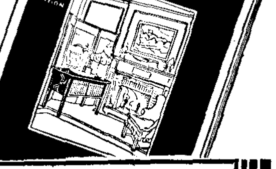

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

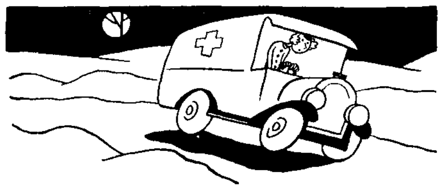
Next Week

WE DIGRESS from the announced subject of this column long enough to tell you about the cover of this very issue.

Gutzon Borglum's famous statue of Lincoln is to be seen at Market Street and Springfield Avenue in the heart of Newark, New Jersey. In the neighborhood are many old residences which will be torn down one day to make way for the towers of modern business. At present they stand, in poor repair, relics of a quieter day, and serve as tenements which shelter more families than their builders intended.

The plaza on which the Borglum statue stands is the nearest open space where the children of this section may play. Any day you may see them there with little express wagons and roller skates and skipping ropes. They swarm over the bench where the bronze Lincoln sits and perhaps there is no place in all the world where the shouts of children ring out more appropriately.

One afternoon, several years ago, Mr. Sexton, then employed by a Newark newspaper, saw a little Negro girl dozing very comfortably with her head on Lincoln's arm. He told us about it recently and we asked him to draw it for this issue. We relate the circumstances because we want you to know that our imagination, gifted as we are, had nothing to do with it.

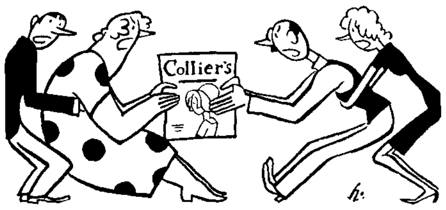


AND now for next week. First of all, we present a story which is different from anything we have printed about the war. The writer is Helen Z. Smith, and if you suspect that isn't her name you are quite right.

Miss Smith, an Englishwoman, was a volunteer ambulance driver in France. In "Stepdaughters of War" she has made her experiences the foundation on which she has built an enthralling story of women in war—their suffering and triumphs, their hates and loves, their courage and weaknesses, and their estimate of the whole terrible business.

It is a frank story, brutally frank sometimes, and there are pictures in it which will do more for the cause of peace than an afternoon and evening full of speeches.

We think you will read it, once you begin. So there's your warning and don't say we didn't tell you.



WHICH leaves us only space enough in which to be nothing more than sketchy about several highly interesting items . . . Courtney Ryley Cooper's story, "The Life of Squawking Bill," mixes the new and the old West in a delightful jumble—with a dash of love, which lacks, as you know, any geographical definition . . . Frank Condon's short story of American business men in Shanghai has little enough to do with business . . . John Kennedy's article, "The Woman from Paris," is about Claudette Colbert, charming. . . . And the serials and Short Short Story—a very full house. . . . Standing room only, in fact.

THIS WEEK

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Any Week

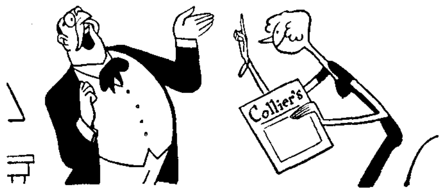
WE, THE conceivers and creators of the Short Short Story, had nothing in view thereby except to entertain. Certainly we foresaw no such triumph as a lady of Chattanooga reports.

For two years she had been buying Collier's for two excellent reasons: First, properly enough, because she enjoys it. But the second glows with subtle propaganda:

"My husband's father, otherwise a charming man," writes she, "was unable to bid you good morning without making an oration on the theme. He could take longer to tell you that he had met his brother, who lives next door, than it is taking Bishop Cannon to explain that Virginia election. My father-in-law was long-winded, I mean.

"But two years ago I began feeding him Collier's Short Short Stories. I have nothing but success to report. Little by little he got the point—unconsciously perhaps, but no matter. It seeped into his brain that a story can be even better for a little brevity.

"And now my father-in-law either says nothing or makes it snappy. For which, my friend, I thank you."



MR. EDDIE McNAMARA wants to know whether Jerome Beatty's hero, Catfish Wiggins, is merely a creation of Mr. Beatty's or whether Mr. Wiggins drove a milk wagon in Tulsa, Oklahoma, about ten years ago.

Mr. McNamara's Catfish owes him ten dollars and Mr. McNamara adds that he would admire the address of Mr. Beatty's Catfish—if any.

Mr. Beatty reports that Mr. Wiggins lives at 104 Loring Avenue, Pelham, New York. Also, Mr. Wiggins denies ever having driven a milk wagon or having any intention of paying Mr. McNamara what he owes him.

WE REGRET we have no help to offer Mr. Lewis E. Renschler of Toronto. He laments that the lengthening of women's skirts was a great disappointment to him. Before the hems descended all women, says he, looked precisely alike. Moreover, their knees were not the beautiful features we had always expected. But now that skirts have lengthened we discover that there are just as few pretty ankles as there were knees and the girls look just as much alike as ever. . . . Says he!

We don't know just why Mr. Renschler should complain to us; but we do know that if we had the answer we'd keep it to ourselves. We've lived among women long enough to know what's none of our business.

ONE of the wisest men we ever knew was an old-timer who, when asked for an opinion, always shook his head and said he lacked the necessary experience.

"I'm nigh on eighty years old," he'd say, "and nothin' worth mentionin' has ever happened to me."

That was twenty years ago. He's still strong and care-free.

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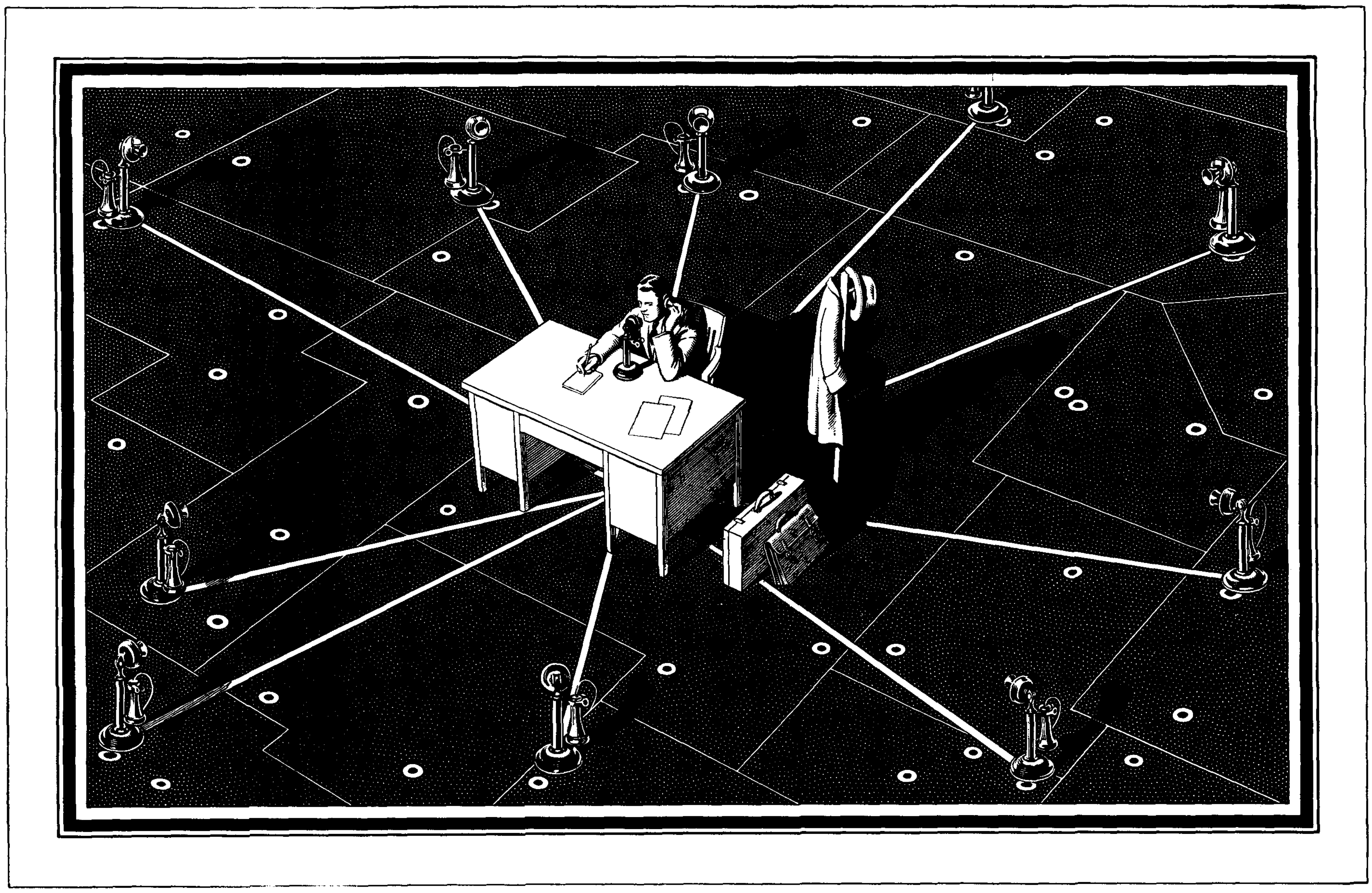
They Cover their Territory twice as often by Telephoning from Key Towns



A MANUFACTURING COMPANY, marketing its product nationally, was faced with serious competition. Its salesmen could visit customers only at intervals of several months. They could give little time to developing new prospects. Regional mills and other competitors were making deep inroads into its business.

A Key Town Plan of telephoning was presented to this company and adopted. Its use enables the salesmen to cover their territory at least twice as often, at proportionately lower cost. The Key Town Plan is used by many business firms to meet modern conditions. Under this method, the representative goes to the key cities in person. From these he conducts his business in the surrounding area by telephone, buying and selling goods, building good-will, answering questions, adjusting complaints, quoting prices or specifications.

In this way he can cover territory far more quickly. Many business men alternate personal visits with telephone calls, visiting certain cities on one trip and telephoning nearby ones, and reversing the procedure the next.

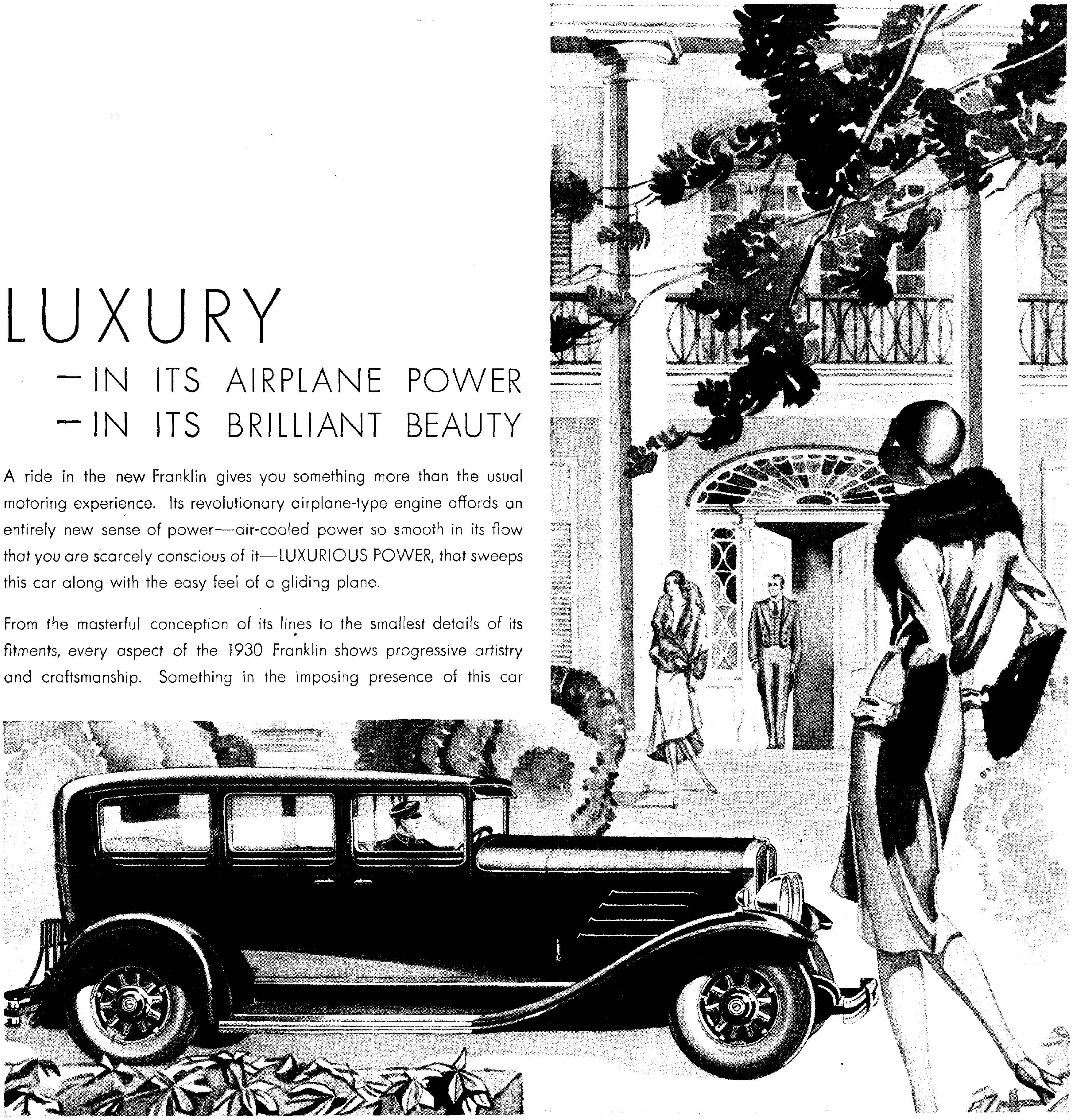
There is now in effect a further reduction in various long distance rates, saving telephone users of the United States more than $5,000,000 a year. This is the fourth reduction within little more than three years. It is part of the fundamental policy of the Bell System, which is to provide the best possible telephone service at the least cost to the public. Out of town calls are *Quick . . . Easy . . . More economical than ever.*

LUXURY

—IN ITS AIRPLANE POWER
—IN ITS BRILLIANT BEAUTY

A ride in the new Franklin gives you something more than the usual motoring experience. Its revolutionary airplane-type engine affords an entirely new sense of power—air-cooled power so smooth in its flow that you are scarcely conscious of it—LUXURIOUS POWER, that sweeps this car along with the easy feel of a gliding plane.

From the masterful conception of its lines to the smallest details of its fitments, every aspect of the 1930 Franklin shows progressive artistry and craftsmanship. Something in the imposing presence of this car—its new style notes, such as embossed paneling; concealed running boards; low hung doors; slender, gracefully arched hood with belled horizontal louvres—is gaining for Franklin a wide margin of esteem.



With an airplane-type engine—the first to power an automobile—Franklin challenges the entire automobile industry and ushers in a new era in motor design. Flown in the air and driven on the highways for thousands of miles—and delivering the greatest power for cylinder capacity of all automotive powerplants, this remarkable engine gives to Franklin the same sensational performance that thrills men of the sky.

Riding is gliding. Sixty, seventy, eighty in fourth speed—smoothly, quietly, comfortably. How different from any other car you have ever driven! How much more comfortable! How much more thrilling! In your first ride you will understand why Franklin has been able to capture all major road records. Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

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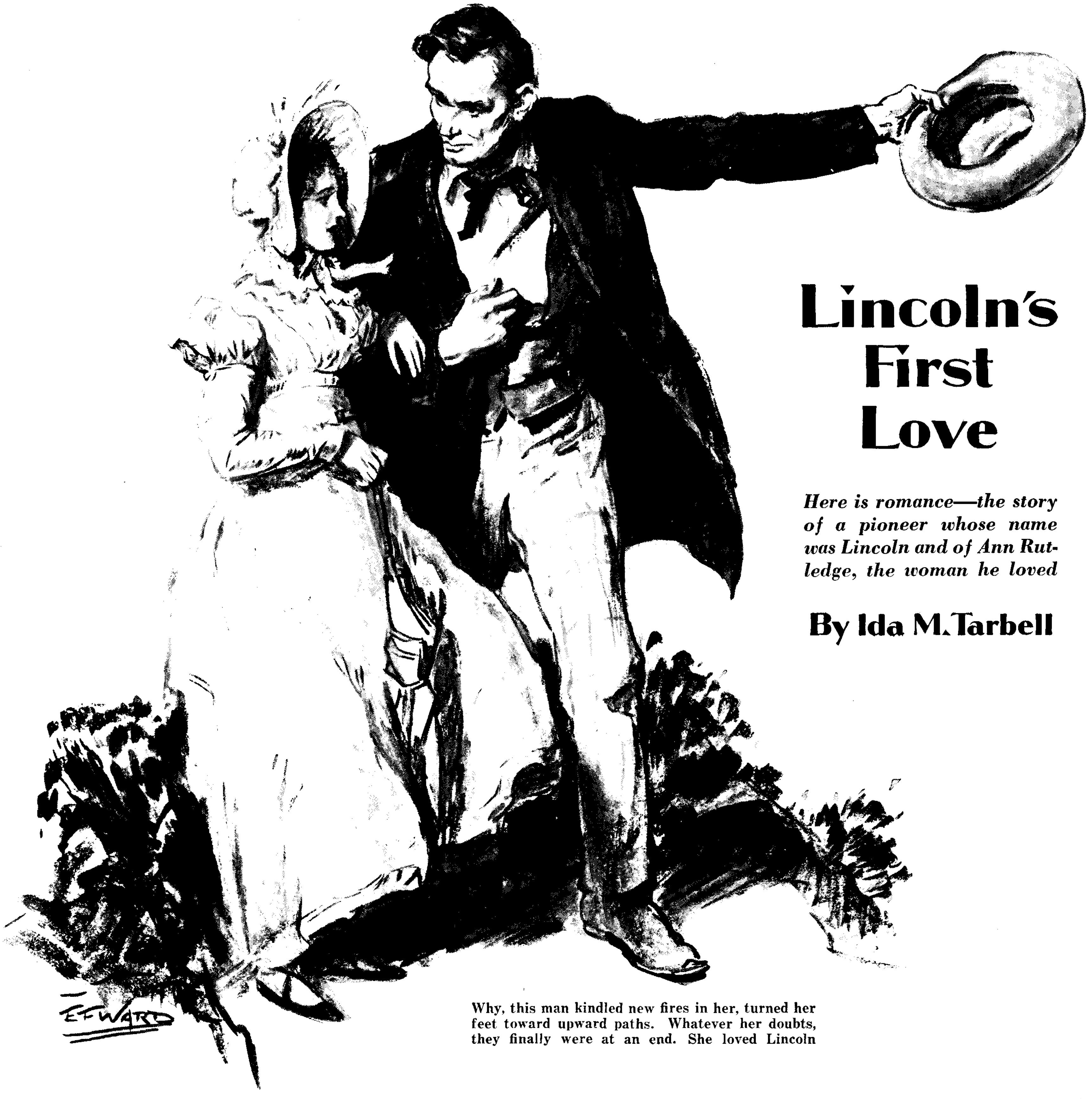


Lincoln's First Love

Here is romance—the story of a pioneer whose name was Lincoln and of Ann Rutledge, the woman he loved

By Ida M. Tarbell

Why, this man kindled new fires in her, turned her feet toward upward paths. Whatever her doubts, they finally were at an end. She loved Lincoln

SOMETHING had happened down at the dam—nobody knew quite what. However, anything would draw a crowd in New Salem, Illinois, in April, 1831, sealed in as it had been by the "winter of deep snow"—months of unheard-of snow followed by a thaw which turned prairies to seas.

The children were running hot-footed to the edge of the bluff where it looked down on the mill dam; the curious and the idle after them. When nobody came back the women dried their hands, threw their shawls over their heads and followed.

Simple, but absorbing, what they saw. Hanging on the dam-head was a good-sized "Orleans boat"—the kind they longed to see navigating the Sangamon, as their river was called. The craft hung a dead weight, her cargo slowly settling back into the sinking stern, the water pouring in. A loud chorus of contradictory advice rose from mill and bluff, but unheeding, imperturbable, the little crew worked to save their cargo; a big fellow—"over six feet"—all brawn, was directing while doing half the labor himself.

Steadily and quickly they transferred their cargo of squealing pigs, strings of ducks and prairie chickens, bundles of jerked venison, rolls of wolf and deer pelts, to a near-by boat. Then, tilting the relieved hull over the dam, the big fellow bored a hole in the bow, letting out the water shipped. The boat slipped over, the hole was plugged, the cargo was reloaded, and off they went, bound for New Orleans.

It was a nine days' wonder for New Salem, starved as the people were for new sights by their long hibernation. Their interest centered in the big fellow. They knew all about him—not from himself but from the owner, Offutt by name, who, circulating among the spectators, had boasted loudly of his boat and of his crew, particularly of its leader; the smartest fellow in Illinois, he declared him to be. He had found him down in Macon County; came there a year ago from Indiana; name was Lincoln, Abe Lincoln. He'd bossed the building of that boat and now he had saved it. Offutt was going to build a steamboat for the Sangamon and make him captain.

Social Strata in New Salem

Good news, if true, for New Salem. But they'd never see him or the big fellow again, the gossipers opined pessimistically. Get to New Orleans and they'd never come back. They wouldn't; after last winter.

The doubters were wrong. Four months later the boasting Offutt did come back—Lincoln with him, but not a steamboat. He had liked New Salem so well, he said, he had decided to open a store, build a mill and put Lincoln in charge. As the town had but a hundred inhabitants and was already served by four stores and a mill, there was no special enthusiasm over the news.

Although New Salem was so small and so young—only two years old—she had already begun to lay down her social strata. There was an upper crust of property owners, orderly, intelligent, ambitious to make a good town; appraising newcomers with hard, shrewd eyes, particularly young, unmarried men. They wanted capital, energy, honesty, temperance, and wanted them in the order of the category. What about this Abraham Lincoln?

There was a bottom crust—a tough one—hard workers, hard drinkers, foes of order, glad of recruits. How about this stalwart Lincoln? And there were those who resisted stratification, among them a few pungent, stimulating personalities—the village blacksmith, who read Shakespeare, knew Burns by heart; a schoolmaster forever stirring young and old to learning.

Occasionally a newcomer placed himself quickly, definitely. A young man had settled in the town the last year whom the upper crust loudly praised. He was from New York State, he said, had dropped in on a voyage of discovery. He looked the Easterner, wore their clothes, seemed to have money. There was no doubt in the minds of the two founders of New Salem, James Rutledge and the Reverend John Cameron, that this man—John McNeil—was the kind of timber they needed to build their town. He had capital, used it with judgment, attended strictly to his own business. The Rutledges liked him so well that they thought their daughter Ann very lucky when he asked her to marry him. It was a heavy load off a pioneer mother's heart when a favorite daughter secured a "good provider"—steady, honest, temperate.

But Ann was not to be married soon. Her lover must go East first, he told her, and she—well, Ann was only seventeen and wanted more than all things, before she settled down, to have a year away at school—an ambition at which John scoffed. She knew enough for him.

This Abraham Lincoln who had come to town to run another man's store had no such obvious virtues as McNeil—no store clothes, no capital, no single purpose like trading on his own, taking up land; and, unlike McNeil, he was no respecter of persons. He made friends with the young bullies who periodically frightened and scandalized the town by their drunken sprees—did it by beating their leader at their favorite sport of rough-and-tumble wrestling.

He wandered in the woods with the queer blacksmith, spouting poetry. He cultivated the schoolmaster, and it was said he was studying grammar—a grown man studying grammar!

Yet, for all his queerness, the best people liked him, listened to him. He certainly had traveled, been twice to New Orleans, understood politics, could argue. Then he soon knew everybody and everybody liked him. There might be something in his methods, they conceded, when after a first winter in the settlement he capitalized the popularity he had built up by announcing himself as candidate for the Illinois Assembly. He was not elected, but his failure apparently did not disturb his serenity. He had been "too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined," he said.

He continued to surprise them. This time by a bit of high finance—a merger of three tottering New Salem groceries—a merger entirely modern since it gave him and his partner a monopoly in their line, and was made on other people's money, though, unlike our modern mergers which flatten out finally, as his did, for lack of business talent, he paid back the last cent that had gone into his enterprise.

In the Rutledge Tavern

Being a property owner gave him a new social position in New Salem; and, as became the head of a business without a family, he went to the village tavern to live. This tavern, kept by James Rutledge, was just across the street from Lincoln's new store—a sturdy, four-room log structure, into which were packed, in the mysterious way known only to pioneers, the Rutledge family of eleven, boarders from the growing settlement and travelers who, passing that way, wanted accommodations for a night.

Much of the burden of this crowded hostelry was borne, cheerfully and skillfully, by John McNeil's fiancée, Ann. "A lovely girl," this Ann Rutledge, more than one of the relatives and friends, who, in later years, put on paper their recollections of her, has written. Short and plump, with auburn hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, a gay laugh, a quick foot, a skilled and willing hand—it is little wonder that she made her way into the heart of New Salem or that many thought her beautiful. Not all. There is a feminine record which says she could not have been beautiful—she "had red hair!"

From the first she attracted Lincoln. She was different in many indefinable ways from any woman he had ever known—the difference of class. There was a wide gap indeed between his family and hers—his was, he recognized frankly always, "second class," while the Rutledges were somebody—very much somebody—South Carolinians of the same stock that had produced Edward Rutledge, signer of the Declaration of Independence. The name alone carried weight in a community made up as largely as New Salem of people from the South.

Yet, different as the two young people were in the social standing of their families, their experiences in life had been very similar. Both were Kentuckians by birth, born not over a hundred miles apart—he in Larue County, she to the northwest in Henderson County. Both, as children, had known the great adventure of journeying from the first homes they remembered into new and unsettled countries; Lincoln at seven into Indiana, Ann at eleven into Illinois.

They could both remember the crossing of the wide Ohio—nights under the stars, the creak of the covered wagon, the bacon sizzling on the campfire, the wonders, the hardships, the gayeties and the fatigues of overland travel through forests and across prairies where trails were but faintly broken.

Ann Rutledge, like Abraham Lincoln, had shared from childhood the tasks of a family making a home in a new land. If he handled the ax and the plow before he was ten, she was busy with a broom and a needle. When he in Indiana learned the ritual of the soil, when and how to plow and plant, to harvest and to butcher, when and where to cut and pile wood, to hunt and to skin the animal, she in Illinois was learning the ritual of the household—the weekly and seasonal procession of duties, washing, ironing, cleaning, baking, when you canned and dried your fruit, put down your lard, made soap and candles.

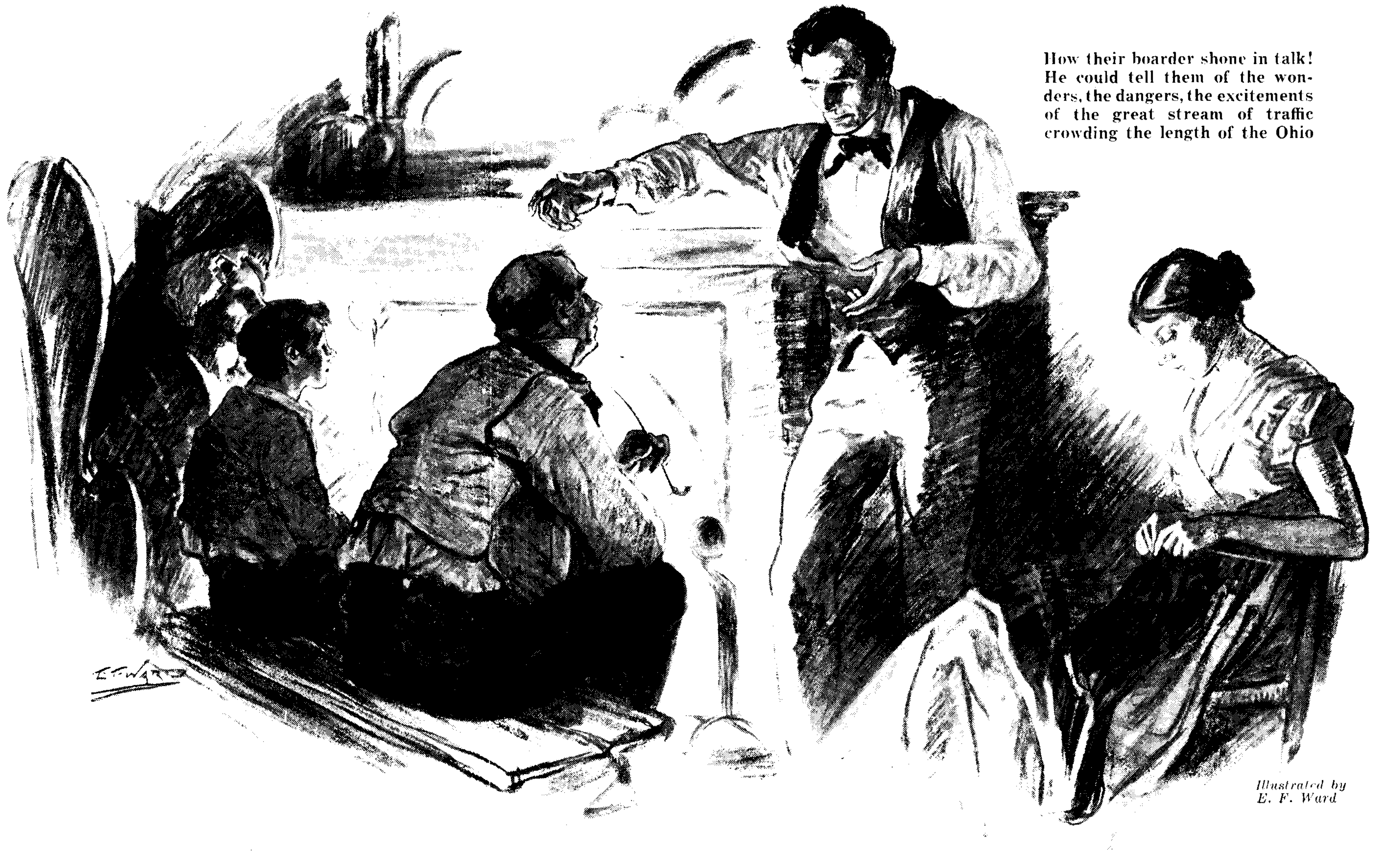
But while life in the childhood of the two young people ran parallel in its adventures and duties, Ann Rutledge had known less of sordidness than Lincoln. Those about her were more familiar with the amenities of life—more eager for education, achievement. It was a revealing experience to Lincoln to live in a family keen for the things he had wanted all his life—books, education—things at which his father jeered, in which his kin had taken no interest. He was not long in discovering that two of the young Rutledges, Ann and her younger brother David, had set their minds on going away to school. Ann was particularly eager, for she knew her only chance was while John McNeil was East. The last thing he had told her before he left was that as soon as he returned they were to be married. It was now or never. Yet she could not leave her mother. There was a baby in the cradle, young sisters and brothers, boarders, travelers, to be cared for; and there was little money. No, she could not go.

Winter Nights

Lincoln was soon, naturally enough, her confidant. He knew all about her longing. Had he not harbored it all his life? But you could learn even if you didn't go away. Hadn't he learned grammar last winter here in New Salem, with the schoolmaster's help, while he worked? Ann could do the same.

He had the copy of Kirkham's Grammar he had studied. She could have it. He would help her. And so Ann studied under his direction, *learned* grammar, as an inscription on the very book she

(*Continued on page 36*)



How their boarder shone in talk! He could tell them of the wonders, the dangers, the excitements of the great stream of traffic crowding the length of the Ohio

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

Model Maids

Alfred Cheney Johnston

Joan Clement, daughter of an editor of the Boston Transcript, is one of the four best models in all Manhattan

Clothes can't help looking attractive when they are displayed by Miss Betty Maar, a model of the first rank

Rebele

Gurle André, a blond Diana of the fashion chase, displays a luxuriant wrap from H. Jaeckel & Sons

Nickolas Muray

They haven't a thing to wear that they don't get paid for wearing—these modern mannequins. They have better form—both ways—than their predecessors. They are very, very nice, but not very naughty

By John B. Kennedy

THE grand ballroom of a large Manhattan hotel is imposing enough under any circumstances; but when rainbowed with light for a fashion show it's a buttonhole maker's dream of paradise. They were all there, the lights of gold and green and dazzling white. They were there, the picked models of the business. For hours they had paraded between a high wall of mirrors and a floor of faces

From lingerie to lorgnettes the show had progressed with the elaboration of a banquet menu. A hundred fair damsels had stalked across an ebony platform flashing jeweled slippers, lace step-ins, satin brassières, and from these progressed without police interference to breakfast and bath wraps, morning jackets, walking suits, tea gowns, striking evening wear and kaleidoscopic pajamas.

Between items hospitality had run amuck. Huge crystal bowls had been drained repeatedly of lively punch and the boys and girls had wrought havoc on side-tables of inspired mineral water and cracked ice. The boys had been especially elbow-conscious. Aisles could not restrain them, nor the frowns of the serious ushers of the show. But boys will be boys, and when they also happen to be buyers their fun goes undisturbed.

The pièce de résistance of the show was about due. There was dignified delay. Glasses tinkled at side-tables and voices arose in glad outcry.

Doing its utmost with Wagner's march, the jazz band hailed an approaching bride. She came behind acolytes, sweet and charming, fresh with virginal youth. She was a delicate poem in white, attended by maids who were each just a less entrancing picture than the bride. Sweeping her long white train behind her she came through the staring, startled audience.

There Goes the Bride

Cheers arose. The bride was not pleased. She looked up in demure anger from her bridal bouquet. The cheers grew louder. Some of the cheerers, over-refreshed males, began a game. They started jumping across the bride's six-foot train.

The bride halted.

"This," she warned the nearest usher, "will have to stop!"

The nearest usher was not the brightest or firmest. He shrugged his shoulders. The boys leaping across the bridal train were customers, and, by tradition, the customers can always be tight.

Thereupon the little model lifted a dainty, white-gloved hand.

"Stop at once!" she shouted.

Women spectators supported her with murmurs. The bride wheeled, gathered up her train and strode from there, a straight and flushed little figure. Sheepishly, the prancing boys became contritely quiet. A choleric gentleman with a large stomach bustled on the scene amid cries of "Mr. Finklebaum" and demanded immediate explanations.

The boys gave them. All they wanted was a little fun—an old-fashioned romp.

"It don't go nowadays," said Mr. Finklebaum, torn between natural anger at a spoiled show and business solicitude for "prospects." "The girls won't stand for that stuff no more," he concluded.

His point was proved when, retiring behind a tall screen where the models were being paid off, the young woman coolly informed him:

"This is the worst I've ever seen."

"It won't happen again," said Mr. Finklebaum.

The young woman awarded him a frankly skeptical glance, collected fifty dollars for her services and went from there. In high dudgeon? Not at all. Dudgeon, high or low, has no place in this young woman's economy. She is Miss Betty Maar, going on twenty-one, three years a model of the first rank.

With a dozen or so businesslike beauties, Miss Maar stars as an exponent of style. And this baker's dozen is the top run of a regiment of models that marches in single file, daily, in and out of studios, department stores, Fifth Avenue salons, shops and shoppes. They are registered with agencies that contract for their talents on a commission basis. A handsome young man named John Powers runs the busiest agency of all.

Mr. Powers has an attractive office on Park Avenue, New York, its walls decorated with the photos and the dossiers and calendars of his clientele. These number about four hundred, the great majority being women who range in age from flappers to grandmothers.

A Store Show

"Times have changed very much," says Mr. Powers. "The change dates from the war. Before then it was not considered quite respectable to be a model, although innumerable respectable girls were models. But for the years I've been in this business I've come into contact with nothing but respectable models: girls out of finishing school, college girls, young stage women who won't go into the chorus or on tour and so have long waits between parts.

"For instance—"

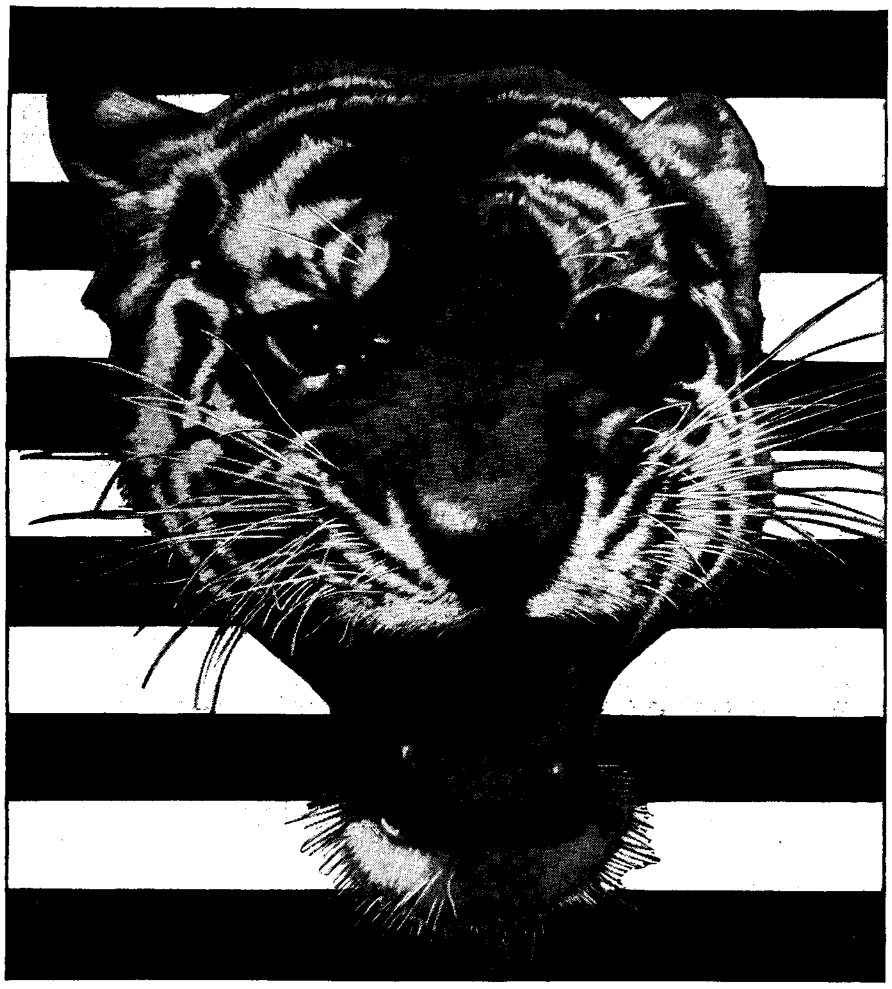
And the instance walked in. A tall, aristocratic brunette with a limber gait.

(*Continued on page 60*)

Snarling Devils

Big cats have always been the big kick of circus life. And the real genius of trouble is the tiger. Here you see him in public and in private, a very trying fellow. Meet him and you'll be even more excited the next time the youngsters drag you under the big top

By Francis Beverly Kelley



Sheik, the biggest tomcat of them all

THE town is Bangor, Maine. The reason for the evening excitement is that John Robinson's circus, fresh from winter quarters, has raised its big top and opened its menagerie. The circus has come to town.

Presently the feature act is announced by the magnificent gentleman in the tall hat, red hunting coat, white riding breeches and shining boots. The band breaks into the low, booming, weird Queen of the Jungle. That lady herself, Miss Mabel Stark, is about to step into the great cage amongst her snarling tigers—her kittens.

You of the audience notice quickly that there is something wrong with those cats. The circus people—including Miss Mabel Stark—see it much sooner. It has been raining for nine days. The lot is a quagmire. The temper of the whole outfit has been nasty; and that includes the cats.

But Mabel Stark goes into the cage!

She hasn't been in there five seconds before the biggest tomcat of them all—Sheik, a nasty beast—leaps for her. It's a swift, snarling leap, as savage as a jungle rush.

The woman turns to face Sheik. She slips, goes down on one knee. A good thing, too. The brute would have torn her head off otherwise. Even so, he's caught her shoulder with a smashing forepaw, spinning her around.

Her white uniform is at once red, but coolly she draws her pistol (it is loaded with blanks) and fires into the face of the infuriated cat as he comes at her again. That gives her time to get to her feet. The audience is deathly quiet, hung stupidly between terror and admiration. There is a murmur as the trainer drives the snarling cat out of the cage and into the delivery runs.

But the other fifteen tigers, sensing a kill and glaring at the reddened tunic of the woman, have lashed themselves into a frenzy. And now the crowd knows there is something evil on; attendants and performers have gathered outside the cage and are beseeching her to come out of the arena. She shakes her head. She'll see it through. She's a trouper. It wouldn't do to let those cats get away with a thing like this.

She signals to the man at the delivery door to let Ruby in to replace the out-of-hand Sheik. But he is stupid. He lets Sheik back in.

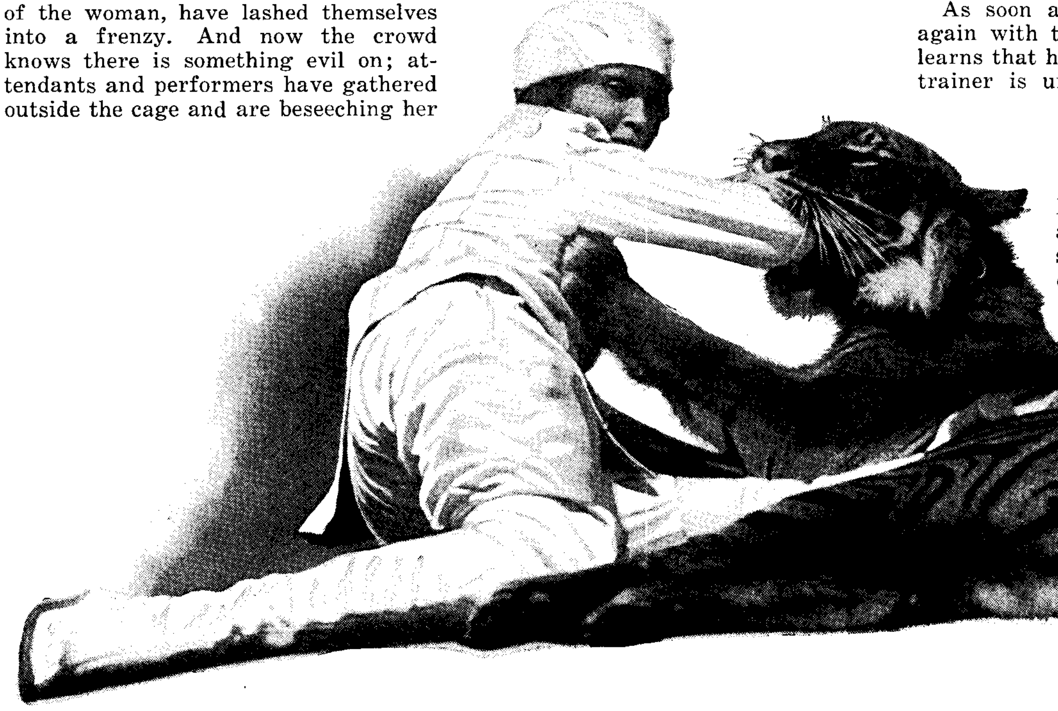
Sheik at once resumes the attack. He backs the woman into another snarling cat, Zu, and Zu leaps. . . . During the next thirty seconds the trainer has both shoulders torn and her left hip torn to ribbons. She isn't killed, quite, because the cats have taken to fighting amongst themselves. But she would have been killed had not Terrell Jacobs, the lion trainer, and Bobby Thornton, the director of the equestrian acts, jumped into the cage and with long poles and pistols driven the cats away from the prostrate woman.

The Trouper's Code

And then you behold courage. Slowly, painfully, the woman gets to her feet. Trying hard to smile she limps half the length of the hippodrome track to the pad-room outside the main tent. There she collapses. But a panic has been averted. She lay on the operating table five hours that night.

Six weeks later Mabel Stark, certainly the greatest of women trainers and perhaps without a superior among men, was back in the cage. Her cats were fawning upon her. They recognized their mistress.

Thus I introduce you to the most difficult, the most dangerous of circus acts. Ancient is the layman's argument as to the relative viciousness, cruelty and ferocity of lions and tigers. Ask the circus man. His answer will be "Tiger."



Mabel Stark vs. Rajah, a wrestling bout for several years a feature of the Al. G. Barnes circus

To break and train tigers a person must combine patience with courage. The cat must be studied as a teacher would study the individuality of a child. Tigers have personalities. In a cage full of them you can find the timid and the brave, the murderer, the diplomat, the clown.

The untrained and unbroken tiger that is to become an actor is tied down while a heavy leather strap is fastened securely about its body. To this strap is attached a rope that runs through a pulley outside the top of the performing arena, into the hands of attendants upon whom rests a great responsibility in the breaking of a cat—and the preservation of the trainer's life.

The tiger is released. He springs at the trainer—with unexpected result. The men outside the cage have pulled on the rope that is fastened to the belt. Instead of landing upon the trainer, the great cat finds himself suspended in mid-air.

As soon as he is lowered he leaps again with the same result. He soon learns that his efforts are useless. The trainer is unharmed and the animal, unable to understand the mechanism of the belt, rope and pulley, attributes his failure to some mysterious power possessed by the trainer.

Then the trainer, with gentle touches of the whip, works the tiger towards a pedestal and, in an effort to escape, the animal leaps upon it. The first lesson has been learned!

At first the animal obeys only through fear, but soon realizes that the trainer does not molest him so long as instructions are followed. Gradually the beast develops a feeling of confidence in the trainer. Half the battle is won. Often tigers are broken without the belt and pulley. There are trainers that prefer to break their cats with an ordinary kitchen chair!

A Risky Method

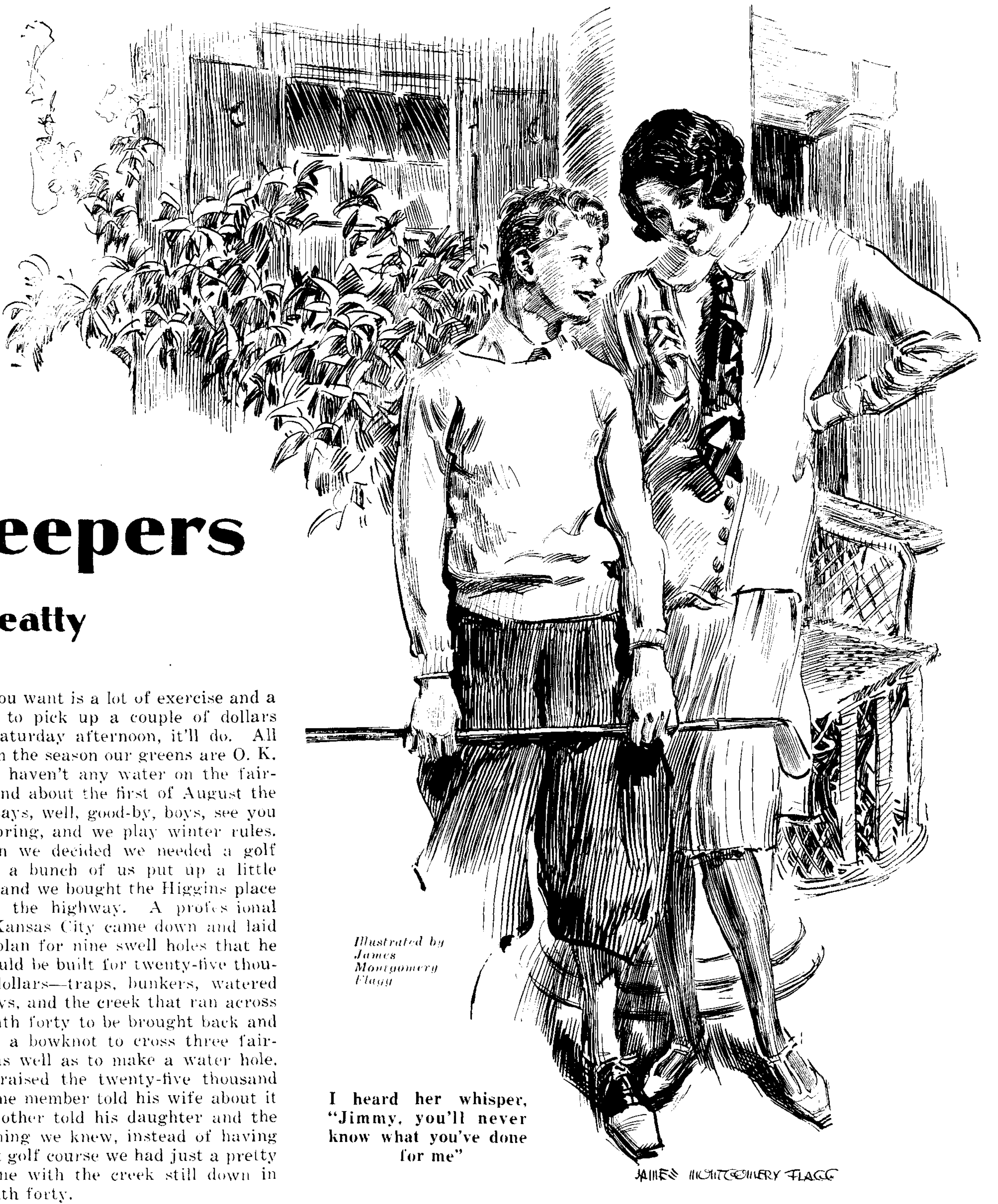
The beast leaps but is stopped in mid-air by the trainer, who thrusts the chair in front of him. The same thing is repeated until the tiger tires of the unsuccessful attempts at murder and sulks in the farthest corner of the arena. Cats have single-track minds.

The cat is taught to take his pedestal the moment he enters the arena and for a number of rehearsals nothing more is required of him. Usually a collar and chain held by someone outside the cage prevent him from leaving his seat until the act is over. In this manner the new actor becomes accustomed to the presence of other animals in the act and watches them do their tricks. The tendency toward imitation, while not developed as in the monkey or the elephant, reaches some degree of usefulness in the circus cat.

You may have seen a tiger jump right over the head of the trainer and you may have wondered how he resisted the temptation to pause in his flight and make an end of the trainer. The answer is that the tiger doesn't know the trainer is there! Hard to

(*Continued on page 58*)

For all golfers who find that their club is primarily a bridge club, tea drinking union, advanced gossip society, and Ladies' Aid auxiliary, here's a story of the Two Pines Club, where all wives are golf widows and like it



Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

I heard her whisper, "Jimmy, you'll never know what you've done for me"

Finders Keepers

By Jerome Beatty

THE home office had received a tip that the Two Pines Golf Club, in a little Kansas town, was going to remodel its clubhouse and spend a great deal of money in refurnishing it, so I took a train and went down there.

We find, in cases like this, that the wives of the golf players who have the final word, so I decided to do a little scouting around before I approached the officers of the club. It was not difficult to get a list of the most prominent women in town and I spent the afternoon calling upon a number of them to impress them with the skill of our interior decorators and to show them beautiful photographs of clubs that we had equipped.

It was the most amazing situation I ever encountered. One after another of the housewives assured me sadly that they had no interest whatever in improving the Two Pines Clubhouse, that golf was a game for men and that if there was money to be had it should be spent upon the course and not for the furtherance of social activities.

I knew I was defeated, but just for the record, and in the hope that I might pick up a small order, I called upon J. H. Jennings, the leading grocer and president of the Two Pines Club. He greeted me cordially and laughed rather like a conqueror, when I told him what I had learned. We were sitting in his little office at the back of the store.

"I never heard of such a thing," I said, in real admiration. "I'm a fair sort of golfer, myself, and [illegible] that has ever happened at our club. We spend money on the clubhouse first, and if there is any left over, it goes to the greens committee. How did you do it?"

"Well, I'll tell you"—he began—"a caddy did most of it, a caddy and the prettiest girl in town—Winnie Rhinehart, Sam Rhinehart's wife. She's a buyer for George Markham, who owns the department store. Sam met Winnie in New York and married her.

"I'M NOT letting you in on any secret. Everybody in town knows about how she went hay-wire over the fellow that came here from New York to run the hotel. She'd tell you herself. But that comes later.

Our golf course isn't so much, but if what you want is a lot of exercise and a chance to pick up a couple of dollars on a Saturday afternoon, it'll do. All through the season our greens are O. K. but we haven't any water on the fairways and about the first of August the grass says, well, good-by, boys, see you next spring, and we play winter rules.

When we decided we needed a golf course, a bunch of us put up a little money and we bought the Higgins place out on the highway. A professional from Kansas City came down and laid out a plan for nine swell holes that he said could be built for twenty-five thousand dollars—traps, bunkers, watered fairways, and the creek that ran across the south forty to be brought back and tied in a bowknot to cross three fairways as well as to make a water hole. We raised the twenty-five thousand but some member told his wife about it and another told his daughter and the next thing we knew, instead of having a great golf course we had just a pretty good one with the creek still down in the south forty.

But the Higgins farmhouse had been fixed up for dancing and bridge parties and there was a veranda filled with rocking chairs and a cinder road flanked by white fences and a lot of fool flower beds that take more water in the summertime than the greens.

THERE isn't much high-hatting around here. One of our best players is a brakeman on the Santa Fe and our outstanding foursome is made up of George Markham, the department-store man; Oscar Hemming, who drives George's delivery truck; Butch Johnson, who runs a garage, and Harry Watterson, editor of the Gazette.

Mom McLain runs the clubhouse for us, does the cooking and waits on table, except, of course, when we have a big party, when all of us loan our hired girls along with our silver and palms and rubber plants. Mom is a comforting old soul. You'd think her heart was breaking when you tell her about the bad bound that cost you two bits on the seventh.

Her boy Jimmy—well, Jimmy was the greatest kid you ever saw: fine caddy, and just about the best golf player around in these parts—except, maybe, Butterfield.

The Two Pines Club was about four years old when our city was honored by the arrival of G. C. Butterfield at the Santa Fe station. He had come all the way from New York, doubtless making many suggestions during the journey as to changes in the conduct of the Pullman service and the routine of the dining-car system.

He was sent out to manage the Western Hotel—where you're staying—which had been bought up by a big chain. Butterfield was a good influence, in some ways—such as teaching us that golf knickers should be creased on the sides, instead of down the middle.

As soon as Butterfield arrived he called up Harry Watterson at the Gazette office and asked for a reporter to interview him. Harry's reporter was busy feeding the press, so Harry went himself.

I met Harry on the street after he had seen Butterfield and Harry was all full of pep. Harry will fall for anybody who talks about bringing money to town.

"John," he exclaimed, "this new manager of the Western is going to put this town on the map."

"How's he going to do it?"

Harry didn't know for sure, but anyway the next day the Gazette was full of the stuff that Butterworth had told him, and everybody decided he must be a great fellow.

He got in the golf club right away. He was a lot better than any of us and at twenty-five cents a hole—even with the strokes he gave us—we paid him plenty. He was a nuisance to play with—always conceding himself three-foot putts and he'd lose his temper and yell at the caddies, especially if they lost a ball.

Butterfield was a good dancer and the politest fellow that ever was seen around here, so of course he made a great hit with the women. The way he'd jump up whenever a woman came into the room, no matter if it was a big party, was an utter nuisance, because then our wives made us all do it too.

WE FIXED things up so he could issue guest cards to tourists that stayed at his hotel, and who paid us greens fees. None of us liked it much, but he talked about how he was helping the town and how all the big city clubs did it, so we decided to try it. He made us agree not to serve supper to any of his hotel guests, but Mom McLain could give them dinner at noon—sandwiches, ginger ale and milk and all that.

Trouble started right away. Most of the people were all right but some of them had no business on any golf course. First, Mom McLain came to me and told me that a fellow had sworn at Jimmy and Jimmy had dropped his bag and come on in. Then some members complained that a lot of drunks had been out and had spoiled an afternoon for the other players.

Harry Watterson and I decided to go over and see Butterfield and try to call the whole deal off. Before we had a chance to speak, he said he'd been intending to get hold of us.

"I've had several complaints from my guests about their treatment at Two Pines," he said.

"What's the matter?" Harry asked, rather startled.

"For one thing, caddies. There aren't enough on Sunday mornings."

"They're mostly at Sunday school."

"You should take care of that. I would suggest a rule that boys who want to caddy at any time on Sundays must report before 9 o'clock Sunday morning."

"And keep 'em out of Sunday school?" asked Harry, whose boy was one of our best caddies. "Don't talk nonsense."

"Well, let it go then, but the service at the clubhouse is bad. Mrs. McLain refused to serve ginger ale to a party—"

"Drunks," I said.

"But can't you see," he said angrily, "the guests that come here expect a real golf course—"

Harry's face got red. "Are we running this course for your hotel or—"

"Your own members would like better service," he interrupted. "I could put your dining-room in shape so you could show a good profit. You need new china and silver and tables. I have a Jap boy here who would be just the thing. He's a good cook and with a Jap for a waiter—"

"I guess Mom McLain is about our speed," I said and with a few more words we left.

WHEN I told my wife about it that night, I got a jolt.

"I don't know why it wouldn't be a good idea to get better service at the club," she said.

"Have you been talking to Butterfield?" I demanded.

"I haven't, but he made a few suggestions to some of the other girls and they sound interesting. Mrs. Rhinehart is going to take it up at your next board meeting."

"Mrs. Rhinehart?" I exclaimed. "I thought you didn't like her."

"Well, she's on your board," she said, kind of sharplike, with her nose in the air, "and she has been in a lot of big Eastern clubs and Mr. Butterfield suggested to the girls that she would be the ideal one to present the plan." And she swished out into the kitchen to see if supper was ready.

You know how women would vote unanimously to move the capital of the United States to Paris if a snappy little Frenchman named Count de la Bozo served them tea and said the girls were marvelous and beautiful and unappreciated and he'd love it if they'd help him out. Well, then—

Winnie Rhinehart—you could understand about her.

When Bill Rhinehart brought Winnie from New York it was the first time she ever had been away from the big city. She never clicked, someway, with the women.

She was our best woman golfer and the men all liked her. She was a snappy dresser and had pretty knees and smoked cigarettes in a long, fancy holder—which was no crime, since lots of very nice women smoke nowadays.

She and Bill didn't fit each other, entirely. People didn't invite them over to Sunday dinners which, I think, hurt Bill most. He knew she was in bad with the wives and so did she. And of course Bill blamed her for the fact that they didn't go out much, and that didn't help make it a happy marriage.

After supper I went over to see Harry Watterson and told him what dirty work was going on.

"Butterfield has got us framed, Harry," I said. "With those women back of him, he'll turn Two Pines into a Western Hotel annex for tourists.

"Winnie's the cause of it all," I said. "If we could talk her out of it—I can't understand how she got into all this."

"Take nothing for granted about women, John," said Harry, lighting his pipe and looking around to see that his wife was out of hearing. "Winnie will do whatever Butterfield tells her to, and we haven't a chance in the world to change her mind. She's out playing golf with him two or three times a week. I hope she comes to her senses before there's a big bust-up."

"Aw, Winnie's too nice a girl."

"I don't know. She hasn't—"

Just then Mrs. Watterson came in with the lemonade, and after a while I went on home.

There are five of us on the board—Winnie Rhinehart, Harry Watterson, Doc Thompson, George Markham and me.

Winnie presented her plan, all typewritten—probably by Butterfield's stenographer—and with it a petition signed by nearly every woman whose husband belonged to the club. A lot of men, too, had fallen for it.

WELL, it called for $30,000 worth of bonds to do the job. The Western Hotel people agreed to take $15,000 worth of them, providing.

The clause about the providing was lawyers' language, all tangled up, but I could see that it gave them almost everything.

It called for a clean sweep, from a new doormat with the club initials on it, to a Jap cook to replace Mom McLain in the kitchen. It called for new rugs, new china, new linen. It directed that the committee should obtain bids from Markham's store, and that my store should furnish the groceries.

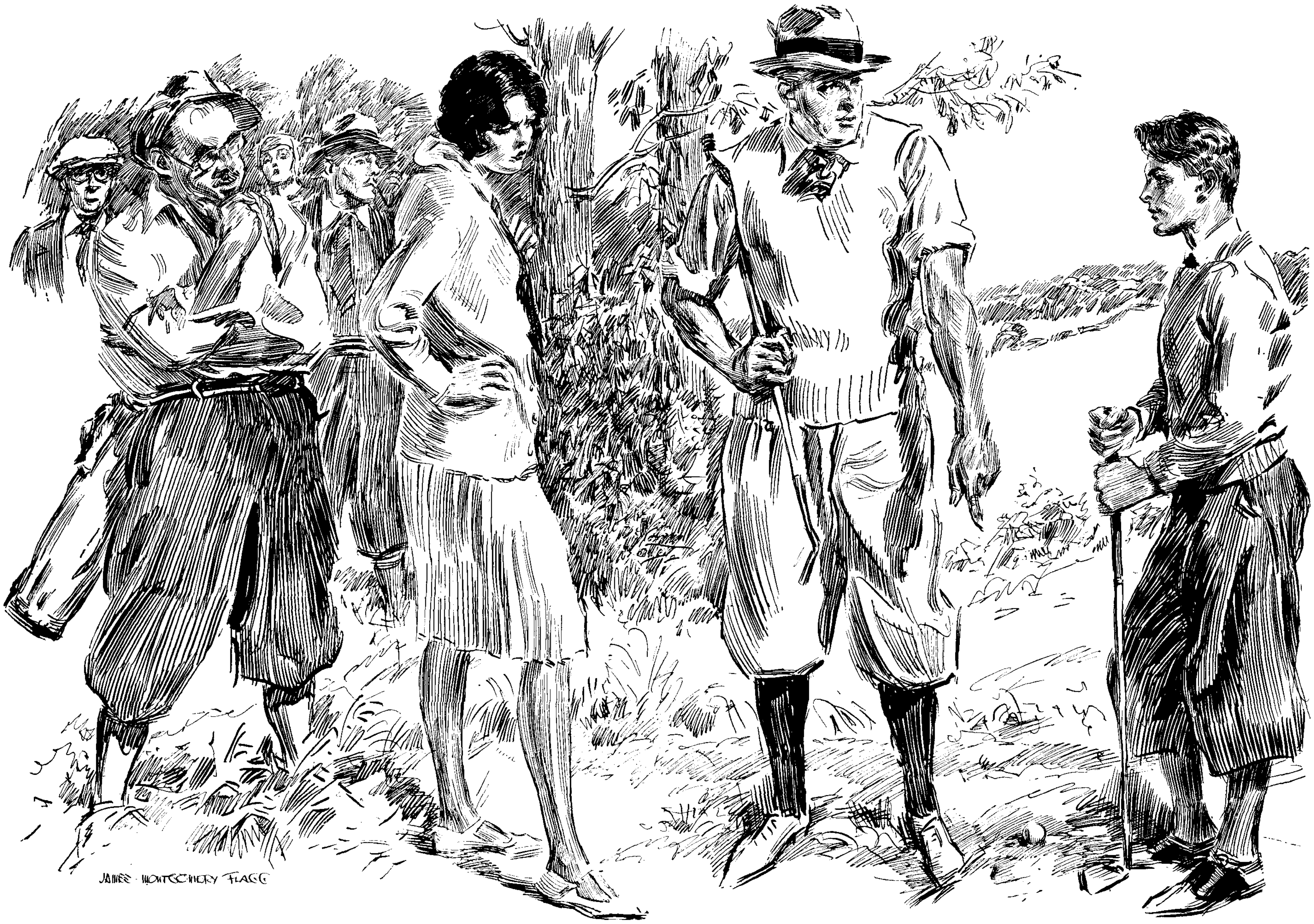
Do you see the trick? Butterfield advertised in Watterson's paper, bought groceries from me, was making love to Winnie Rhinehart and now he was going to hook in Markham by getting the furnishings from his store.

But we weren't so easily hooked.

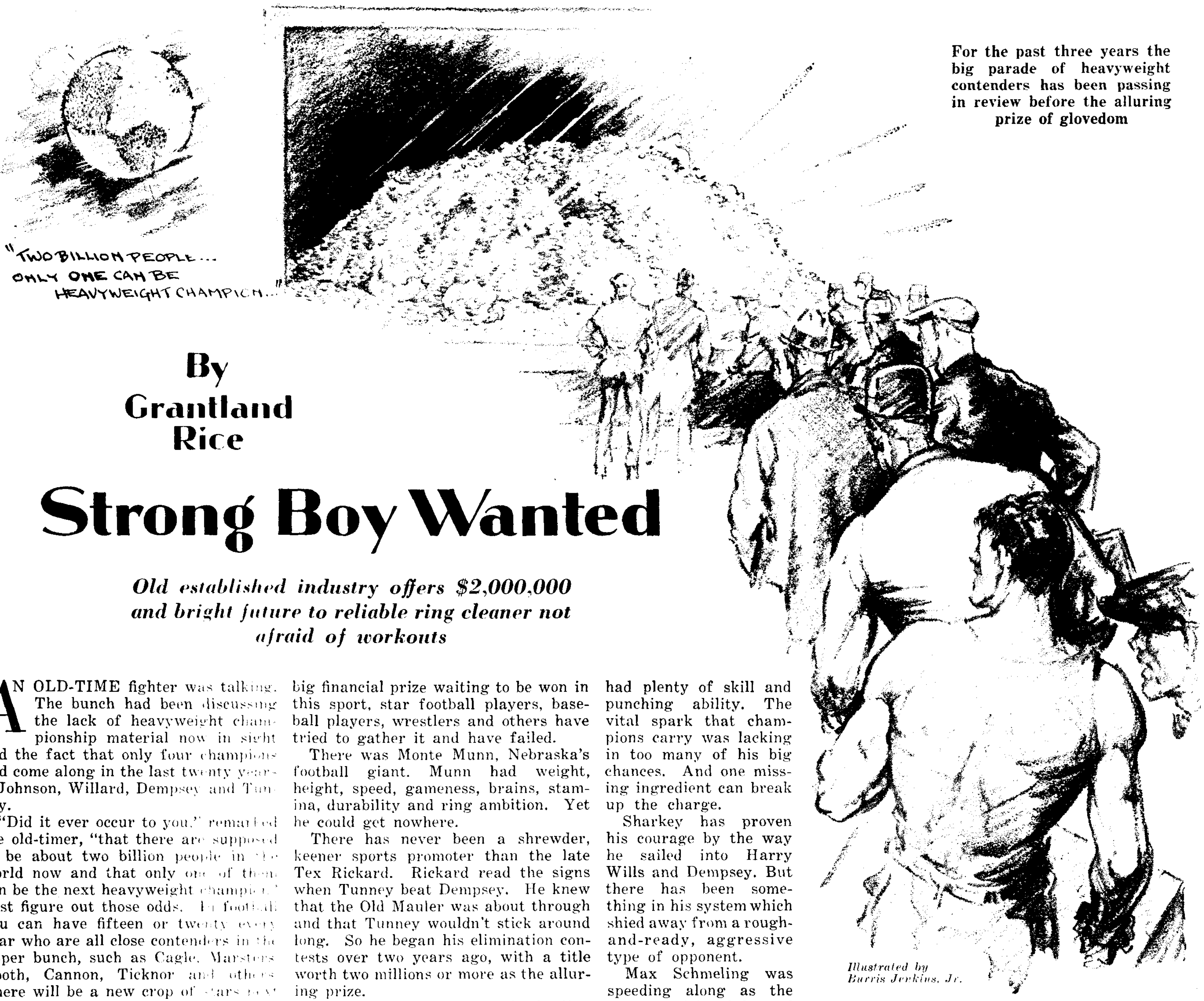
"It sounds too expensive to me," George Markham said. "I don't like it. Anyway we'd have to put it up to a vote of the members. The board can't do anything about it."

There was a lot of talk, this way and that, and finally I proposed that it be held over for the consideration of the

(*Continued on page 56*)



"Don't you think that's where it stopped, Mr. Butterfield?" Jimmy asked. "Looks queer to me," sneered Butterfield


"TWO BILLION PEOPLE...
ONLY ONE CAN BE
HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION..."

For the past three years the big parade of heavyweight contenders has been passing in review before the alluring prize of glovedom

By
Grantland
Rice

Strong Boy Wanted

Old established industry offers $2,000,000 and bright future to reliable ring cleaner not afraid of workouts

Illustrated by Burris Jenkins, Jr.

AN OLD-TIME fighter was talking. The bunch had been discussing the lack of heavyweight championship material now in sight and the fact that only four champions had come along in the last twenty years—Johnson, Willard, Dempsey and Tunney.

"Did it ever occur to you," remarked the old-timer, "that there are supposed to be about two billion people in the world now and that only one of them can be the next heavyweight champion? Just figure out those odds. In football you can have fifteen or twenty every year who are all close contenders in the upper bunch, such as Cagle, Marsters, Booth, Cannon, Ticknor and others. There will be a new crop of stars next year.

"The same is true of baseball and all team games. In golf you have Bobby Jones as open champion, Diegel as professional champion, Hagen as British champion and Johnston as amateur champion. But there can be only one heavyweight champion and he has to be the best man in the world at his game, from all weights and all sizes. There have been just seven real heavyweight champions since Corbett whipped Sullivan, and that was nearly forty years ago.

"You can dig up only one every five years and when he comes along there is seldom any close rival, anyone good enough to crowd the champion until the champion starts to slip. No two great young heavyweights ever pop out together. The Jeffrieses of twenty-four and the Dempseys of twenty-four travel alone. The reason for this is that it takes a greater number of championship qualities to make a heavyweight ruler than any other championship in sport demands."

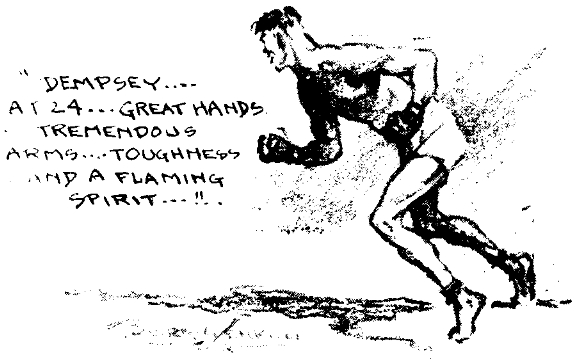
Weeding the Crop

A heavyweight champion, the sole survivor from two billion, needs more qualities to meet stiff competition than most of the leading candidates can ever find. With their eyes focused upon the big financial prize waiting to be won in this sport, star football players, baseball players, wrestlers and others have tried to gather it and have failed.

There was Monte Munn, Nebraska's football giant. Munn had weight, height, speed, gameness, brains, stamina, durability and ring ambition. Yet he could get nowhere.

There has never been a shrewder, keener sports promoter than the late Tex Rickard. Rickard read the signs when Tunney beat Dempsey. He knew that the Old Mauler was about through and that Tunney wouldn't stick around long. So he began his elimination contests over two years ago, with a title worth two millions or more as the alluring prize.

Jack Sharkey is one of the leading survivors in the race. After outpointing George Godfrey, Sharkey tore into Harry Wills when Wills was still supposed to be the Brown Panther and the Black Menace combined. Tunney had just beaten Dempsey, and Sharkey appeared to be the next sure bet. He added new sprigs to his laurel wreath by knocking out Maloney in short order.



When he faced Jack Dempsey and almost knocked him out in the first round with a fast, savage attack the Boston fighter seemed to be one of the great ringmen of his time. Yet three years later he is still just one of the candidates, still a member of the old Elimination League, at least two fights away from any crown.

What happened to Sharkey? Here was a big, fast, experienced boxer who had plenty of skill and punching ability. The vital spark that champions carry was lacking in too many of his big chances. And one missing ingredient can break up the charge.

Sharkey has proven his courage by the way he sailed into Harry Wills and Dempsey. But there has been something in his system which shied away from a rough-and-ready, aggressive type of opponent.

Max Schmeling was speeding along as the most promising fighter of the lot until he waded into more managerial trouble than a dozen lawyers could unravel. This broke up his march just at the time he needed hard competition to improve his technique and to add to his experience.

There will be almost a year's lapse between Schmeling's last appearance and his next fight, which is the worst possible thing that could happen at this point in his career. If the German entry is beaten in his next start it will be easy enough to locate the reason.

What does a heavyweight champion need? Dempsey had one of the finest-looking bodies ever seen in sport. Weighing around 185 pounds, he had amazing speed of hands and feet. He had two great hands, hard, and tough, hanging from a pair of tremendous arms.

He could take almost any type of punch to the chin or body without flinching. He had ring gameness, being willing to gamble a knockout wallop against a counter-punch that might have stopped him. He could give and he could take in astonishing quantities. Added to this he had the greatest ring spirit the ring has seen since Terry McGovern's prime.

In many ways Gene Tunney was Dempsey's opposite, but like Dempsey he could take a world of punishment. He absorbed a terrific beating from Harry Greb but came back later to win from one of the greatest little fighters that ever lived.

Tunney spent seven years to bring out every possible combination of defense and offense that his system could carry. He first became a fine defensive boxer, a hard man to hit. Then he built up a series of offensive counter-attacks with two-handed blows to the body and head.

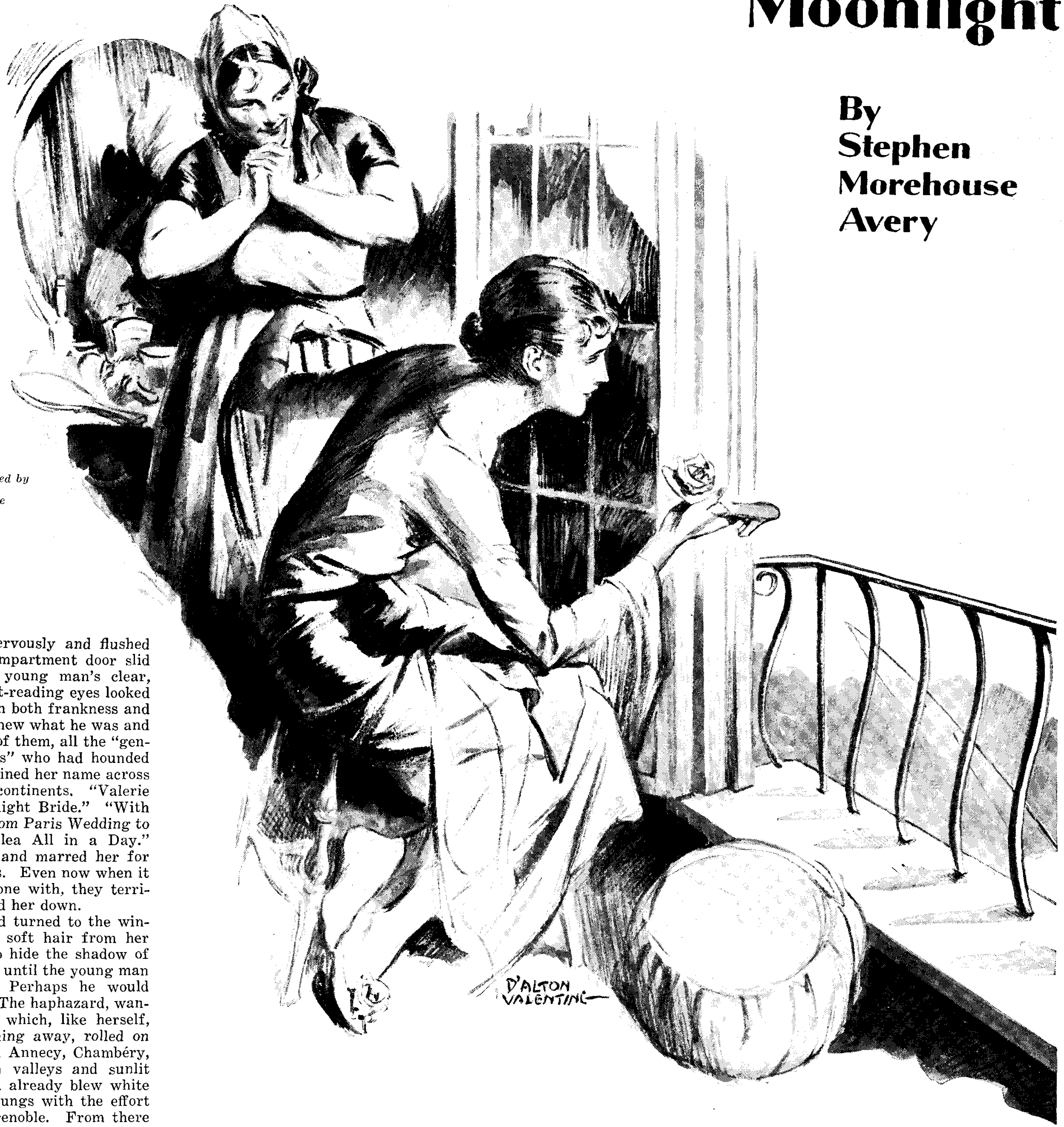
The Foreign Invasion

Why isn't Jack Sharkey a good blend of the two, having something each one lacked? Largely because he has lacked the flame and fire of Dempsey and the cold, calculated determination of Tunney to beat the other man.

The ring game's high spot is still vacant with the Carneras, the Campolos and other foreign giants pouring in from Europe and South America to see what they can do about it, to see whether they can offset lack of skill with superior physical force at a time when the local crop is in general a trifle sour. But it isn't probable that the crop is sour enough for any of these floundering mastodons to paw their way through without getting cut down. Dempsey proved to Willard that something more than physical bulk was needed and Willard knew more about boxing than any of the troglodytes now cluttering up the landscape.

Moonlight

**By
Stephen
Morehouse
Avery**



Illustrated by
D'Alton
Valentine

SHE started nervously and flushed when the compartment door slid back and a young man's clear, gray, thought-reading eyes looked down upon her with both frankness and admiration. She knew what he was and she hated him, all of them, all the "gentlemen of the press" who had hounded her steps and headlined her name across the pages of two continents. "Valerie Dulaney—the Daylight Bride." "With Valerie Dulaney from Paris Wedding to Geneva Divorce Plea All in a Day." They had marked and marred her for the rest of her days. Even now when it was settled and done with, they terrified her and tracked her down.

She sat back and turned to the window, brushing the soft hair from her brow and trying to hide the shadow of trouble in her eyes, until the young man finally retreated. Perhaps he would not recognize her. The haphazard, wandering little train which, like herself, seemed to be running away, rolled on southward through Annecy, Chambéry, through the green valleys and sunlit hills of Savoie and already blew white breath from iron lungs with the effort for the pass to Grenoble. From there she would descend into Basse-Alpes, to her familiar refuge, Chabrières, a spot so unknown and alone, so lulled by the murmurous fussing of its streams around rock and worn-out bridge post, so warm in the hospitality and security of its pine-shaded white château, that anyone might be unknown and alone and at peace there too.

With this daydream in her eyes, and scarcely aware of the young Provençal modiste who sat opposite and scrutinized her slim American shoes, her Lebreton hat, the shirtwaist frill of her little blue traveling suit; or of the aging but dauntless Riviera Don Juan who seemed fascinated by a minute hole in her smooth stocking, she watched the parade of bright hills go past the window. She was not bitter, nor self-pitying, nor even too unhappy. Life held many beauties, many humanities, besides love, marriage, men. She had done what she'd done and she was public, too public, and in a way too tarnished to expect any other man's love. She felt it more poignantly herself than any social opinion, any whispering condemnation could make her feel it. But she would find something else to love.

Twice, calling her from these thoughts, that aisle door was pulled open. Once it was the garde, looking for a lost bag. Later it was that same young American newspaper man, pretending a second time to have mistaken the compartment for his own and requiring a thorough examination, chiefly of Valerie, to convince him of his error.

"Please forgive my stupidity," he apologized. "Imagine my doing this twice."

"I can imagine your doing anything."

BUT somehow he did not seem so assured, so typical of them. He only smiled with his fine sensitive eyes shadowed under his hat brim, smiled ingenuously and openly, as if to say: "Of course you realize I really came in here just to make sure you were as adorable as you are. But don't let on you know."

Valerie smiled too, in spite of herself. She liked her young fellow-countryman with his suggestion of strength and his disarming directness; his air of dignity too, now that she noticed it. She liked men, essentially, even though she couldn't be bound to one more than a day. Let them think she was a girl who would just "change her mind." She'd paid for that with about all there is in life for a pretty girl. Now they should let her go to Chabrières, where she'd gone when her mother died and when her brother's plane crashed, where she'd found healing and new hope.

The young man stood in the doorway waiting for her to say something else. So she said: "Most of your colleagues have at least had the grace to admit their purpose instead of pretending a schoolboy's sudden attraction."

"I might do better," he said, "if I went out and tried again."

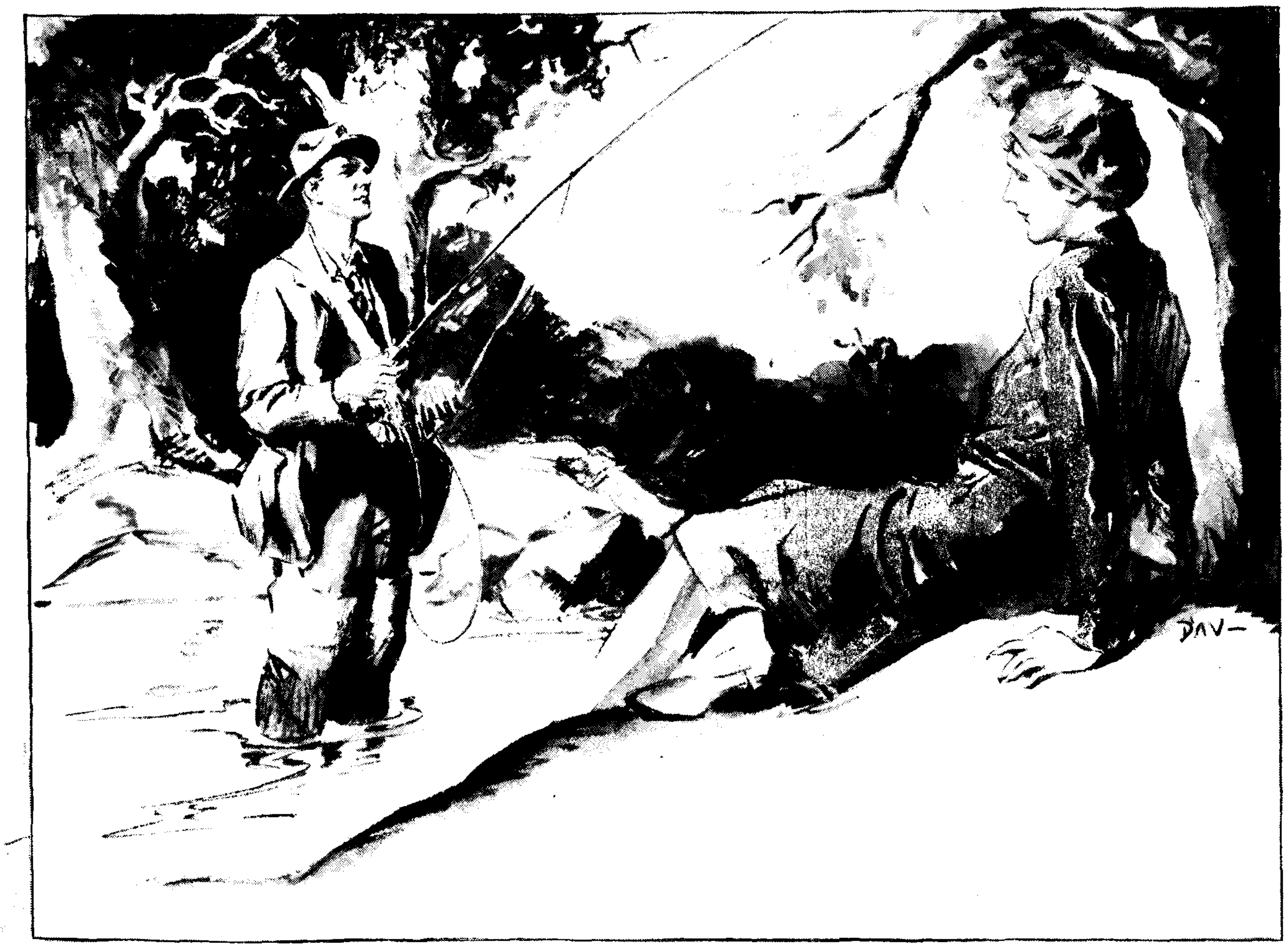
"No." His smile seemed to convey sympathy, and that angered her still more. "No, sit down—since you're so bent upon it. You want a story, don't you? Very well, I'll give you one. Go write a story called 'Daylight Bride Dies from Shame.' I'll not rise up to contradict it. Let her die and let me live—at Chabrières. Perhaps a few thoughts may occur to you—sob stuff, don't you call it?—about how it might have felt to be so publicly ridiculed and condemned."

"THE only difficulty is," he said, "that you have assumed too quickly that I have some special interest in the press—which at times is as distasteful to me as it is to you." He reached into his inside pocket and produced a passport, a diplomatic passport and several letters. "Whereas the truth is that I am a humble servant of the Department of State."

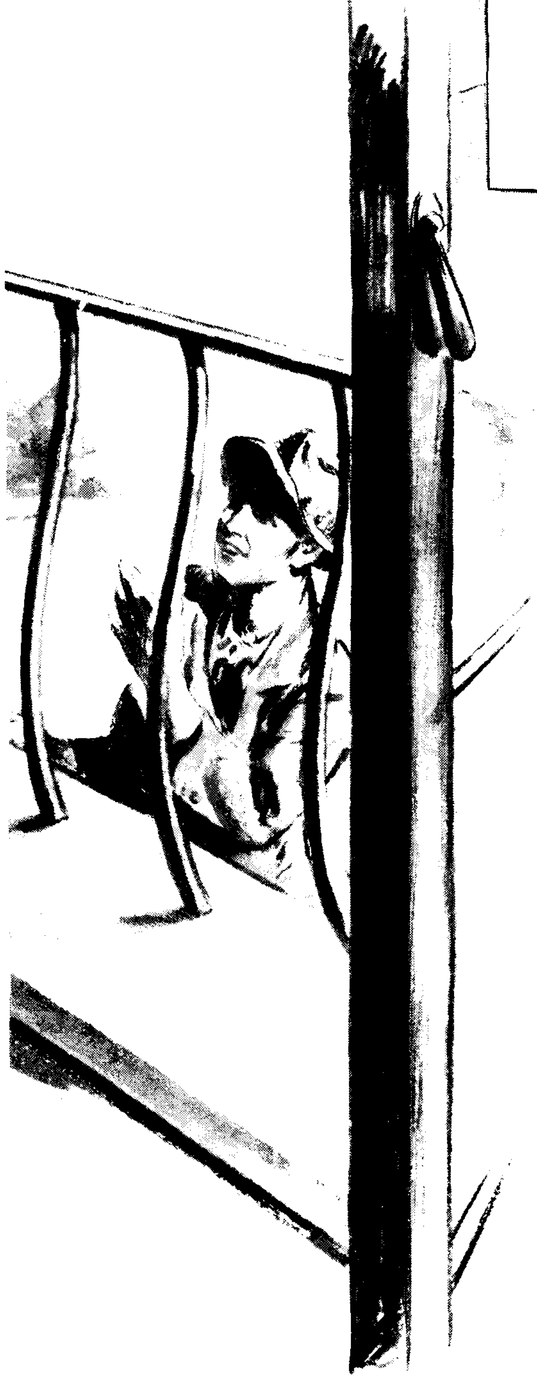
His name was Kirk Marriott and he was several years older and many times kinder and more reserved and important than she had thought. "Do you mean to say that we were both in Geneva during all those months you were

Bride

The story of a man who was wise enough to follow his heart, and a girl who was brave enough to go against hers—in a land where it simply isn't done



They had been children in Eden with a forbidden fruit—the one subject which they dared not discuss



"Lovely lady in a window, throw me down a rose." She snatched off one of her pink mules and pitched it down at him as hard as she could

going through with it? I might have saved you from a few things—and think of the evenings from which you might have saved me! I was glad, anyway, to hear you mention Chabrières, because I happen to be going there too. That's luck for me."

After an hour she sent him away. She said she wanted to rest, but the truth was she might have wept if he had remained. It was all so dead, that part of life, for her, and he only made her think of it with new pain.

At Digne, Valerie left the train and hurried along the narrow graveled platform to the baggage car. She was just in time to see a huge carry-all trunk land on top of her own, and the initials on the end of it were K. M. and the destination sticker was stamped for Cannes. So Mr. Kirk Marriott of the State Department had not been going to Chabrières when he boarded the train. He had been going to Cannes. She could not help feeling amused.

There at the end of the platform was Marcel, bowing and smiling his profuse welcome beside the varnished pony trap from the château, making ready to back a little trailer cart to the platform for her trunk. Valerie refused so much as a glance at the young man standing uncertainly beside his trunk and watching them with an almost boyish wistfulness. There was not another conveyance in sight.

Well, it served him right. He had no right to follow her. But as she took her seat in the trap, ready to start the seven-kilometer drive to Chabrières, he waved her an adieu and turned away toward the small station house. In his step was a perceptible limp, and that was too much.

She touched Marcel on the shoulder and called out: "Marriott! Maybe we could get that trunk of yours on the trailer with mine. You might wait here a week, otherwise."

"Would you really have been cruel enough to strand me there?" he asked, climbing into the trap after his own and Marcel's heaving had got his trunk aboard.

"It might be crueler to take you to Chabrières," she said. "You'll probably spend the night on straw in a peasant's hut with chickens pecking at your ankles. There's no tavern or inn. Madame de Chabrières keeps me at the château as a very special favor. She is poor and I send her a check every Christmas, but I am a guest and she doesn't let me forget it."

"It will not be the first time I have slept with the cows and chickens in a French hut," he said.

Valerie thought of him ten years younger, a boy, crawling through a shell-gashed meadow with his shattered foot trailing. "Perhaps I can prevail upon Madame to give you a bed for one night," she said. "Because you'll be on your way to Cannes tomorrow morning." There was supposed to be enough of men's unhappiness on her head without risking Mr. Kirk Marriott.

THE burdened pony climbed a slowly winding turn and brought the descending valley of Chabrières into view, its containing hills gilt with sun, its depths, save for the jewel flash here and there of its little torrent, dark with pines. Farther up, as far up the valley as one could see, the veil of a cataract waved, and down near at hand where the stream tumbled under a fragile wooden footbridge and crossed the bottom of a geometrically ordered lawn was the whitened old stone of the château.

Marriott had viewed the panorama in silence, with only an appreciative parting of his lips. He did not look at Valerie, as if he felt without seeing her sudden distress, and his eventual comment was deliberately matter of fact. "I'll bet that stream is full of trout."

Valerie wept a moment, dabbing her eyes with her hopelessly futile handkerchief, smiling again almost as suddenly. "Please excuse and don't mind," she pleaded. "This is a glad cry, really. Chabrières, you see, since I first discovered it six years ago, has been my happy refuge. When life hurts too much, I flee here and am somehow healed."

"Does life hurt too much now?"

"You must have observed that I'm not desperately happy, although it's none of your business, Marriott."

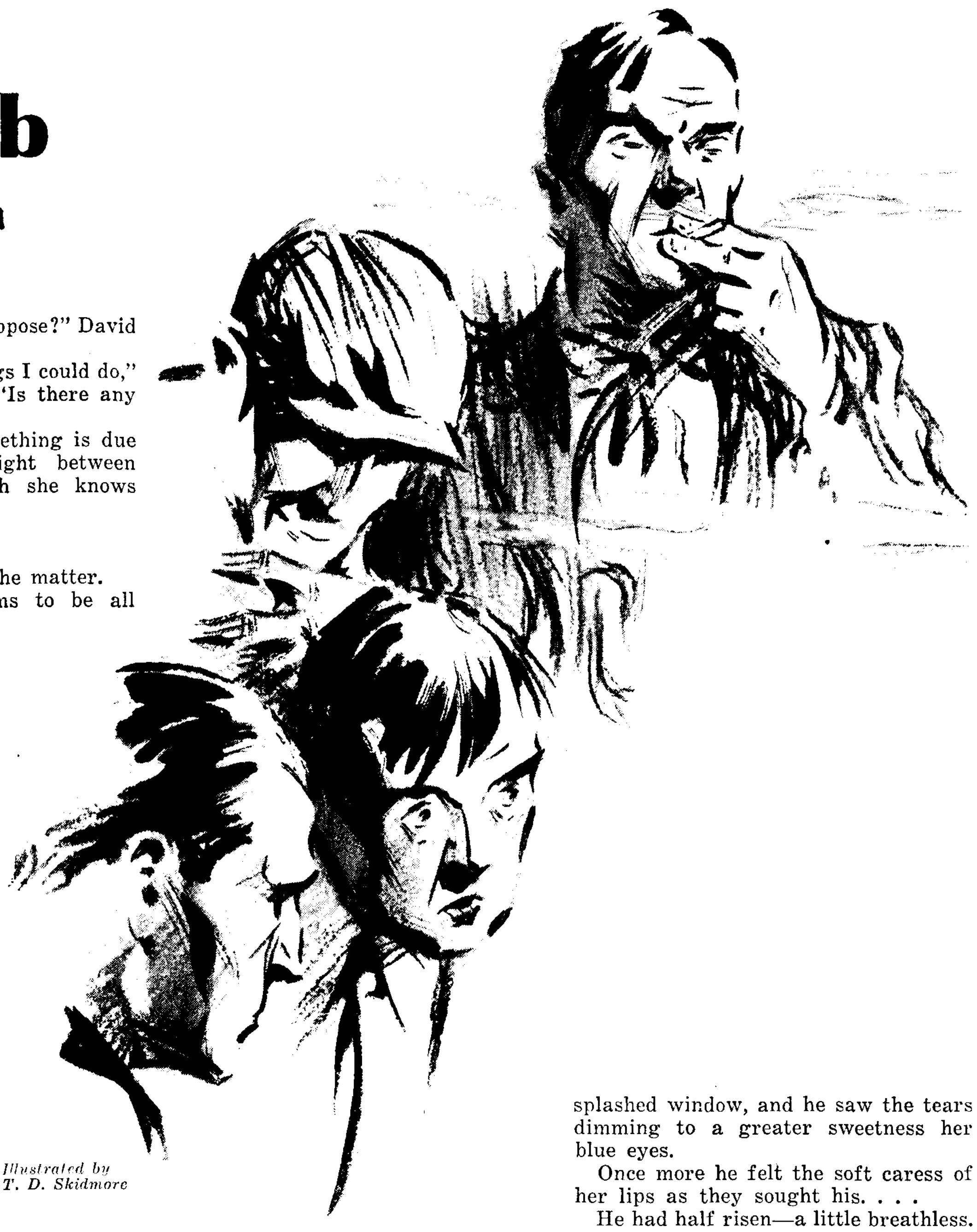
HE MUST have felt that it was none of his business, that he was excluded, when a gesticulating stable boy rushed out to greet them and a chunky maid, evidently Valerie's maid when there, flew down the lawn with a flutter of fat arms and white apron and all but dragged Valerie from the trap to be embraced and wept over. It was even worse when they had mounted to the terrace where a diminutive, withered, but unmistakably great lady, with piled white hair, her pearl-bordered cameo large enough for a shield, did not so much as glance at him while with a supreme dignity and only a telltale trembling hand she drew Valerie's smooth warm face to her.

A week passed, seven days, while Chabrières passed softly from discovery to the place where one had nearly always been. Valerie sat en négligé by the boudoir window of her guest suite watching the evening shadows creep up the lawn while the powerful but gentle Berthe dried and powdered her undried foot, and then went searching for the other pink mule. Berthe chattered in French without pause for breath. It was very amusing to see half of Berthe sticking out from under the bed as she reached for the lost mule. "Madame is a child," accused Berthe from under the bed. "Even after her sad experience, Madame is still a babe. The American monsieur is a child too. He is a boy child. Madame and the American monsieur are two love children."

(Continued on page 52)

The Lion and the Lamb

By E. Phillips Oppenheim



Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

The Story Thus Far:

STARVING in London, and unable to obtain aid from savage old Lord Newberry, his father, David Newberry is forced to join a band of criminals. Almost immediately—while trying to steal the "Virgin's Tear," a priceless diamond belonging to Lady Frankley—he is caught and sent to prison.

On his release, he finds himself Lord Newberry, due to his father's death. Hating the gang, two of whose members—Reuben Grossett and Cannon Ball Lem—betrayed him to the police, he resolves to destroy it. Then follows a sanguinary war between David's little army—a band of jiujitsu experts—and the criminals.

The "Virgin's Tear" had disappeared. Tottie Green, leader of the gang, believes David knows where it is. Belle, a beautiful girl crook, volunteers to extract the secret from the young lord. She goes to his home, where she lets him know that she loves him. From her David learns all the details of the gangsters' latest plot: to raid some stalls on Widows' Row Saturday night.

David repulses the girl's advances, but decides to act on her tip. He makes his will (naming Sophy, Lady Andersley's lovely daughter, with whom he is in love, as his principal beneficiary), and lays plans to attack his enemies when they appear in Widows' Row.

Then follows an extraordinary scene, in a hotel grillroom, where David and Sophy have gone to dine and dance. Reuben and Belle are there. Reuben is in love with the beautiful girl. He knows Belle does not care for him—loves David instead. And Belle is equally aware that she can never win David.

Presently David asks Belle to dance with him. Reuben is wild with jealousy. When the couple return to the table, Belle faints, and David suspects Reuben of putting poison in her glass of Evian water. He notifies the management, and, in the confusion, Reuben slips away.

A few moments later the hotel manager comes to David. "The doctor," he whispers, "has examined the water, my lord. He would like to speak to you in the lounge—at once."

X

"TIME we moved on somewhere anyway," Sophy observed, gathering together her belongings. They mounted the stairs, and Sophy disappeared into the cloakroom. The manager presented the physician of the hotel.

"Do you know what became of the young man who gave the lady that tablet?" the latter asked David bluntly.

"No idea at the moment," David admitted. "I'm hoping I'll lay my hands on him later on."

"I can't imagine where he got them made up," the doctor confided, "but they contain a rather rare drug. I shouldn't call them exactly poison to a healthy person, but I doubt whether the lady will be conscious again for twenty-four hours, and she'll need special treatment until then. I've sent a nurse in to look after her."

"Very good of you," David approved.

"I really am not quite sure whether I ought not to report this case to the police," the physician continued. "Can you think of any reason why anyone should want to remove the young lady from the world, as it were, for twenty-four hours or so?"

David reflected, frowning.

"I could think of one reason."

"Well, it seems to me then that that is what has been attempted. It depends upon her constitution, of course. So far as I can see, she is very strong, and, if so, there will be no evil after-effects."

"Nothing you could do to bring her round a little earlier, I suppose?" David suggested.

"There are several things I could do," the physician assented. "Is there any particular object in it?"

"There might be. Something is due to happen tomorrow night between eleven and twelve, which she knows about."

"Criminal?"

"That way inclined."

The doctor considered the matter.

"The young lady seems to be all alone," he remarked.

"That's why I'm so glad you've sent a nurse in. I don't think there'll be any trouble about the fees, but, in any case, I would pay them willingly. Newberry, my name is—the Earl of Newberry."

The physician looked at him curiously.

"Very good of you," he acknowledged. "I think I could promise you then that, say by nine o'clock tomorrow evening, the young lady will be, comparatively speaking, herself again. The drug that young man used, however, is a prohibited one. If you can get hold of him, I should hand him over to the police."

"If I can get hold of him," David replied dryly, his eyes fixed upon Sophy, who was issuing from the opposite door, "it won't be the police who will have to worry."

Sophy was unusually quiet during the homeward drive. David drew her hand through his arm.

"Out with it, child," he insisted.

"I'm jealous of the beautiful lady," she confessed. "Why did you dance with her?"

"Devilment," he confided. "I told you that she was a sort of gangster. She's the protégée of the chief. They stick to one another like wax, those fellows. Her father was head man once with them. He's doing penal servitude for life, and since he went to prison the rest of them have looked after the girl. They sent her up here to vamp me."

"HAS she clicked?" Sophy inquired blandly.

"She has not," he declared. "Honestly though, I feel that a little diplomacy on my part would have been wise. Unfortunately, I never learned how to run that sort of thing."

"You're not in love with her then?"

"I am not—most decidedly and emphatically not," David pronounced. "I hate that overwhelming perfume she uses, and I hate that covert insolence all the time underlying her manner. She is in her wrong place over here. She ought to be a sultana in some Eastern country. . . . All the same, I think I made rather an ass of myself. Probably, the mildest form of flirtation would have contented her, and I am perfectly certain that she had something at the back of her mind which I ought to know. Reuben knew it, too, the scoundrel. That's why he drugged her Evian."

"And what are you going to do, now that you feel that something has been kept from you?" she asked anxiously.

"Carry on, I suppose. . . . I say, it's two o'clock," he added, as the car drew to a standstill. "Do you think that I ought to come in with you, meet your mother, and face the storm?"

"For heaven's sake, no," she begged. "Mother will be in bed, and there isn't going to be any storm. I have a key to each entrance, and Anna lets me up the back stairs. Don't get out, please. Shall I see you tomorrow?"

"I'm afraid not," he answered, and despite all his efforts there was a note of gravity in his tone.

She lingered, a faint atmosphere of expectancy about her attitude. Then for a moment the world slipped away. He felt the warm, sweet touch of her lips at the corner of his cheek, the clasp of her arms as they stole round his neck, all the delicate fragrance of her as she leaned her cheek against his.

"Oh, David," she murmured, "can't I—can't I vamp you, dear? Can't I beg you to leave all this terrible business alone? It's unworthy of you. They're pigs, and they made you suffer, and they didn't play the game, but one doesn't meet creatures like that on level terms. Deal with them as they should be dealt with. Let the scavengers of law and order take care of them. Don't pit your life against theirs. You'll break my heart if anything should happen."

There was a dim light from the electric standard shining through the rain-splashed window, and he saw the tears dimming to a greater sweetness her blue eyes.

Once more he felt the soft caress of her lips as they sought his. . . .

He had half risen—a little breathless. Her face—her delicate girl's face, a sweet meeting place of smiles and tears—was pressed to his. The eyebrows were uplifted, the corners of her mouth twitched.

"Well, David?"

"Sweetheart," he promised, "I'll go as lightly as I can. I have the others to think of, but I'll go carefully. We'll get through all right, and if I do—will you—?"

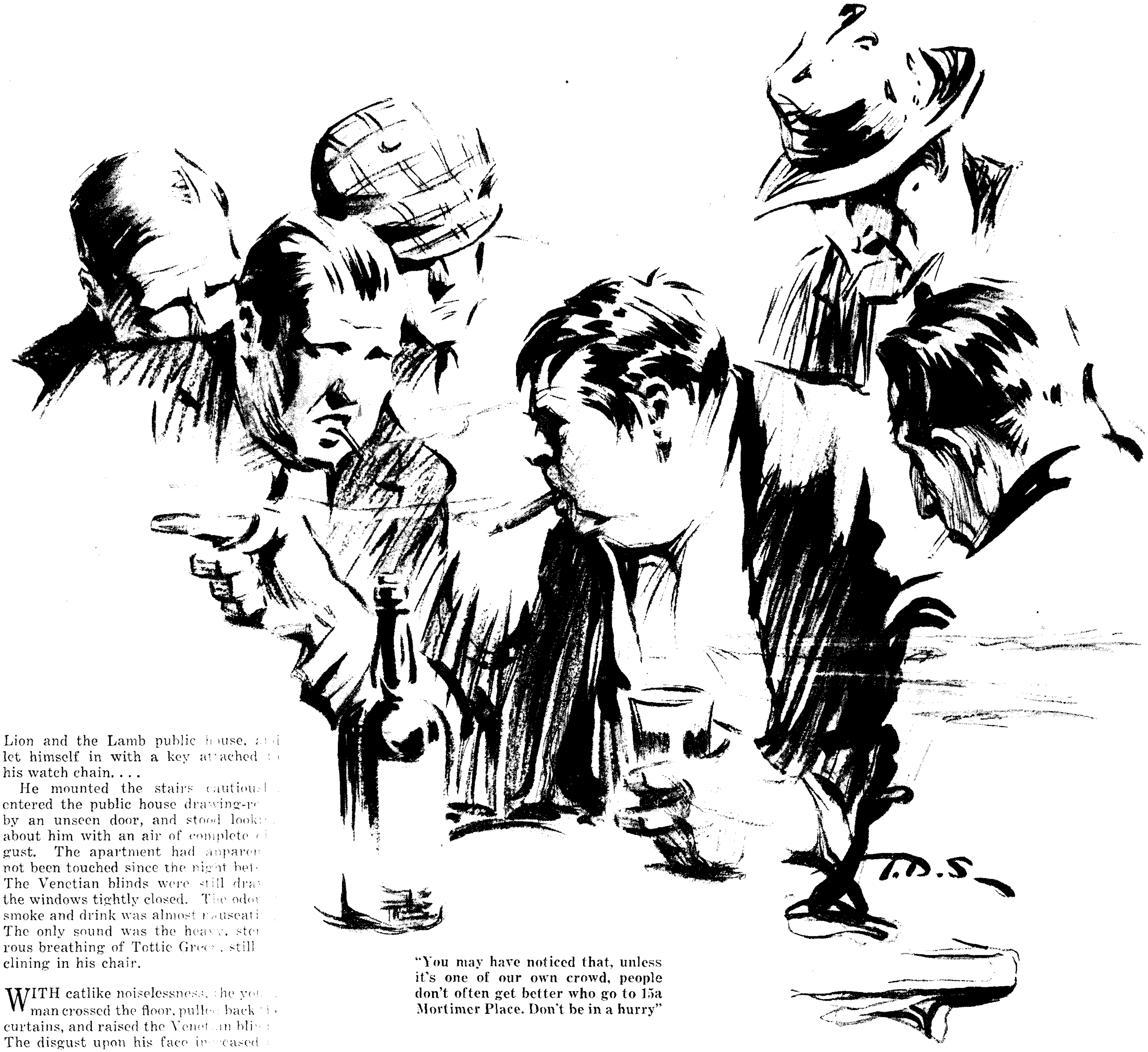
She kissed him once more before she sprang out.

"It's taken an awful time, dear, to make you ask me that," she said, waving her hand. "Of course I will."

She was gone, like a streak of silver flashing across the glittering pavement. His heart throbbed as he leaned forward to watch her vanish down the steps. The bitterness of the last years seemed to have disappeared. Yet for a moment he fancied that there was something portentous in the sound of the sudden raindrops pattering through the leaves of the lime trees.

IN THE early morning, from the west to the east, the brim of his hat turned down, his coat collar turned up, Reuben made stealthy flight. Arrived in his rooms, strangely situated in the purlieus of Cannon Street, he changed his clothes, bathed and washed in a neat little bathroom, drank coffee in the station refreshment-room, and took a taxicab to Bermondsey. For some reason or other, he was all watchfulness.

He dismissed his taxicab at London Bridge, entering the station, and leaving it by a different exit in a different vehicle. It was ten o'clock before he finally reached the back quarters of the



"You may have noticed that, unless it's one of our own crowd, people don't often get better who go to 15a Mortimer Place. Don't be in a hurry"

Lion and the Lamb public house, and let himself in with a key attached to his watch chain. . . .

He mounted the stairs cautiously, entered the public house drawing-room by an unseen door, and stood looking about him with an air of complete disgust. The apartment had apparently not been touched since the night before. The Venetian blinds were still drawn, the windows tightly closed. The odor of smoke and drink was almost nauseating. The only sound was the heavy, stertorous breathing of Tottie Green, still reclining in his chair.

WITH catlike noiselessness, the young man crossed the floor, pulled back the curtains, and raised the Venetian blinds. The disgust upon his face increased as he turned round to view the room. A half-smoked cigar had burned itself out and charred a great hole in the tablecloth by the sleeping man's side. Two broken glasses lay upon the floor. An empty bottle rolled on its side. Tottie Green, fully dressed, save that as usual he wore no collar or coat, was lying back, his head on one side, his mouth open, snoring hideously. Cigar ash and stains of liquor disfigured his clothes. The slippers had fallen away from his feet, disclosing thick, crumpled, woolen socks. His face, save for one purplish streak, was of a ghastly yellowish pallor. On the table by his side was a soiled pack of playing cards. Reuben stepped stealthily over, and shook the sleeping figure. The awakening in itself was an unpleasant sight.

"What's wrong, Reube?" his chief muttered.

"Everything," was the disgusted reply. "You've been asleep here all last night, and nearly burnt to death. Jim hasn't been in to do the room. You haven't even taken your clothes off. Pretty way for a man to live, who's nearly a millionaire. You won't last another month like this."

Tottie Green sat up in his chair.

"It isn't your business anyway," he said. "You're one of my gang, young Reube, and don't you forget it. Why don't you see that the people do their duty, if you find so much fault? You call yourself Chief of the Staff, don't you?"

Reuben moved the advertisement for somebody's whisky from the wall, and rang a concealed bell behind. In a moment or two there was a knock at the door. He unlocked it, and a man entered with a green baize apron tied round him, carrying an array of brooms and a carpet sweeper.

"Open the window at the top," Reuben directed curtly. "Clear this room up. Where's Nurse Angus?"

"Been here an hour," was the surly response. "Couldn't get in. The old man locked the door, and we ain't got the key of his private way."

"Send her up," Reuben ordered.

A woman, in unexpectedly correct nurse's uniform, presently mounted the stairs, and entered the room.

"Take him away, and make him decent," Reuben begged, pointing to Tottie Green. "I want him back as soon as you've done with him. You mark my words, Tottie," he warned him, as the old man rose grumbling to his feet, "another month or two of this, and you'll leave the room another way—on your back, boxed. A pig couldn't live in such filth."

"What the hell business is it of yours?" his chief growled, as he clutched at his attendant. "It's what you've been used to that counts. I've slept here many a night after a game of cards and a drink or two."

"YOU'LL hear, when you're sober enough, what business it is of mine," was the snarling rejoinder. "I'm going out into the street till you're ready. I shall be sick if I stay here."

Reuben left the big public house by a side door, for the business of the day had not yet commenced. He strolled into a tobacconist's establishment opposite, looked into a few shop windows, bought a newspaper at a small stall, exchanging a casual and apparently purposeless word with the woman who sold it to him. Afterwards he visited another tobacconist's, purchased a packet of cigarettes, and lingered on the threshold for some time to light one. His eyes were constantly active, watching everything.

Presently he disappeared up a side street, vanished up an entry, entered a yard, descended some steps slatted on both sides for the rolling down of barrels, opened with a latchkey a door leading into a huge cellar, mounted more steps, then some stairs, and finally pushed open the door of his chief's chosen abode. The room was swept and cleared of as much of its filth as possible, but the reeking smell remained. Tottie Green had just savagely closed the top of the window with his stick. He was wearing different clothes, but he was still a repulsive-looking object.

"What'll you drink, Reube?" he asked hospitably.

"Nothing at all," was the quick reply. "No more will you, till you've listened to me."

"Shut your mouth, you pup," the older man snarled. "Don't you give me any of your lip. I'm boss of the gang yet, and don't you forget it. Get me a bottle of champagne out of that cupboard."

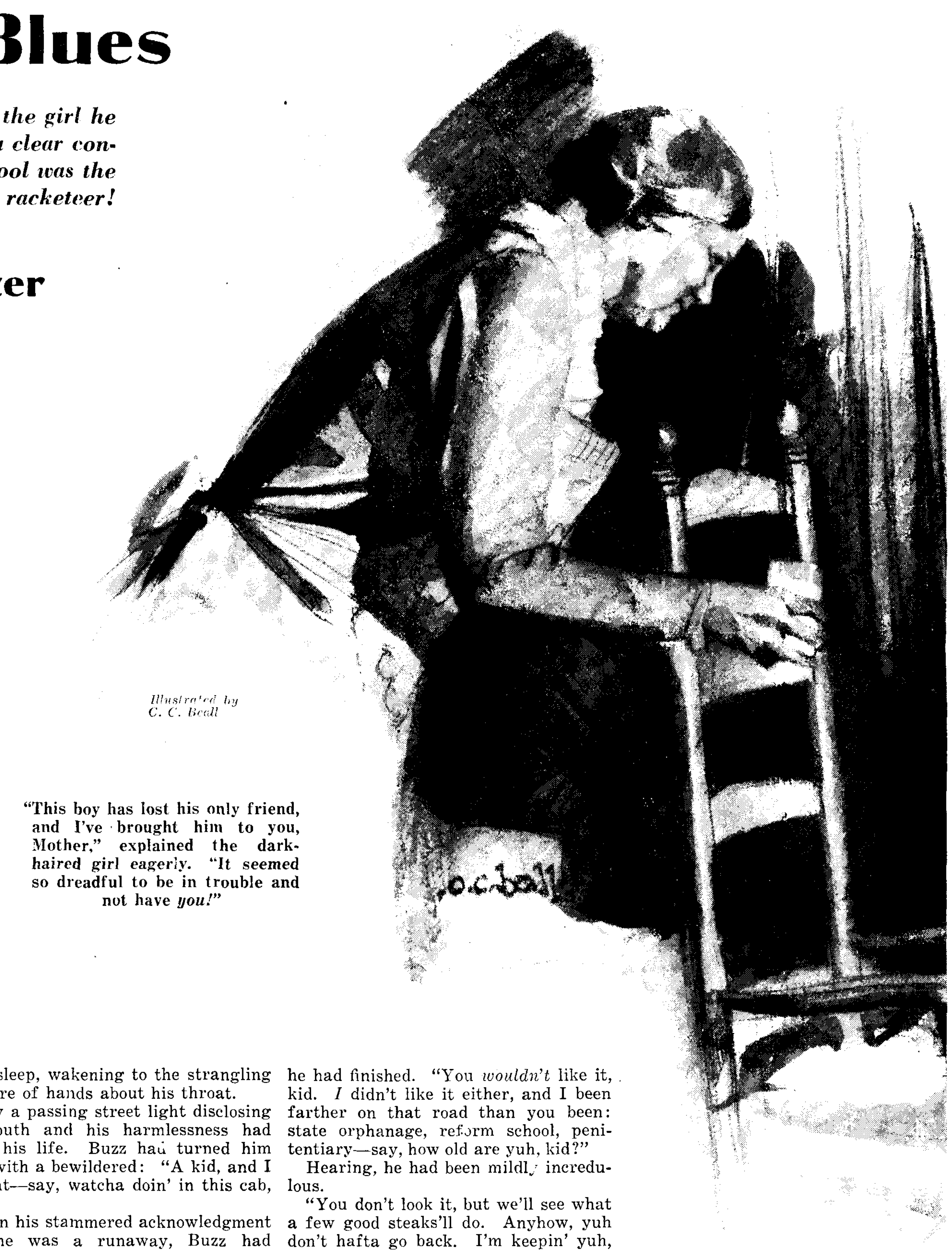
There was a ring of the old authority in the tone, a gesture of command in the

(*Continued on page 46*)

Red-Hot Blues

He could live, and marry the girl he loved—or die, and keep a clear conscience. And his only school was the underworld, his teacher a racketeer!

By Jay Gelzer



Illustrated by C. C. Beall

"This boy has lost his only friend, and I've brought him to you, Mother," explained the dark-haired girl eagerly. "It seemed so dreadful to be in trouble and not have *you!*"

AS SOON as he entered the hotel suite they shared together, Danny knew that Buzz was home ahead of him.

Every light was turned on full in Buzz's lavish way, and the widely scattered sheets of an evening paper were strewn heedlessly upon the velvet-carpeted floor.

"Oh, Buzz—" hailed Danny, and, as always, felt the surge of sheer adoration rise within him at the mere pronouncing of a beloved name.

Buzz came from the bedroom at his call, in his shirtsleeves, drying his hands upon a towel.

"Get it, kid?" he inquired, smiling at Danny with his deep blue eyes.

Danny threw a thick roll of soiled bills upon a table.

"Curly says he won't stand another raise," he reported carelessly, with all his attention for Buzz and none of it for Curly's edict.

Gee, but Buzz was easy to look at in that blue shirt, with his blue eyes, curly hair, and massive chest!

"Won't, eh?" repeated Buzz softly, and Danny, seeing the slightly accelerated rise and fall of that splendid chest, voiced a vague discontent:

"Gee, Buzz, you'd oughta been a fighter!"

"No dough in *that*," said Buzz lightly.

"There's plenty jack after you get t' be champion, Buzz!"

"And how's a guy get t' be champion?" countered Buzz good-humoredly. "By havin' his block knocked plenty *before* he's champion! This way I get mine, and other guys do the scrappin'. . . ."

This way . . . somberly Danny gazed down a narrow avenue occupied by dim figures and brightened by the frequent spurt of gunfire.

"Champions don't hafta stop bullets, Buzz," he reminded.

"No bullet's goin'ta stop me, kid. I'm one of the wise guys!"

Listening, Danny thought of the first time he had heard Buzz say that, and then, not unnaturally, of their first meeting on a night when he had crept into a temporarily deserted taxicab and gone fast asleep, wakening to the strangling pressure of hands about his throat.

Only a passing street light disclosing his youth and his harmlessness had saved his life. Buzz had turned him loose with a bewildered: "A kid, and I thought—say, watcha doin' in this cab, kid?"

Upon his stammered acknowledgment that he was a runaway, Buzz had brought him to this same suite. Had ordered him a steaming-hot meal. Had foregone further questioning until he had finished and an attentive waiter had carried away the empty dishes. Then—

"Well, kid, suppose you give us the works!"

Obediently he had begun, and when he had finished, in so far as he knew the queer strings controlling that thwarted, unsatisfactory thing which was his life, it was all there.

A frame house on a shabby street with himself playing in the mud of that same street. A warm kitchen fragrant with the frequent baking of cookies for a small boy. A woman who was kind. . . .

Then, for a reason his bewildered childish brain had been unable to grasp, the scene had shifted, and there was the immense brick house with its procession of gingham-clad girls and overalled boys he had known as The Home.

Brick walls, iron-barred windows, a paved courtyard in which to play, everything done to the ringing of bells . . . he hadn't liked it, and when opportunity presented, he had run away.

"Naw," Buzz had said soberly when he had finished. "You *wouldn't* like it, kid. *I* didn't like it either, and I been farther on that road than you been: state orphanage, reform school, penitentiary—say, how old are yuh, kid?"

Hearing, he had been mildly incredulous.

"You don't look it, but we'll see what a few good steaks'll do. Anyhow, yuh don't hafta go back. I'm keepin' yuh, kid . . . I'm keepin' yuh because you got gray eyes!"

So he had stayed with Buzz, a long time it was now, all of six years, to be exact. . . .

Always keep the door locked . . . never talk to strangers and don't talk too much anyhow . . . never walk down dark streets . . . thoughtfully Danny remembered how, little by little, he had learned the fundamental principles governing his new allegiance.

ALL day maybe, on a couch with a pile of illustrated magazines, and not minding it because toward evening a key would turn in the lock and Buzz would be coming in, laughing, gay.

"Hullo, kid—been lonesome? I bought you a pup today for company. Cute little devil with whiskers like a preacher! Let yuh keep it here?—sure they'll let yuh keep it here, *why not?*"

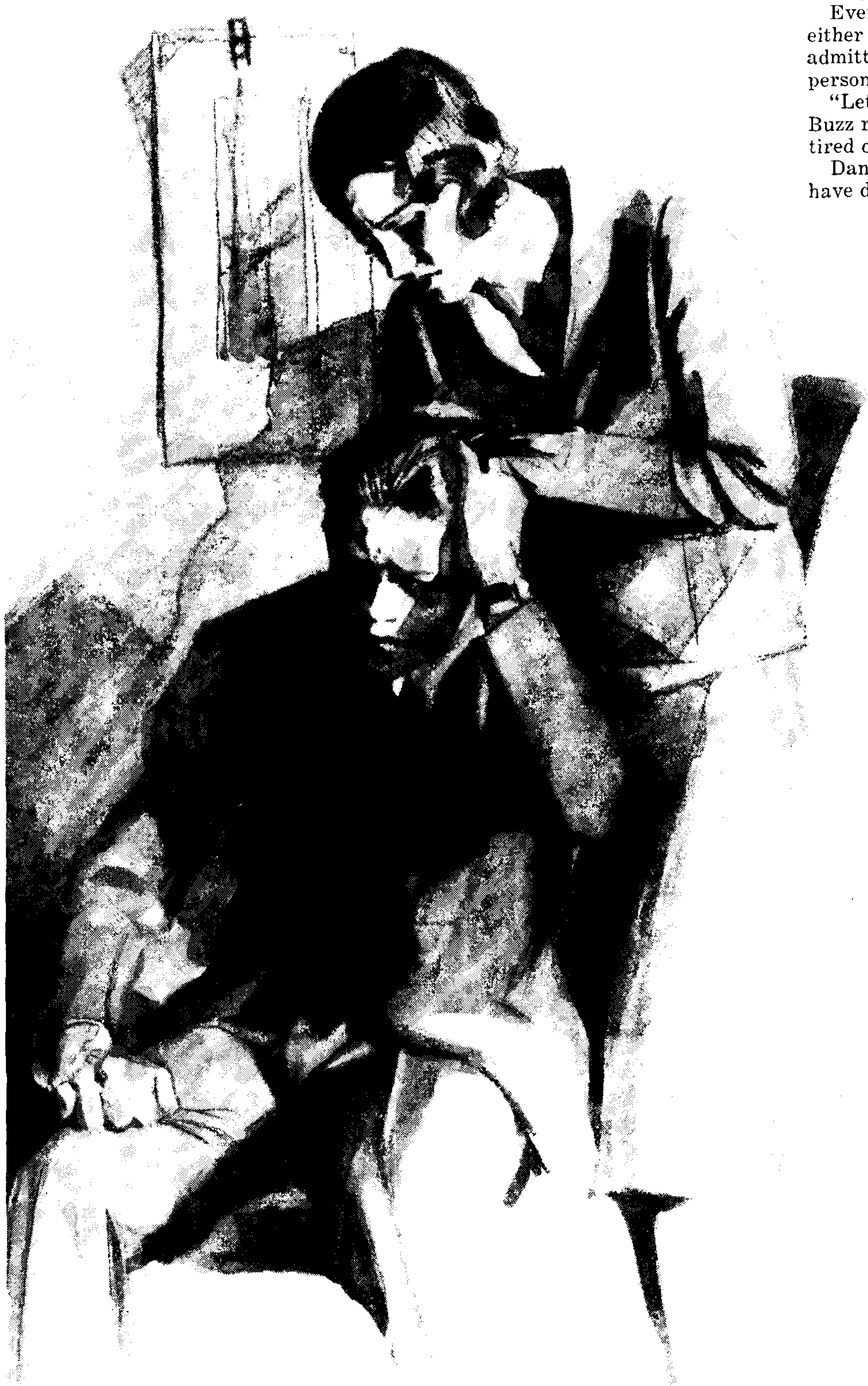
They would go out to dinner then, usually downstairs in the hotel dining-room, where there was music, and flowers, and bright lights, and where women glanced sideways at Buzz in the way they had of looking and seeming not to look.

Little by little, as the months went by, Danny had begun to understand something of the far-reaching activities of that tremendous organization of which, at thirty-two, Buzz was the not undisputed head.

Occasionally he carried messages. More occasionally something he dimly recognized as an ultimatum. Not infrequently he collected cash tribute, usually paid with alacrity but sometimes paid grudgingly as in the case of Curly Jackson, whom he had just visited, and he noticed that he rarely collected more than two or three times from the complainants. After that deep silence would reign concerning that particular source of revenue with perhaps, long afterward, information bobbing up casually:

"Pete Gallardi? Oh, he got bumped off a while back!"

Or: "Crazy Jake? He's outa business. Somebody took him for a ride."



It was surprising, in six years, how many of the men he had had contact with had gone for a ride. . .

BUZZ had gone back to the bathroom, and presently he returned, rolling down his sleeves and fastening his cuff links. "That Detroit dame was askin' for yuh again today," he said, smiling.

"Aw—" flushed Danny uncomfortably.

"Not crazy about dames, eh, kid?"

"Not exactly crazy about dames yourself, Buzz," ventured Danny.

"About *one* woman, kid," corrected Buzz, and Danny blinked in surprise.

"She's dead," said Buzz curtly, seeing his perplexity. "Died six years ago stoppin' a bullet meant for me. That was just before I met up with you, kid."

A pause, while Buzz shrugged into his coat.

"She had eyes just like yours, kid," he added almost unwillingly. "And that night in the cab it gimme a turn when the light gleamed on your face; it was so like I was choking *her*."

He went on, as though, having opened a long closed door, he was unable to stop.

"Crazy about one woman—that's me, right enough! Never wanted to be crazy about another, but it's something yuh gotta figure on, kid." He paused, and, taking his watch from his pocket, opened the back with fingers whose gentleness paid homage to the picture enshrined there.

"Here's something yuh never seen in the six years we been together, kid."

A young face. A happy face. A slim, curving throat. Eyes which looked straight at you fearlessly, and which had been gray. Now nothing more than a picture in a watch and a brightness in Buzz's memory. . . .

"She knew I was a crook but she didn't hold it against me," said Buzz, looking down at the picture. "It was like that with us, and as far as that goes, everybody's crooked, one way or another."

Out of the narrowness of his world, Danny believed it.

Everybody he knew *was* crooked, with either a sly crookedness or an honestly admitted crookedness, according to the person.

"Let's eat at Barney's," suggested Buzz restlessly, closing the watch. "I'm tired of this lousy hotel."

Danny hesitated obviously. "Aw, let's have dinner up here, Buzz," he said.

"S'matter with yuh tonight, kid?" complained Buzz in surprise.

Danny hesitated again.

"They got Big Bill this afternoon," he explained unwillingly. "Rode up alongside his house and pumped him fulla lead as he was goin' through the door."

Immediately storm gathered in Buzz's smiling blue eyes, from which the smile departed with a suddenness startling to behold, leaving them as clear and cold and cruel as ice.

"Grogan and his mob are gettin' too fulla beans," he pronounced judicially. "Yep, I'd say en-tire-ly too fulla beans!"

"Aw, let Grogan alone," pleaded Danny anxiously. "This town's big enough for both of yuh, Buzz."

"Not when Grogan's crowdin' me," denied Buzz. "And I'm lettin' *him* alone—*he* ain't lettin' *me* alone! Say, kid—you ain't yella, are yuh? You ain't the kind t' take things lyin' down? I ain't been raisin' no yella dog, have I?"

Yellow. . . ? Danny questioned himself fiercely.

Was he yellow or was he not, and how did a fella know until he met up with the acid test of gunfire? One thing, it wasn't *himself* he was worrying about. . . . Seeing life without Buzz, stark, empty, unendurable, something of the pain of that visioning looked back at Buzz.

"Sorry, kid," said Buzz, strangely gentle as he could be sometimes. "I mighta knowd anybody with them eyes wouldn't be yella!"

THEY ate at Barney's, riding over in a cab whistled to the curb by the doorman instead of one called from the stand.

Buzz preferred cabs to his own cars, of which he had several.

"One cab looks just like another," said Buzz, climbing in. "And if anybody's got anything against yuh, they soon get to know your cars and mebbe your driver. Anyhow, cabs bring me luck. It was in a cab I met you, kid, and you certainly brung me luck."

"*Have* I, Buzz?"

He was so eager that Buzz laughed.

"Sure you have!" he assented heartily. "Ain't I lasted longer'n anybody in the racket? Ten years—and yuh don't grow old in *this* game, kid."

Buzz talked again of the girl with the gray eyes as they ate.

"She wasn't in the racket, kid. Worked behind the glove counter in one of the big stores, and one day I happened in and while she was fittin' gloves on my hand, with her ear not more'n three inches away, I put it to her straight: 'Can yuh stick, kid?' and she comes right back at me: 'I'm an Airedale,' she says. 'I'm one of the original stick-to-the-finish gang!'"

From his pocket he pulled out a large ruby, turning it thoughtfully in his palm.

"She was like this, kid. She made all the rest of them look faded!"

Dimly Danny perceived what Buzz meant: fire which was quiet but unwavering, fire which glowed warmly instead of blazing.

"One night we was parked down by the river, lookin' at the moon like a pair of rubes," said Buzz bitterly. "And 'at's something yuh can't do safely in this game, kid. Our kind live by electric light and die by moonlight, but it was her they got that time—not me."

PRESENTLY, their dinner eaten, they drove back to the hotel.

From a key ring he drew from his pocket, Buzz took a long, slim key and held it out to Danny.

"Safe deposit box," he explained laconically. "The box is in your name, kid. I got it all fixed up legal—that was the paper yuh signed the other day. Guy like me can't leave a will, but I've taken care of you."

Danny delayed taking the key as though taking it committed them both to some definite and not-to-be-desired end.

"Why *now?*" he protested unhappily, and Buzz shrugged.

"Mebbe I got red-hot blues tonight, kid. Anyhow, you take it!"

Red-hot blues . . . Danny knew what that meant—the melancholy which came to red-hots when they knew the end was in sight.

Long after Danny had gone to bed in the inner room he heard Buzz telephoning over his private wire.

Larry Ellis; Cliff Morgan; Dago Mike; Gabby Louie. A long list, which meant a war to the finish was on with the Grogan gang.

Buzz was going to stamp out the Grogans, which meant that inevitably the Grogans would try to stamp out Buzz first.

Buzz . . . but nobody could get Buzz. He slid comfortably off to sleep. . . .

Toward evening, the next day, Larry Ellis, Buzz's right-hand man, came in.

"Heard the sad news, Chief? They just found Ed Grogan's younger brother lyin' in a vacant lot with his vest buttoned over two bullet holes. Reckon we better send flowers?"

"That pays out for Big Bill," said Buzz contentedly, but Danny was stricken with a quality of silence which turned Buzz's frowning attention to him after Larry had gone.

"S'matter now, kid?"

"They'll be after *you*, Buzz."

"They *been* after me for ten years!" replied Buzz significantly.

THE war was on.

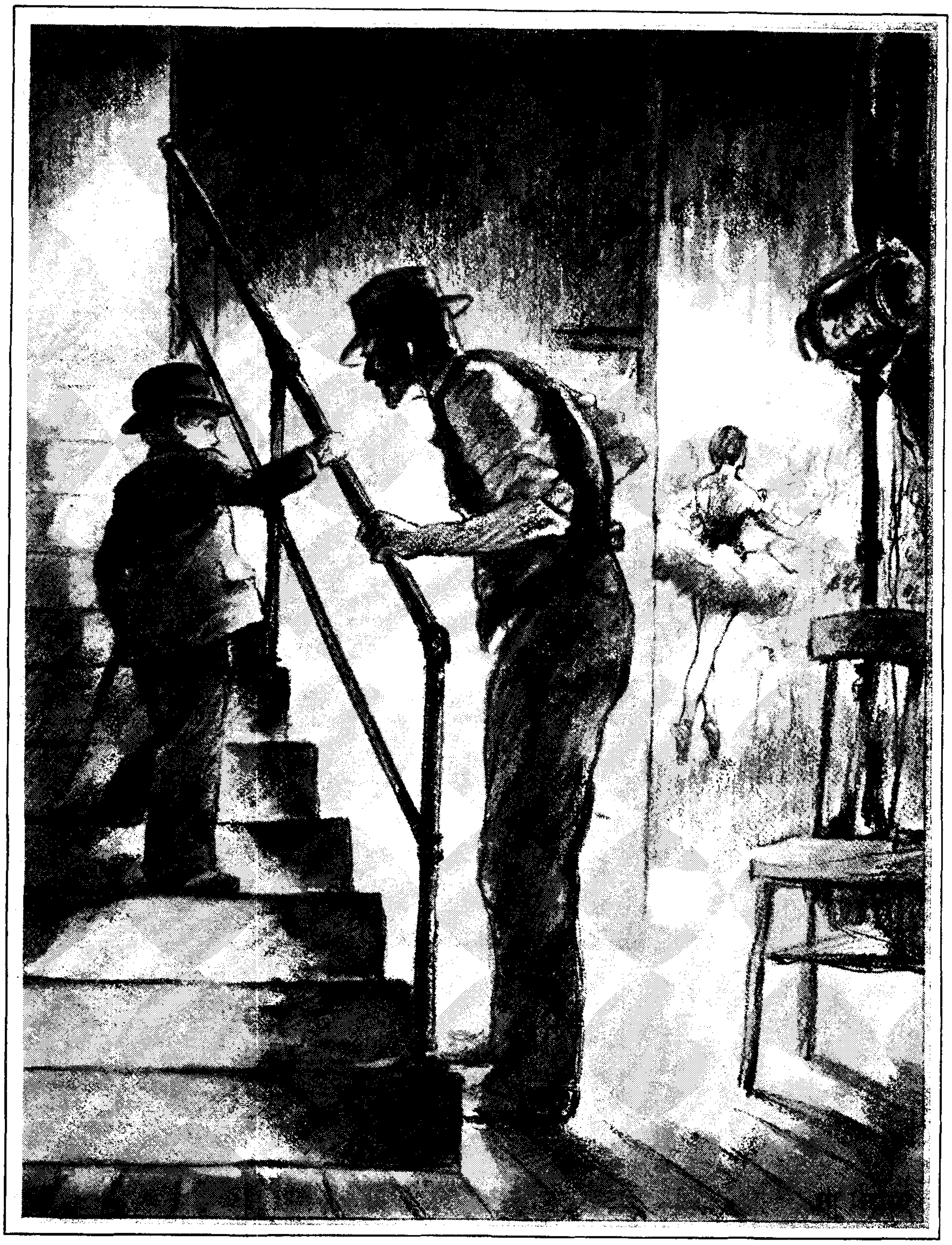
Killings. Killings. Killings.

News filtering into the suite where Buzz walked and smoked and made interminably the queer little sound, half

(*Continued on page 49*)

Coroner's Inquest

By Marc Connelly



Illustrated by Jeff Tester

I says, "Have you been measured?" He said he hadn't. Then I said, "Then how do you know?"

Who killed Robel and Jimmy, the midgets? Follow the witness' answers to the end and bring in your own verdict

"WHAT is your name?"

"Frank Wineguard."

"Where do you live?"

"A hundred and eighty-five West Fifty-fifth Street."

"What is your business?"

"I'm stage manager for Hello, America."

"You were the employer of James Dawle?"

"In a way. We both worked for Mr. Bender, the producer, but I have charge backstage."

"Did you know Theodore Robel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was he in your company, too?"

"No, sir. I met him when we started rehearsals. That was about three months ago, in June. We sent out a call for midgets and he and Jimmy showed up together, with a lot of others. Robel was too big for us. I didn't see him again until we broke into their room Tuesday."

"You discovered their bodies?"

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Pike, there, was with me."

"You found them both dead?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did you happen to be over in Jersey City?"

"Well, I'd called up his house at curtain time Monday night when I found Jimmy hadn't shown up for the performance. Mrs. Pike told me they were both out, and I asked her to have either Jimmy or Robel call me when they came in. Then Mrs. Pike called me Tuesday morning and said she tried to get into the room but she'd found the door was bolted. She said all her other roomers were out and she was alone and scared.

"I'd kind of suspected something might be wrong. So I said to wait and I'd come over. Then I took the tube over and got there about noon. Then we went up and I broke down the door."

"Did you see this knife there?"

"Yes, sir. It was on the floor, about a foot from Jimmy."

"You say you suspected something was wrong. What do you mean by that?"

"I mean I felt something might have happened to Jimmy. Nothing like this, of course. But I knew he'd been feeling very depressed lately, and I knew Robel wasn't helping to cheer him up any."

"You mean that they had had quarrels?"

"No, sir. They just both had the blues. Robel had had them for a long time. Robel was Jimmy's brother-in-law. He'd married Jimmy's sister—she was a midget, too—about five years ago, but she died a year or so later. Jimmy had been living with them and after the sister died he and Robel took a room in Mrs. Pike's house together."

"How did you learn this?"

"JIMMY and I were pretty friendly at the theater. He was a nice little fellow and seemed grateful that I'd given him his job. We'd only needed one midget for an Oriental scene in the second act and the agencies had sent about fifteen. Mr. Gehring, the director, told me to pick one of them as he was busy and I picked Jimmy because he was the littlest.

"After I got to know him he told me how glad he was I'd given him the job. He hadn't worked for nearly a year. He wasn't little enough to be a featured midget with circuses or in museums so he had to take whatever came along. Anyway, we got to be friendly and he used to tell me about his brother-in-law and all."

"He never suggested that there might be ill-feeling between him and his brother-in-law?"

"No, sir. I don't imagine he'd ever had any words at all with Robel. As a matter of fact from what I could gather I guess Jimmy had quite a lot of affection for him and he certainly did everything he could to help him. Robel was a lot worse off than Jimmy. Robel hadn't worked for a couple of years and Jimmy practically supported him. He used to tell me how Robel had been sunk ever since he got his late growth."

"His what?"

"His late growth. I heard it happens among midgets often, but Jimmy told me about it first. Usually a midget will stay as long as he lives at whatever height he reaches when he's fourteen or fifteen, but every now and then one of them starts growing again just before he's thirty, and he can grow a foot or even more in a couple of years. Then he stops growing for good. But of course he don't look so much like a midget any more.

"That's what had happened to Robel about three years ago. Of course he had trouble getting jobs and it hit him pretty hard.

"From what Jimmy told me and from what Mrs. Pike says, I guess he used to talk about it all the time. Robel used to come over and see his agent in New York twice a week, but there was never anything for him. Then he'd go back to Jersey City. Most of the week he lived alone because after the show started Jimmy often stayed in New York with a cousin or somebody that lived uptown.

"Lately Robel hadn't been coming over to New York at all. But every Saturday night Jimmy would go over to Jersey City and stay till Monday with him, trying to cheer him up. Every Sunday they'd take a walk and go to a movie. I guess as they walked along the street Robel realized most the difference in their heights. And I guess that's really why they're both dead now."

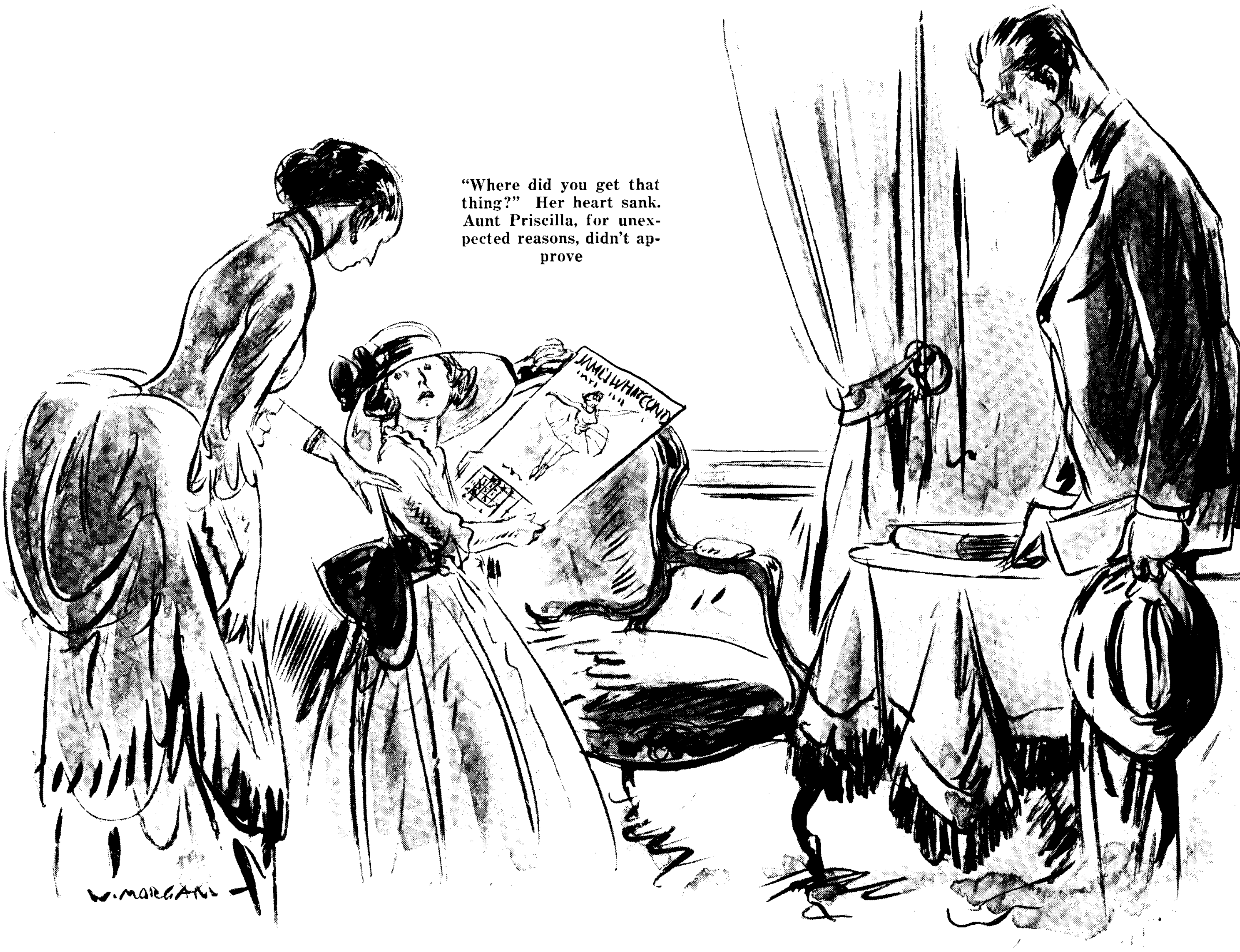
"How do you mean?"

"WELL, as I told you, Jimmy would try to sympathize with Robel and cheer him up. He and Robel both realized that Jimmy was working and supporting them and that Jimmy would probably keep right on working, according to the ordinary breaks of the game, while Robel would always be too big. It simply preyed on Robel's mind.

"And then three weeks ago Monday Jimmy thought he saw the ax fall.

"I was standing outside the stage door—it was about seven-thirty—and Jimmy came down the alley. He looked down in the mouth, which I thought was strange seeing that he usually used

(Continued on page 51)


W. MORGAN

"Where did you get that thing?" Her heart sank. Aunt Priscilla, for unexpected reasons, didn't approve

The Story Thus Far:

FAILING to win the heart of prim little Priscilla, one of his schoolmates, Sam—the gangling country boy who later comes to be known as "Uncle Sam"—turns to Mary Stewart.

Mary is beautiful. She leads the boy on, makes him believe she cares for him. His happiness is, however, short-lived. Quite by chance Sam learns that the girl is having a clandestine affair with Orlando—his older brother!

School days end. The members of Sam's family—his brothers, John, Frederick and Orlando, and his adoring sister, Antoinette, want to know how he proposes to make a living: Sam tells them—and they are shocked. He is going to become a peddler!

Deaf to remonstrances, the lad sets forth with a pack of tinware on his back. But failing to make money, he is forced to become a schoolteacher in a tiny country school. A short time later, having failed to please William Martin, the farmer who hired him, he resigns. To his surprise his successor proves to be Priscilla.

Soon the two young people are in love and, after Sam has become a farmer, Priscilla marries him and goes with him to a farm near Bellevue, a small provincial town.

In the local foundling asylum Priscilla finds a lovely little girl—Irene, left by her mother, an unmarried woman who calls herself "Mrs. Gordon" and who refuses to name the child's father. Irene charms Priscilla and Sam; they decide to adopt her.

Sam goes to the asylum to discuss the matter with "Mrs. Gordon." Mrs. Gordon enters. She is Mary Stewart! Then comes another shock. Making Sam promise to tell Priscilla nothing regarding her own past, Mary confesses that the father of her child is Orlando, Sam's brother, who has recently married another woman. She will not permit Sam and Priscilla to adopt Irene, but the little girl henceforth makes her home with them.

Sam pretends to know nothing about "Mrs. Gordon." But, quite by accident, Priscilla learns who the woman really is. Mary Stewart? Mary Stewart and Sam were once schoolmates! Why, she asks herself, should Sam try to protect her?

Uncle Sam

By John Erskine

V

WHEN Sam came in for supper he was shocked at the change in Priscilla's appearance. In those short hours she had gone through ages of suffering. Her face was drawn, and she was keeping up only with an effort.

"Sam—you told me you didn't know who her father was. When I married you, I believed you were an honorable man, and I trusted you."

"I'd be sorry to disappoint you, Priscilla."

"Don't I remember your infatuation with Mary, just when we were leaving school?"

"Priscilla, I did fancy I was in love with her at that time. I'd almost forgotten about it."

"But you do know now who the father, don't you? She told you this morning, didn't she?"

"Well, if you must have it, she did."

"Then you lied to me! And you brought your child home here for me to take care of. You wanted me to adopt it!"

"For God's sake, you don't think she's *my* child?"

"Whose is she, if not yours?"

"Priscilla, I'm not going to tell you that. Never."

"You don't need to—I know!"

Her suspicion made him sick at heart, and perhaps a little of his disgust was in the look he gave her. She flung her arms on the table and sobbed. He seated himself near by and waited.

"You don't expect me to stay with you—after this?"

"I do. You're my wife, and, whatever you think, I've been a faithful husband. Why should you go?"

"I must!"

He thought it over.

"Well, if you must, you must. I hope you won't. You'll have to do what you think is right. I can look after Irene."

It was an unlucky remark. "I dare say you can! You and she together!"

OR PERHAPS the remark was more happily inspired than at first appeared. Later in the evening she told him her decision.

"I shan't go. Not now, anyway. I'll wait till the child is grown."

"Good! By that time you may have reason to think better of me."

If he could have said a word more tender, or if she had caught a glimpse of his loneliness, his wounded pride, his regret for his brother, his embarrassment to be misrepresented in her eyes, she might have taken him to her heart. But when she looked at her husband, she saw nothing but his tall, angular frame, his long, sharp face, his lips pressed thin.

"I took you," she said, "for better or for worse, and I'm going to do my duty. If I can help it, that child won't go to perdition! But you must be truthful with me from now on!"

A few days later Sam came in from the farm. He found Priscilla upstairs looking over some linen.

"I have to go into town. How would it be if I took Irene along for the ride?"

"Very nice if she wants to go."

Irene wanted to go. She sat straight and proud beside the tall man as they drove briskly along the country road.

"How old do I have to be, Uncle Sam, before I can drive?"

"Oh, years and years."

"I wish I was old!"

"Don't wish any such thing! It will happen to you soon enough."

"But I'd like to drive."

"Well, put your hands in front of mine, on the reins. How's that?"

For a while they drove on, both happy, till they passed a derrick-like structure in a field.

"What's that, Uncle Sam?"

"That's a machine for digging a hole in the ground, to see if there's any oil."

"Is there?"

"The man who owns the land hopes there is, or he wouldn't dig."

"Why does he hope there is?"

"He'll sell it. It's worth a good deal of money."

Irene ceased questioning and presently they came to the main street of Bellevue. Sam steered his horses through the traffic and drew up before a small building.

"Here we are!" he said.

"Is this the office, Uncle Sam?"

But he was already pushing her in. A man sitting at a desk looked over his spectacles.

"Good morning, Luke. Is Mr. Whitcomb in?"

"I don't know, but you might go in and see for yourself."

With that he went on with what he was doing.

"Irene can stay here, can't she? She'll be quiet."

THE man lowered his head to look at her, and then went on writing. Sam disappeared through the door.

Irene got up on one of the chairs and tried to be perfectly silent. The man at the high desk got down with something in his hand, and came toward her. He didn't smile. He was rather terrifying.

"Here's a pencil if you like to write. Can you draw a cat or a dog? Here's an eraser to rub it out with. Make yourself at home."

He drew her chair up to the table. It was a beautiful pencil. The eraser was sharp at one end, like a chisel, but soft and red. She rubbed her cheek with it.

"Or maybe you'd like to write down your engagements for the year."

He put before her a calendar mounted on a handsome picture. Had she been more adroit with her reading she would have seen, from an inscription immediately above the pad of months, that James Whitcomb was in the real estate business, and had money to lend on mortgage. What she could appreciate, however, was the charm of the lady whose portrait filled the upper half of the cardboard. This lady was standing miraculously on her toes, she wore white stockings of an abnormal length, a skirt which didn't hang, but bristled out from her waist, and a tight bit of dress up above, with neither neck nor sleeves. The lady had very red cheeks, very white teeth, and an intense smile. She was pleased about something. Irene sat hypnotized before this vision. She hoped Uncle Sam would stay a long time.

THE door opened sooner than she wished, and he came out with a stout man, who had a round face, round eyes, and no hair on his head.

"My idea is this," Uncle Sam was saying, "if we are to do it, the quicker the better. It's bound to come sooner or later, and why shouldn't we be the ones?"

"All right, let's!" said the stout man.

"This is Irene, Whitcomb. She's taking care of me this morning."

The stout man gave her a large finger to shake, and she remembered to slip off the chair and curtsy.

"Your niece, isn't she?"

"Well, we're pretty closely related, aren't we, Irene? Has she behaved herself, Luke?"

The man at the desk actually showed pleasure.

"Quiet as a mouse!"

"That's a miracle. Let's hurry home before it wears off, and show Aunt Priscilla what you're like when you're quiet."

Very deliberately she walked over to Luke's desk and handed him back the calendar. She knew it was the only honorable thing to do.

"Why, don't you like it?"

Did she like it!

"Take it home with you."

"I thought I was just to play with it here!"

"My, no! We've plenty more. Take it along."

She walked down the stairs with the handsome lady clasped close to her bosom. On the ride home she said nothing. Sam wondered what had happened to her.

Priscilla had lunch ready for them.

"What's that you have, Irene?"

Irene's heart was too full for utterance. She could only hold out the calendar, with the marvelous creature standing on her toes.

"Where did you get that thing?"

Her heart sank. Aunt Priscilla, for unexpected reasons, didn't approve.

"I stopped in Whitcomb's office," said Sam. "His clerk, Luke, found it to amuse her."

Priscilla looked at the ballet dancer again, then laid the calendar on the side table. Irene was frightened.

"May I keep it?"

"Of course you can!" Uncle Sam's voice was never more cheerful. "It's yours. Luke didn't give it to your Aunt Priscilla."

"He'd better not!"

They sat down to their meal.

"Whitcomb's thinking of starting a bank."

"Goodness me, Sam! He'll lose every cent he's made. I knew he would. His money came too easily."

Sam ate on a while before replying.

"He's pretty sure to make a fortune. There's going to be a lot of business in Bellevue because of the oil, and it's ridiculous not to have a good bank."

"Well, I'm glad it's his foolishness and not yours."

"As a matter of fact, I'm thinking of putting in some money to start it."

She turned quite grim.

"How much are you going to put in?"

"That's not decided yet."

"You haven't enough to mean anything to a man like Whitcomb."

"I've a few thousand, and the farm's valuable. I can borrow the rest."

"SAM! I beg of you! Don't risk the farm! It's all we have, and it's—it's our home!"

He was amazed at the depth of her anxiety.

"There isn't the slightest risk. I wouldn't lose the farm any quicker than you would."

"Sam, promise me you'll stay out of this!"

"No—I told Whitcomb I'd go in with him."

"Then it's no use—I might as well submit."

She didn't look submissive, but she said no more, and they finished lunch in silence. Irene took the calendar upstairs, propped it against the wall, stretched herself on the floor, and gazed at the dancer with the bright cheeks and the happy face.

Priscilla thought Sam might have driven her into town himself for Mrs. Stockton's party, but he sent one of the men. Mrs. Stockton entertained rarely—the parish understood she couldn't do more, with no servant and hardly enough money to live on. But since Whitcomb and one or two others in the church had stumbled on wealth the parsonage had come to life. Priscilla hoped to learn before the afternoon was over what relation there was between the oil wells and this social activity. Somebody must be supplementing the minister's stipend.

She was among the last to arrive. The voices of the other women could be heard all the way out to the door.

"We were just talking about you, Priscilla—so glad you've come! We were afraid—"

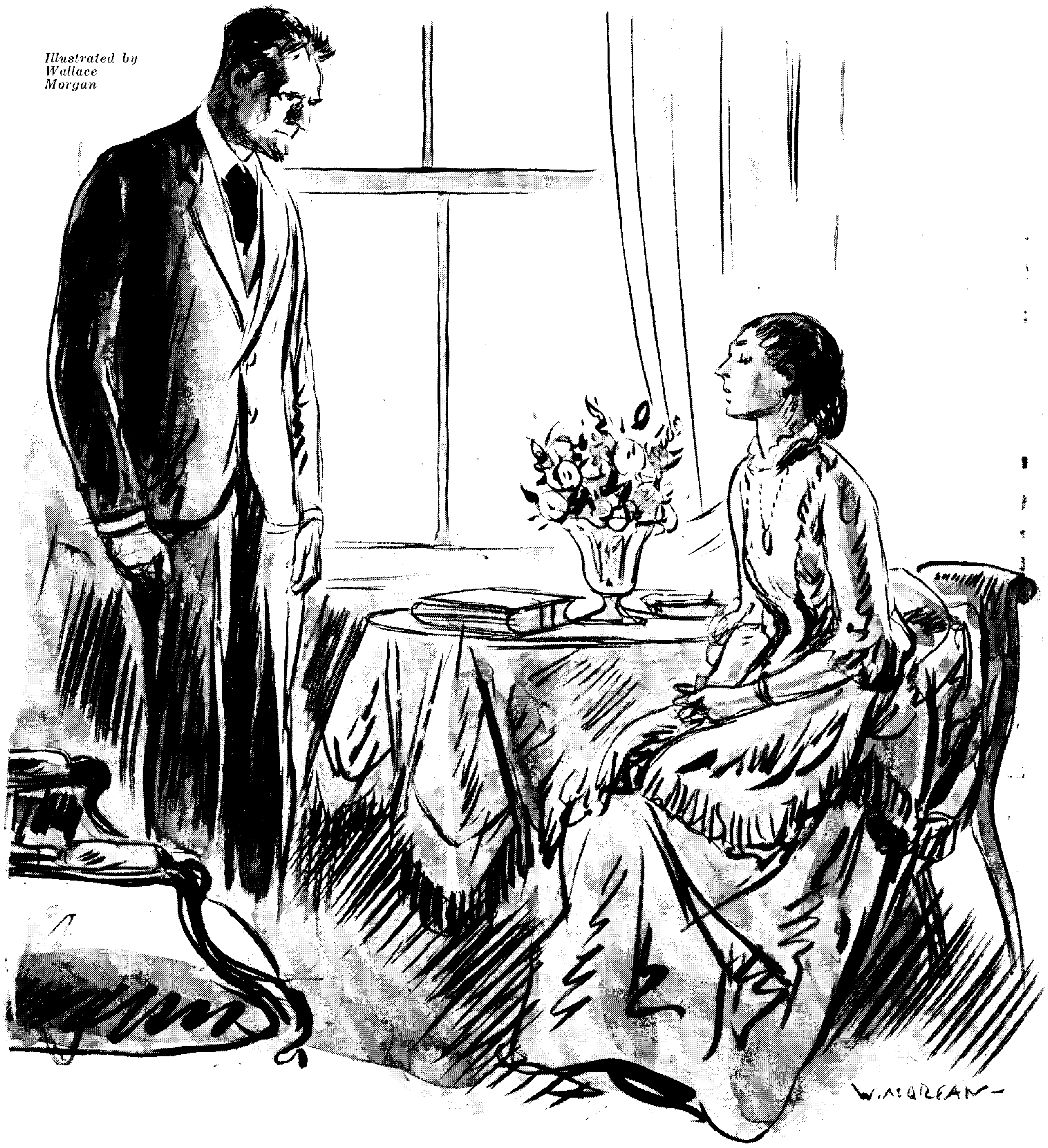
"I couldn't get away earlier—Sam's men are always busy."

Her conscience pricked her as she invented the excuse, but at least it sounded like a tribute to the energy of her husband. Mrs. Stockton took her shawl and hat. In Bellevue one made oneself at home.

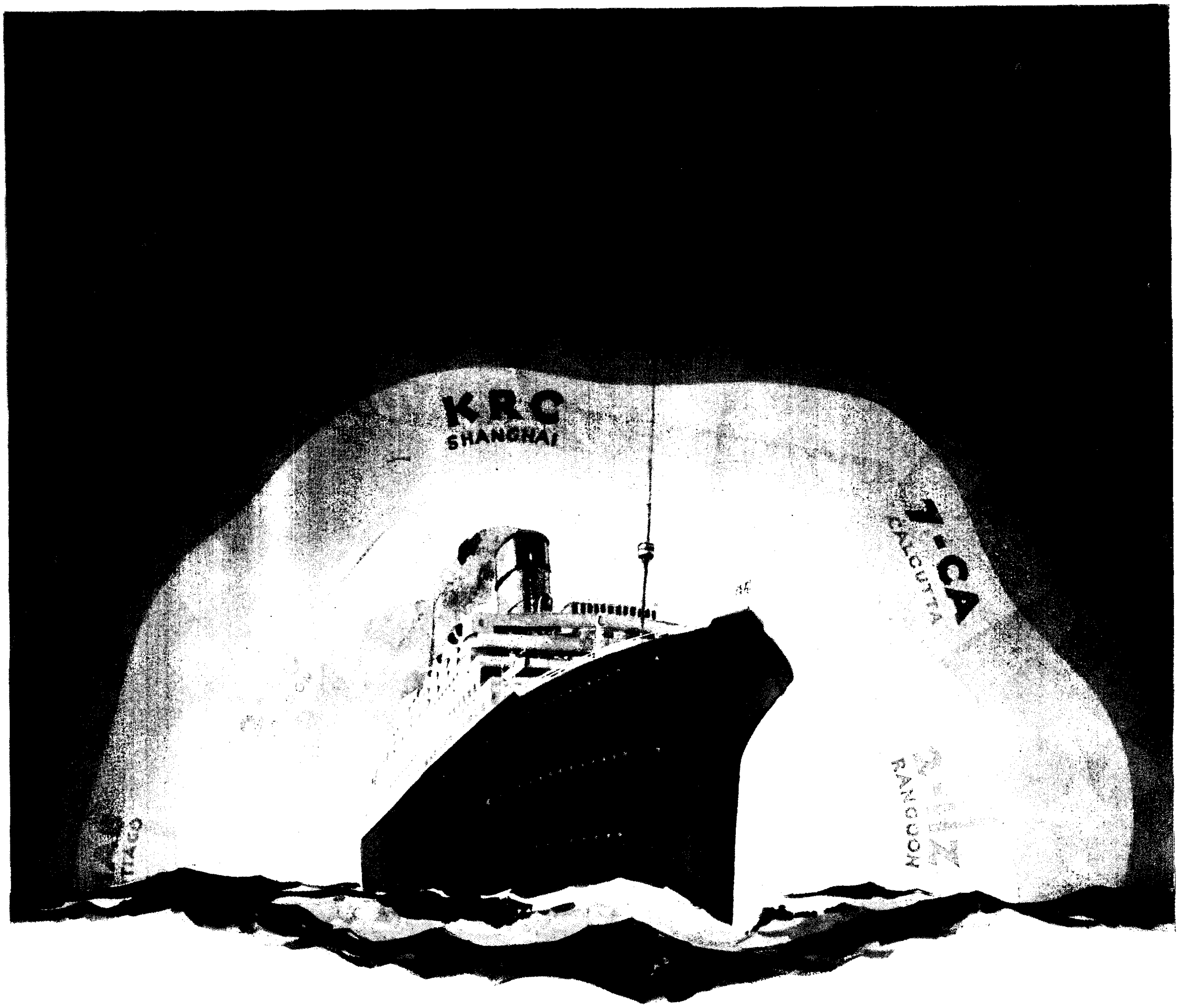
Mrs. Stockton, she noticed, had a new dress. A small, pretty woman, who might have been beautiful if she hadn't been tired. As a girl she had been used to luxury, but her father had turned bitter over her marriage to a penniless minister. His hard heart made her even more loyal to Ralph's career.

Priscilla found a seat between Mrs.

(*Continued on page 40*)



"Then you lied to me! And you brought your child home here for me to take care of. You wanted me to adopt it!"



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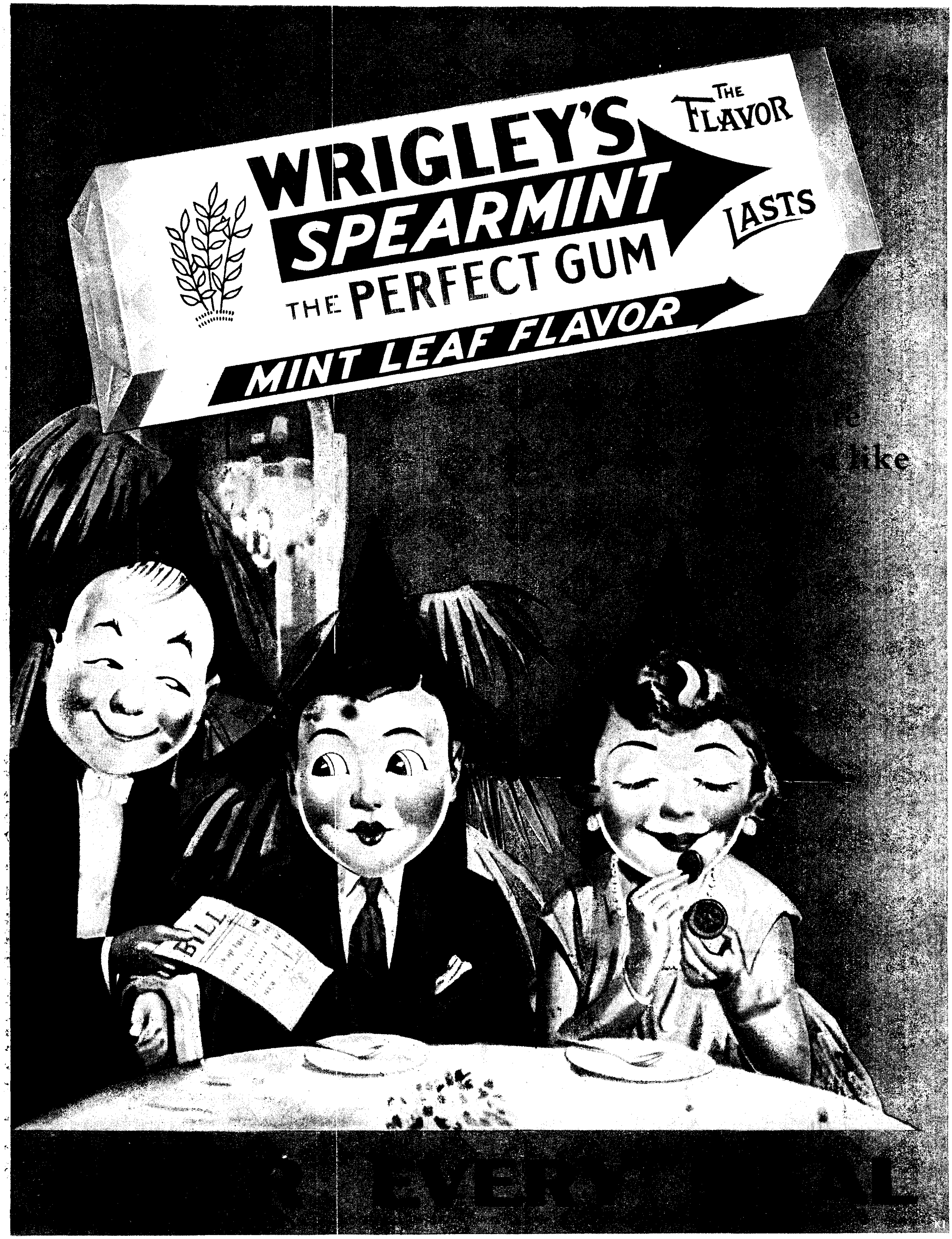
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International Newsreel

H. R. H. Princess Mary, with her husband, Viscount Lascelles, and their Majesties, King George V and Queen Mary

King George, Gentleman

This, the last of a series of articles about King George, gives an account of the monarch's activities and sufferings during the war and of his life in the years following. The author was formerly a member of the Press Department at Buckingham Palace

By Richard Dent

NO SOONER was war declared than the young Prince of Wales determined to take his place on active service. Having been gazetted Second Lieutenant, Grenadier Guards, he bombarded everyone from his father downwards with questions as to how soon he could get "out there." He joined his battalion at Warley Barracks, and about five weeks later the battalion was ordered to France. Lord Kitchener thought it best that the Prince should not go. I shall never forget the disappointment on the young man's face when he came to appeal to his father. As a matter of fact, I think he expected to wheedle his father into giving his consent, but the King said that he must be governed by Lord Kitchener's decision.

The Prince went straight from the Palace to the War Office and saw Lord Kitchener once more.

"What would it matter if I were killed?" he demanded. "I have four brothers and any of them is fit to fill my place."

"If that were the only consideration," Lord Kitchener replied, "I might not think I had the right to oppose you. But you might be taken prisoner, and we've got enough to fight about without that."

However, by continually sticking to his purpose, the Prince got out to France within two months.

Dark Days

On November 29, 1914, King George made his first visit to the front. It was a historic, soul-stirring time. For one hundred and seventy-one years no British King had been among his soldiers in the field. His presence was an inspiration.

It was not until October, 1915, that he made a second visit to France, when he had a serious accident reviewing troops, mounted on a strange horse. It was not until December 1st that he was able to be about again.

There was not much to comfort the nation in the New Year. The rebellion in Ireland in May upset the King more than he would own. Just about this time the Battle of Jutland was fought. The royal family had a personal interest in it, for Prince Albert was serving with the fleet and for some time they could not get news as to whether all was well with him. And in June the tragic tidings arrived that Lord Kitchener had been drowned with his staff in the Hampshire off the Orkneys, on his voyage to Russia. This was a terrible blow to King George, who had greatly admired Lord Kitchener.

In August the King went again to the front. He traveled from end to end of the British front by motor car, saying, "I don't want any preparations made. I want you to forget I am a king. God knows, I can do little enough but I can do more if my time is not wasted by ceremonial."

Early in 1916 Prince George, who had lately attained his thirteenth birthday, took part in his first public function. He received, at Buckingham Palace, a deputation from readers of a children's magazine who presented an ambulance for the Belgian Field Hospital. He said a sentence or two of thanks in accepting the gift, which was duly passed on to Belgium. It may be added that Prince George's contribution to war work was knitting many articles for sale at war charity bazaars. He was an expert knitter from an early age. Princess Mary was tireless in her work for bazaars on behalf of war charities, and very ingenious in devising new ideas. And of course Queen Mary was indefatigable.

In March, 1917, came the compulsory rationing of meat and butter. For the most part, this new restriction was received by the public with the same acquiescence that they had shown through all the trials and troubles of the war. A few, however, grumbled. I happened to be passing a meat queue, I remember, one day and I heard a woman remark that this must be the time when it would be a lovely thing to be King of England. "Wonder 'ow 'e'd like to be told that 'e couldn't 'ave a secon' 'elpin'." I could not help going up to her and telling her that the King and Queen were rationed in exactly the same way as their subjects, and that the very strictest economy was practiced in the palace. The King could not share his soldiers' privations at the front, but he could and did share the country's privations at home. Buckingham Palace set an example to every household.

The King one day was shown apparatus for heating both the building and the water when he was visiting a hospital.

"How lucky you are," said the King. "We live in one corner of the room to keep warm and only have one hot bath a week. The hot-water business is a problem: you can't shave with lukewarm water, can you?"

Uncle Sam Joins the Fray

This month of March stands out in my memory as one of the most terrible months of the whole war for the royal family, for in it came the Russian Revolution, the abdication of the Czar and very gloomy news from the front. But the debacle on the eastern front was, fortunately, counteracted by the intervention of the United States at the beginning of April.

On June 13th, a never-to-be-forgotten day for Londoners, a daylight raid on London occurred. An investiture was being held at Buckingham Palace and, after this was over, the King and some of his staff went to the devastated regions. The East End folk, with the sturdy courage that no shells could destroy, greeted his Majesty with cheers and the King, after seeing what had been done, went to the London hospitals to see those who had been hurt.

After this raid the King decided that German names and titles borne by the Princes and Princesses who were his subjects should be relinquished and he himself did a thing unparalleled in history when he proclaimed, on July 25th, that: "We . . . having taken into consideration the name and title of our Royal House and Family, have determined that henceforth our House and Family shall be styled and known as the House and Family of Windsor."

Praise for Old Friends

His Majesty never forgot the navy, and in June he again went to visit the Grand Fleet, bestowing decorations at sea on all those who had distinguished themselves in the Battle of Jutland. King George reveled in being at sea again, and his pride in the fleet is shown by his message to Sir David Beatty (now Admiral Lord Beatty) on his return to London: "I wish to congratulate you and the Grand Fleet," he wrote, "on the high standard of preparedness I found on coming among you. I thank you for your patient endurance that keeps the British navy ever ready to enhance the glories of its historic traditions."

In July the King made his fourth visit to the front and this time Queen Mary went with him. They stayed in France a fortnight and the enthusiasm of the troops was unbounded. One day as the King was leaving one of the casualty clearing stations he tenderly picked up a small puppy that had run between his legs. He fondled it for a moment and then handed it to the colonel. An officer remarked when the King had gone: "That dog only came in here yesterday and he has done so much damage playing about that the commanding officer was determined to get rid of him, but we won't part with him now. I shall put a red, white and blue ribbon round his neck and call him George. He shall be the hospital's mascot." And he was.

At last the tide began to turn, and on November 11th the war was at an end. It was a moment full of overflowing emotion when the King drove through the city of London and spoke afterwards to his people from the balcony of Buckingham Palace.

That night the King had a glass of champagne, the first wine that had passed his lips since his voluntary pledge made on March 5, 1915, with the exception of the occasion when, on his doctor's orders, he had some light wine after the accident in France.

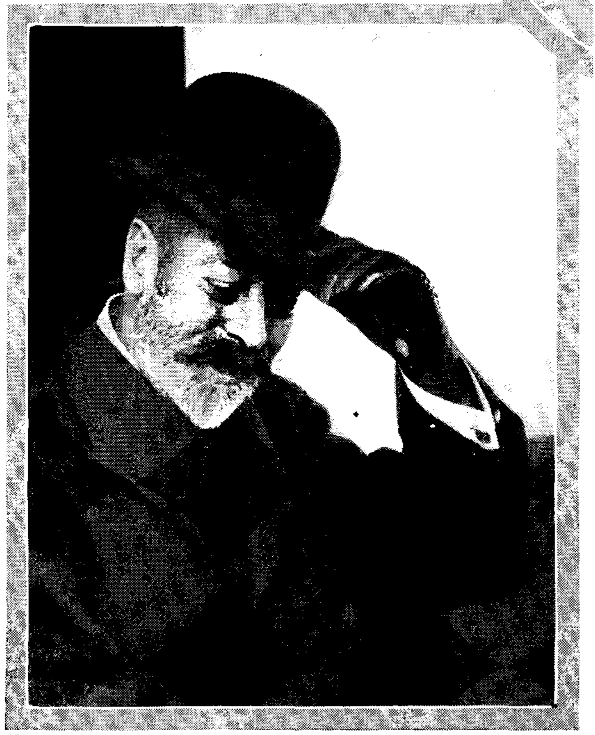
The war was over, but for the King there was very little rest. He had now to pull his weight in the mighty process of reconstruction. Life was never more arduous for King George than during those first post-war years.

Keystone View Co.

Somewhere in France: a private being decorated for gallantry by the King. General Pershing and General Holman (British) in the background

Keystone View Co.

The Prince of Wales, when acting as aid-de-camp to Marshal French



Herbert Photos

The King acknowledging the cheering at Bognor, when leaving for Windsor

Christmas in 1918 was anticipated with delight by the royal family. For the first time their Majesties were spending it at Buckingham Palace and President Wilson was their guest at the palace. The royal family missed going down to Sandringham but duties kept the King in London. Ten years were to pass before he was again to spend a Christmas at Buckingham Palace and then the occasion was a sad one.

And there was, after all, a shadow over Buckingham Palace during the Christmas season of 1918, for little Prince John, the baby of the family, was ill all through December. He was not generally known to the public, for he had always been delicate and was subject to epileptic fits, which grew more frequent as the years went by. He was the sweetest little boy imaginable, but none of us saw him very often, as he had to be kept quiet. He lived most of his short life at Wood Farm, Sandringham, with Mrs. Bell, his nurse from infancy.

Nobody knew how the King and Queen suffered over their little boy. During these war years the child was often very ill, and their Majesties, on many of their smiling, cheery visits to hospitals and camps, did not know what news they would receive when they returned home.

Once I happened to be with the Queen when she was visiting a hospital for children. Suddenly she stopped at a cot, saying, "Oh, how like my little Johnnie he is," and there were tears in her eyes. Tenderly she went up and kissed the little boy. That was the only sign I ever saw her give of the ever-present anxiety about the little Prince. He had a decided talent for drawing and loved gardening. His little garden at Wood Farm was always kept beautifully and often when he wrote to his parents he would enclose a pressed flower. Once a really lovely rose came out on his rose-tree. "Mummie must have this alive," he said to his nurse and accordingly it was cut, packed carefully in a box and sent to Queen Mary, who wore it for three days and then kept it in a little vase in her room.

Prince John died on January 18, 1919, and his funeral, at their Majesties' request, was very simple. The coffin was made from oak at Sandringham and the grave was lined with ivy, studded with poinsettias and shields of Christmas roses. Canon Dalton conducted the service and the King and Queen cast little bunches of flowers into the grave of their "darling little Johnnie."

What form the first anniversary of the Armistice should take was a question very seriously discussed by the King and his Ministers of State. It was his Majesty himself who thought of the two-minute silence, for he understood so well that only in quietness could an act of remembrance be sealed solemnly. The two-minute silence has now become a permanent national act of homage which very few would like to see abandoned.

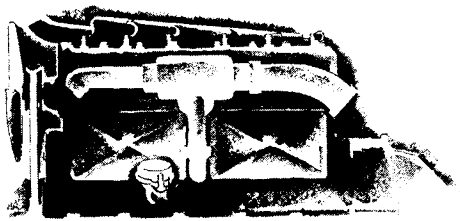
An Old-Fashioned Christmas

Christmas, 1919, was spent at Sandringham and was the happiest that the royal family had spent for many years, with a complete family gathering including the Prince of Wales, back from a long trip. But their Majesties were not to see much of their oldest son from then on. King George had certainly transmitted to his son his love of travel and, more than that, his adaptability. And the more he travels the better his father likes it.

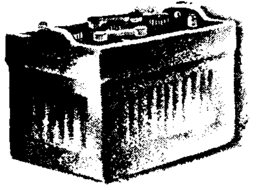
In 1921 the King went to Ireland and the Prince to India. And the Prince thereby missed the first wedding of the family, that of Princess Mary to Viscount Lascelles, on February 28, 1922. It was a sad yet joyous time for the King, for he and his daughter had been friends and companions ever since she was a tiny child. He was sad at the thought that, to a great extent, the companionship must end. But he was glad because he was entrusting her to a man of upright and sterling character, who loved her dearly and whom she loved with that unfaltering love that a woman gives to the man of her choice. She looked very lovely, driving to the abbey in her wedding robes with her father sitting beside her. Father and

(*Continued on page 59*)

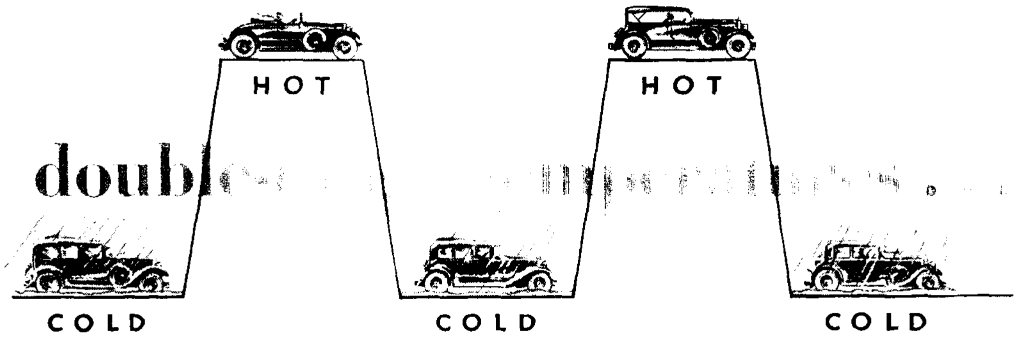
Save your engine!



Spare your battery!



Don't make them fight



double temperatures . . .

with single-range lubrication . . .

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Freezing weather—stiff starting! Severe battery overload, and deadly engine wear! They go together. Because—

In freezing weather an oil that is too heavy congeals in your crankcase. Hardens like cold butter on pistons and cylinder walls. In starting your engine such an oil can't get into quick circulation. Abnormal engine wear results. And slow starting is sure to overload your battery—consume its current. But—

Suppose you change to one of the so-called "winter oils." You get easy starting. But at operating temperatures, your engine is at least twice as hot as the hottest tropical summer. Most of these so-called "winter oils" *fail to give hot metal surfaces the protection they must have to avoid wear.*

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The new Mobiloil Arctic gives *double-range* lubrication. For that reason, from Greenland to Cape Horn, it stands alone. In all the cold weather countries of the world, it is the most-used winter oil.

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Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

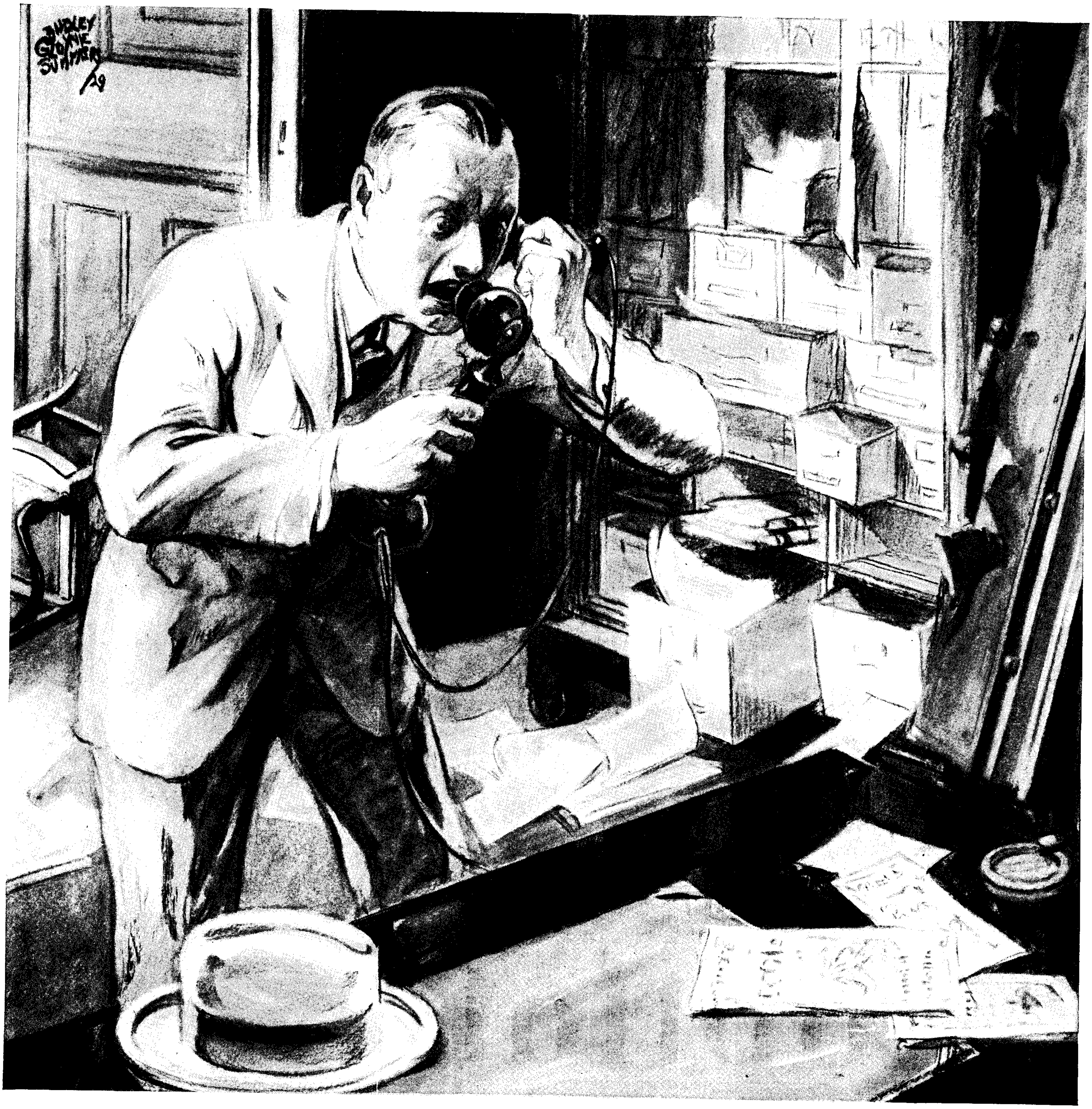
Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (Freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford, Models T, TT, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929		1928		1927		1926	
	Engine		Engine		Engine		Engine	
	Summer		Summer		Summer		Summer	
Auburn, 6-66	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	
" 8-cyl.	BB		BB		BB		A	
" *other models*	A		A		A		A	
Buick	BB		BB		BB		A	
Cadillac	BB		BB		BB		BB	
Chandler Special Six	....	....	A		A		....	....
" *other models*	A		A		A		A	
Chevrolet	A		A		A		A	
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	....	....	A		A		A	
" Imperial 80 and Imperial	BB		BB		A		A	
" *other models*	A		A		A		A	
Dodge Brothers	A		A		A		A	
Durant	A		A		....	....	A	
Elcar, 8-cyl.	BB		BB		BB		A	
" *other models*	A		A		A		A	
Erskine	A		A		A		....	....
Essex	A		A		A		A	
Ford, Model A	A		A		....	....	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	E		E	
Franklin	BB		BB		BB		BB	
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB		BB		BB		A	
" *other models*	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	
Hudson	A		A		A		A	
Hupmobile	BB		BB		A		A	
La Salle	BB		BB		BB		....	....
Lincoln	BB		BB		BB		BB	
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A		A		A		....	....
" *other models*	....	....	BB		A		A	
Moon	A		A		A		A	
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB		BB		BB		A	
" *other models*	A		A		A		A	
Oakland	A		A		A		A	
Oldsmobile	A		A		A		A	
Packard	A		A		A		A	
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB		BB		BB		BB	
" *other models*	A		A		A		A	
Pontiac	A		A		A		A	
Reo	A		A		A		A	
Studebaker	A		A		A		A	
Whippet	A		A		A		A	
Willys-Knight, 4-cyl	....	....	....	....	....	....	B	
" " 6-cyl.	BB		BB		BB		BB	

the New Mobiloil

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

"Get the Police, *Quick*, We've been robbed!"


Dudley Glynne Summers '29

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

THEN he phones his insurance agents. His protective associations. His bank. His partners or directors . . . Instantaneously, he sets into action the *organized* forces of society at his disposal.

He does not call in the man across the street. Or the policeman on the beat. Or a casual acquaintance. He does not waste precious time on individuals. For even the loss of a few hundred dollars commands the attention of the powerful, coordinated machinery of law and order. But what is a man to do when his physical inventory shows an unexplained loss of *thousands* of dollars? Where can he turn for help when profits vanish into thin air? When the wasted time of employees mounts into dangerous sums? When disorganized, unrelated business systems rob the treasury?

This is what he does, if he is a logical, keen-minded man . . . He turns to the largest organization of its kind in the world for protection. He sets in motion a business force, never before available, to preserve his profits. He gets quick, concerted action from the trained minds and the priceless experiences of 4,000 men . . . The best informed men in America on creating, filing, and protecting control-records of business.

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The prevention of losses is but one of the many advantages that come to you from these leaders in the development of modern office and control equipment. The killing of details en masse, the freedom to think and plan, the clearing of your business vision, the new sense of direction that comes with complete control of records . . . Remington Rand brings you what you lack and what you need, no matter how chaotic your present business systems may be.

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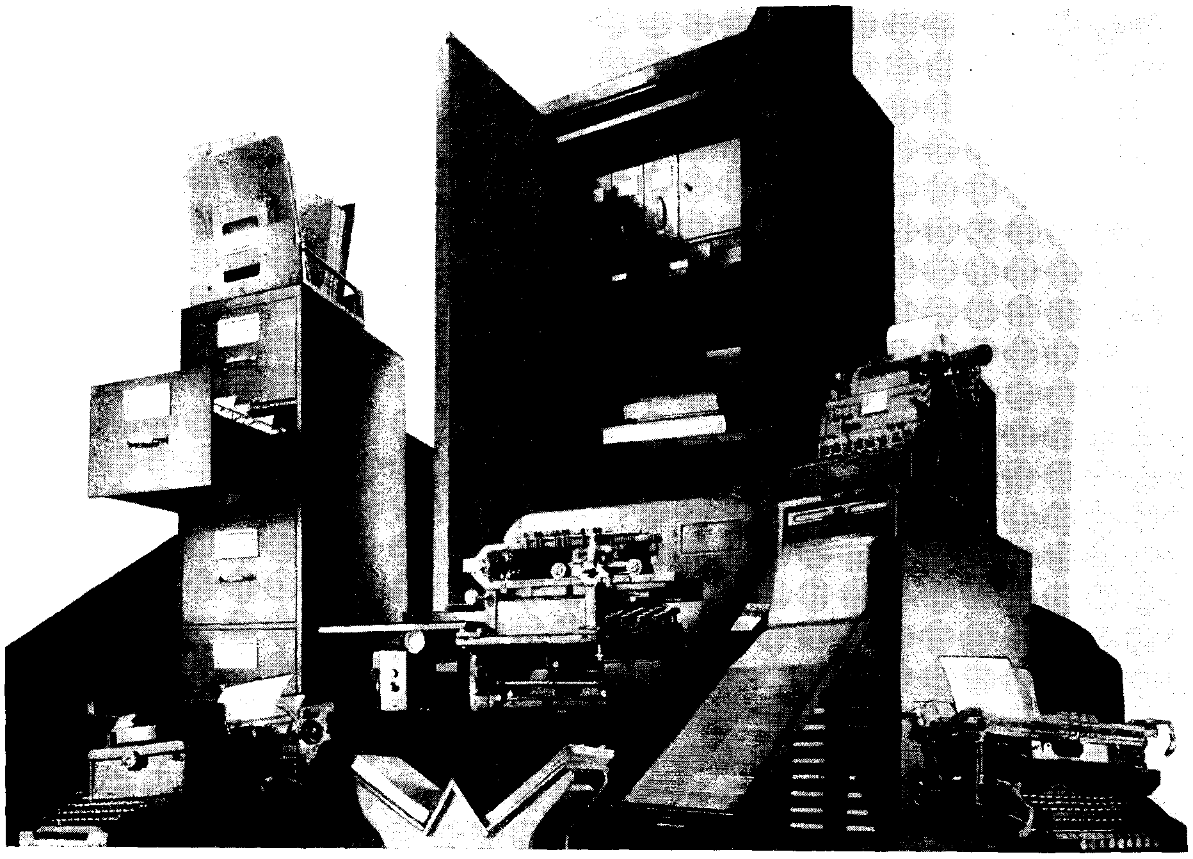

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Cowboys will be Cowboys

By Alan LeMay

The cowboy has vanished, they say. They've been saying it for years. And the cowboy answers: "Very likely. I ain't heard"

Calves are still as hard to handle as in the early days before the cowboys' "passing"

A GAUNT fellow with a lugubrious leather face leans from the second-story window of a fine Las Vegas hotel. Down in the street he can see 40 or 50 cowboys loafing in groups, or milling slowly about. He knows most of them; they're punchers from Arizona and Texas as well as New Mexico, come in from states around to ride in the rodeo of the Cowboys' Reunion. But he can also see an ice wagon, and it's ice that is on his mind right now.

The man in the window shouts down to a friend in the street: "Hey, Bill! Tell that greaser to haze a hunka ice up here! Just a small piece; twenty-five pounds'll do."

"You blame' fool," Bill shouts back, "holler down through your telephone. They'll bring you ice."

"I hollered down three times already," the tousled man in the window complains, "and where is it?"

"Can it be possible," Bill wonders, "in this day and age? Here, you! Sling fifty pounds of ice onto this sidewalk. Somebody give'm two bits. Charley wants ice!"

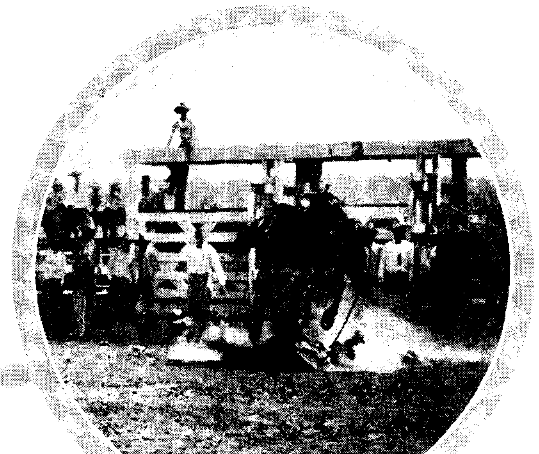
Corralling an Ice Chunk

Bill steps over to his pony, parked between a sedan and a truck. Ordinarily Bill would have come to town in a flivver; but this pony is a rope horse, and in a couple of days the two of them will be roping calves against time. That's why Bill's horse is in town for once, along with a hundred or so more.

Bill flips the trailing reins over the pony's head, mounts, and expertly unlimbers his lariat. The loop of his rope drops over the waiting ice with a hard snap, the lariat tightens, biting into the corners of the crystal block.

"Somebody hold open that screen door!"

Up the steps and into the foyer rides Bill. It's a fine new modern hotel, built in an adaptation of the Spanish mission style. The pony rolls an uneasy eye at the tall arches, the handsome lounging furniture of the lobby. His unshod hoofs clop upon the tiled floor in a nervous staccato. But he goes right in. He learned long ago that the thinking, if any, is done by the man on top. The ice slithers and skates across the floor behind.



A life in the balance. The "killer" throws and tramples his rider as the cowboys reach for their guns

You need skill, nerve and stamina to stay aboard a bucking man-fighter

As they singlefoot up the broad carpeted stairs to the second floor the ice bangs and tumbles upward over the treads. It cracks to pieces some, and loses its corners. But when Bill leans out of his saddle to knock on Charley's door a considerable chunk of crystal is still on the end of the lariat.

"Here's your ice."

"Much obliged," says Charley. "Ed, pour Bill and horse a drink."

"The horse doesn't drink," Bill says as he swings down. "Give him a cigar."

Bill is 40, and his life has been spent with cattle. He has seen a good deal of change come over New Mexico, on the range as well as in the towns, but he hasn't much objection to the alterations. Innovations have made ranch life somewhat more comfortable, and in some ways more interesting. But if there is any danger of Bill and his kind being shouldered out of the picture, it is not sufficiently imminent to worry or subdue Bill.

Every year several hundred cowboys of the same general type as Bill gather in Las Vegas at the Cowboys' Reunion. Most of them are younger; many of them are older, and a few are old enough to be Bill's great-grandfather. Those older men, of course, don't come for the purpose of viewing the events. They have seen tough horses ridden, steers twisted down, and calves expertly roped ever since they can remember. Each is there because the others are there; it is a real reunion by tacit agreement, for which the rodeo is only an excuse.

They gather in groups on the street near the Reunion headquarters, in the lobbies of the hotels, or on the corral fences at the edge of town. And although they have come from several states, most of them seem to have met before. They ask about mutual friends long missing, they talk over the old days.

Among those weathered cowmen the circus-type performer is distinctly conspicuous by his absence. From the nearer ranches men ride in late on the last night in the clothes in which they did the morning's work. For appearance in town the chaps are discarded; but the stirrup-worn boots, with the high heels, the battered broad hats, the overalls, brush jackets, and buckskin gloves they wear are the apparel not of exhibition riders, but of men who work.

Those last-minute entrants study the rules deliberately, scratch their heads, ask who has entered each contest against them; turn away, perhaps, with the remark that the competition is "too steep, this year, fer a hay hand"—by which you know that the speaker considers hay no factor in his life; and return in three minutes to sign up for half the contests on the card.

Tomorrow, when the contests start, it will be in working clothes again that the contestants appear. Even some of the bright-colored shirts that many of them affect upon the streets of the town will have been left behind in favor of garments in which a man can be thrown without expensive damage.

And the chaparajos—they may not be favored for strutting the town, but they will be there full strength when the gate of the chutes swings open to let out the first bawling, fighting bronc. Hard-worn bat-wing chaps of smooth leather, scarred by the rake of chaparral and cactus, grease-spotted by bacon cooked at lonely fires, crumpled and softened by long use—the chaparajos of Las Vegas are not showmen's chaps, but a part of the working clothes of men who work with stock.

There are a number present, of course, who make their living by riding in rodeo events; and others who have ridden for the prizes often enough to be regarded as regulars, or semi-pros. But the main body of the contestants and of the directors and judges of the Reunion are from the ranges where men make a living by raising beef.

Not According to Figures

This is not what the visitor has been led to expect. It is now forty years, more or less, since it was first announced that the cowboy was through. Since then it has been proved several times annually that he is disappearing, that he has almost vanished, that he has completely gone. And if that is the case, as has so often been shown, who are all these mounted young men? Where did they learn to ride the fighting broncs and rope the fugitive calves? And where, especially, did they manage to wear out those all but disreputable cowboy clothes?

New Mexico has more than a million head of cattle (1,009,000 in 1925). New Mexico has nearly two hundred thousand head of horses (179,000 same year) or more than one horse for every two people, counting Mexicans, Indians and infants in arms. Somebody has to ride those horses and keep an eye on all those cows.

Of all the vast area of New Mexico only a few inconsiderable areas are

(Continued on page 54)

You can make it live forever and forever~

THOSE golden courtship days! Keep them alive on St. Valentine's day and every day with the Gift of Distinction—the Mi Choice package.

In this smart package are masterpieces of the confectioner's art. Luscious creams . . . cherries, creme de menthe, and others. Crispy nut fillings . . . walnuts . . . filberts . . . almonds. Jellies and nougats and chewy pieces. Twenty-seven chocolate coated delights with all the sheer deliciousness that three generations of candy making can produce. At your dealers in one, three, and five pound packages . . . $1.50 the pound. If not, write us enclosing $1.50 and we will send the one pound package postpaid.

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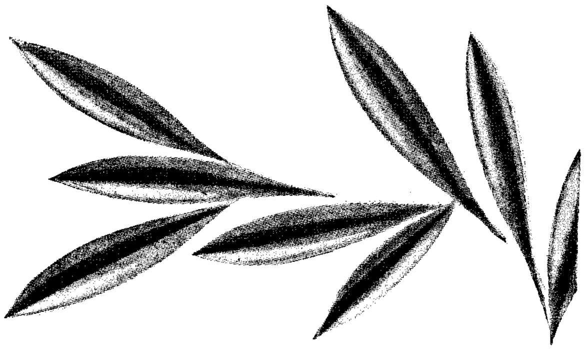

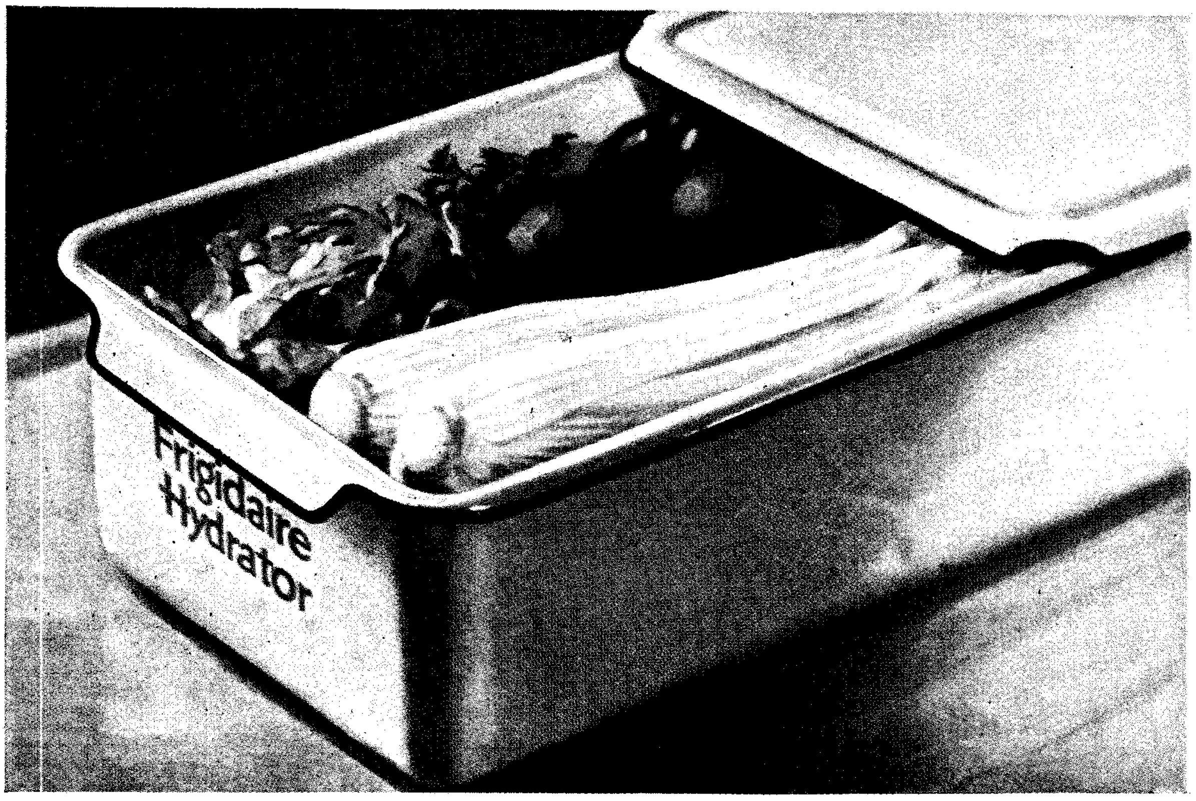

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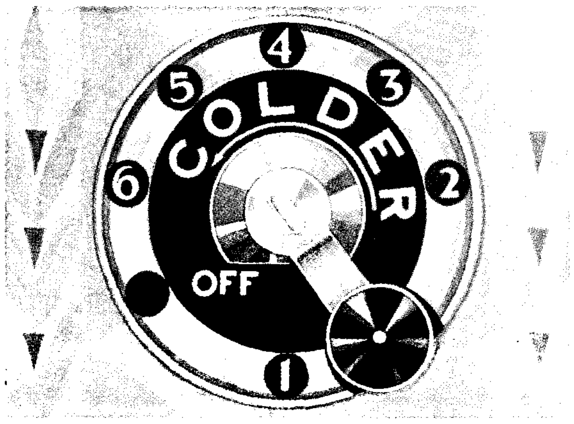

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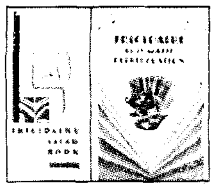

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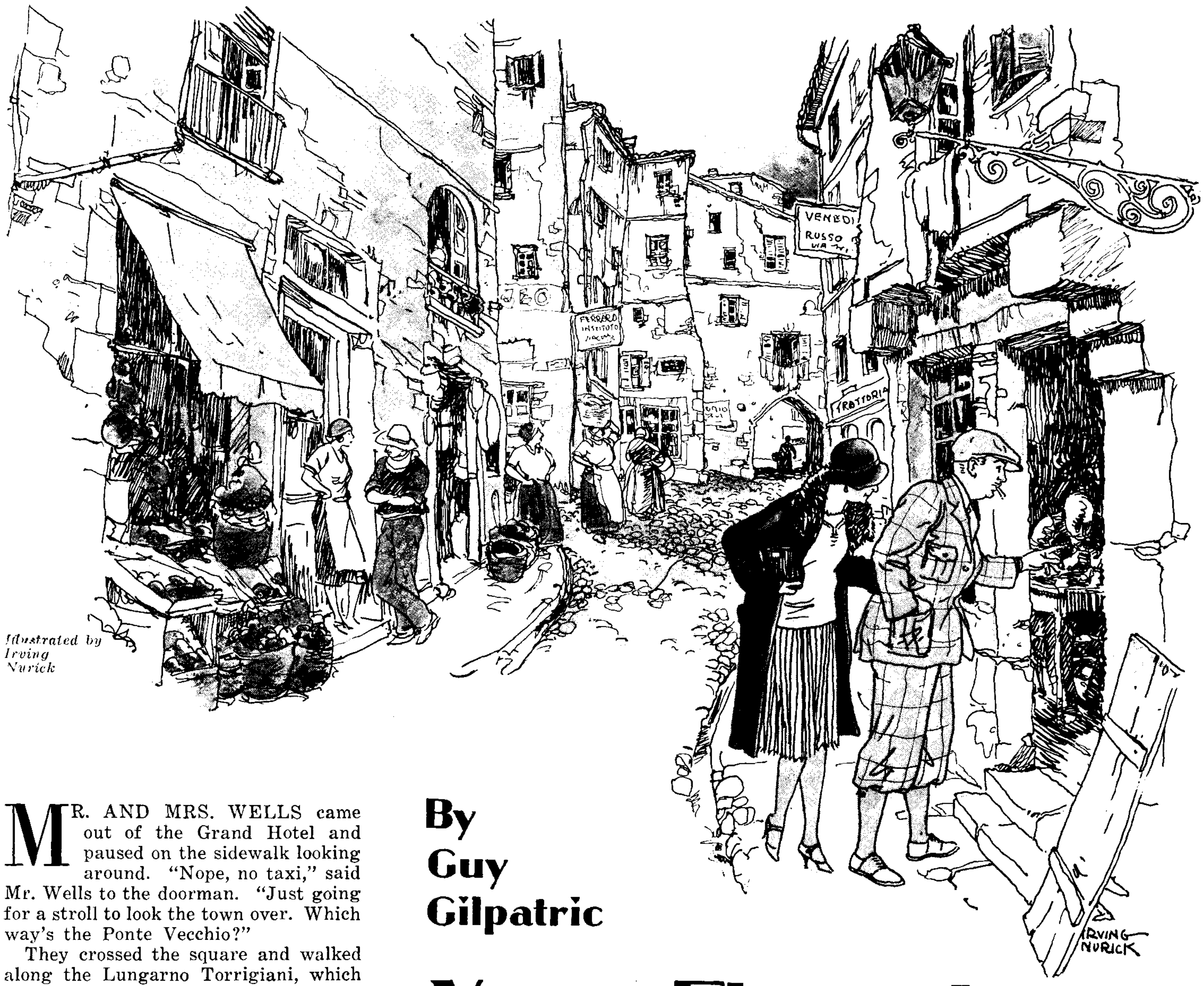

Illustrated by Irving Nurick

Mr. Wells saw an old man bending over a workbench. "See there, Bella, look inside there!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "Come on!"

By
Guy
Gilpatric

Yeggs Florentine

A Short Short Story complete on this page

MR. AND MRS. WELLS came out of the Grand Hotel and paused on the sidewalk looking around. "Nope, no taxi," said Mr. Wells to the doorman. "Just going for a stroll to look the town over. Which way's the Ponte Vecchio?"

They crossed the square and walked along the Lungarno Torrigiani, which runs beside the Arno. "Gosh, that's a muddy river," observed Mr. Wells. "I wonder what kind of fish those soldiers are trying to catch? Sunfish, I bet. Oh, yes, look, Mama, there's the Ponte Vecchio there. Looks just like the pictures, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Wells, who hadn't been listening. "I wish we'd had the car come 'round. I know we'll get lost."

"Yes? Well, I notice every time we roll up to any place in that Isotta, zip go the prices. That wise Wop gives the storekeepers a high-sign and gets maybe a twenty per cent rake-off on everything we buy."

"Well," said Mrs. Wells, doubtfully, "I've got an idea my feet are going to hurt. Oh, look here, Tom—here's a jeweler here."

"Sure," said Mr. Wells. "But Faustino says they're all yeggs on this side of the river, and he ought to know! We'll go down to the bridge, cross over, and . . ."

"Wait a minute, Tom; do wait a minute. Now, look, Tom, there's a nice one there—the one with the red stones, sort of."

"Sure, he's probably got a gross of them, all junk. Oh, look, Bella, see the way they've got shops built right on the bridge. Say, now, that's interesting, isn't it? I mean, it's quaint, now, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Wells. "My, these cobbles are terrible! Oh, why, look, Tom, those shops look like jewelry shops. Look, Tom, they *are* jewelry shops, every one of them!"

"Unh-huh," agreed Mr. Wells. "All gyp jewelry shops. Lot of junk made up for the tourists, like Atlantic City. —Wonder what that statue is. . . . Oh, why, it's Benvenuto Cellini! Sure, don't you remember in the guidebook, Bella? He had his shop out here on the bridge."

When they had crossed the bridge. they came to a large shop the window of which was filled with jewelry. "There!" exclaimed Mrs. Wells, halting resolutely and pointing at the fifth necklace from the left. "There's what I want, Tom, yes, just exactly! See, it's the sardonyx one. It's exactly . . ."

"S-h-h! Wait a minute, wait a minute!" muttered Mr. Wells out of the corner of his mouth. "Don't go getting all excited! Don't you see that Wop in there piping us off and getting set to gyp us? Keep on walking past and . . ."

"Oh, you make me sick!" declared Mrs. Wells. "I'm going in anyway."

THE Italian took the necklace out of the window and laid it on the counter. "Oh, yess!" he said. "Ees beootifoola teeng, I guarantee ees ver' old. I guarantee ees make five-a honedred years ago, een da quattrocento."

"Hunh!" grunted Mr. Wells, picking it up as Mrs. Wells reached for it. "It looks pretty new to me. What are you asking for it?"

"Seex-a tosanda lira—all handa carve. Ver' chip, sir!"

"Six thousand's what you're asking, but what will you *take?*" snorted Mr. Wells.

"Seex-a tosanda lira ees da price, sir. Ees ver' chip! See, ees beootifoola stone, beooti . . ."

"Oh, shucks, talk like a business man!" urged Mr. Wells. "I s'pose you're used to a lot of Americans who . . ."

The Italian bowed stiffly. "I am sorry," he said. "Our price-a ees feex, we are estableesha house of feexa price."

"Horse feathers!" declared Mr. Wells. "Come on, Mama, I told you this bird was a yegg. Now, down here in the little side streets . . ."

"Now, you shut up, Tom Wells!" said Mrs. Wells, blushing with embarrassment. "Six thousand wasn't much for that and you know it."

"Now, Bella, Bella, please!" begged Mr. Wells. "Just you leave this to me. I tell you all these birds on the main streets are gyps. Why, if that thing had been a genuine antique we couldn't have bought it for ten thousand lira."

"Well, it was exactly what I wanted. I'm going to remember that address, anyway—Via Benfratelli, Number 61."

"Look!" exclaimed Mr. Wells. "Here's a quaint little street. This is the kind of a place to find bargains. Let's go down here."

"Why, Tom, it's only an alley. Phew, smell it? And those cobbles. . . ."

"Oh, now, Ma, say, for goodness' sake, what do you expect, Michigan Boulevard?"

They walked along an alley which twisted, turned, and finally came to a blind end. As they were about to go back, Mr. Wells peered into a doorway and saw an old man bending over a workbench on which were several pieces of jewelry.

"See there, Bella, look inside there!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "Come on!"

As they entered, the old man arose, bowed, and offered Mrs. Wells his chair.

"Good morning, lady and gentleman," he beamed. "I speak-a good English."

"Fine!" said Mr. Wells, glancing around the dark little shop and nodding at Mrs. Wells. "We were looking for a necklace, something kind of heavy gold—real antique of course—with sort of square sardonyx stones in it."

"Ah, yes?" said the old man, wrinkling his forehead. "Ah, I do not know eef I have still such piece . . . pardon, please, I go see." He hobbled into the gloom in the rear of the shop and disappeared behind a curtain.

"Now!" whispered Mr. Wells. "This is the kind of a place to snag off bargains! There's no flash fronts or frock coats about this place. I told you we'd find something if . . ."

"Pardon," said the Italian. "Here ees someteeng. . . ."

"Ah-ha! There!" exclaimed Mr. Wells. "Look that one over, Bella!"

"Oh, why, it's just like the other one!"

"Hunh—it's just like the other one, but, boy, what a difference! You can tell that *this* one wasn't made day before yesterday!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Wells, trying it around her neck.

"Fine-a antique!" declared the old man, proudly. "I sell-a only da fine-a antique."

"Yes," repeated Mrs. Wells. "How much is . . ."

"What are you asking for it, brother?" broke in Mr. Wells. "I mean, what'll you take and no fooling?"

Once more the Italian wrinkled his forehead. "For thees lady, I maka special price," he said. "Ten tosanda lira—ver' chip!"

MR. WELLS winked at him and poked him in the ribs. "Yes, yes, go on—I'm listening!" he chuckled.

The old man shrugged his shoulders. "Ah-ha!" he laughed. "I see-a thees gentleman ees smart-a man. Nine-a tosanda five honedred?"

"I heard you the first time. Nine thousand!" said Mr. Wells, slapping him on the back and reaching for his wallet. "How about it?"

"Ah," sighed the old man, shaking his head but smiling at Mrs. Wells. "Your gentleman ees ver' smart-a man! But for you, lady, I say yes. I sell eet for nine-a tosanda lira."

"At-a-boy!" approved Mr. Wells. "Here's your money, and now we're all happy. Put it on and wear it home, Bella. Guess it was worth the walk and the sore feet, hey?"

"You walk-a far?" inquired the Italian sympathetically. "You like-a taxi for hotel, lady?"

"Oh, could you get one?" asked Mrs. Wells, looking out at the dismal alley.

"Yes. Please come-a thees way." He led them to the rear of the room, drew aside the curtain, and ushered them into a bright and spacious and familiar jewelry store. "Here ees da fronta my shop," he explained proudly. "Via Benfratelli, Number 61."

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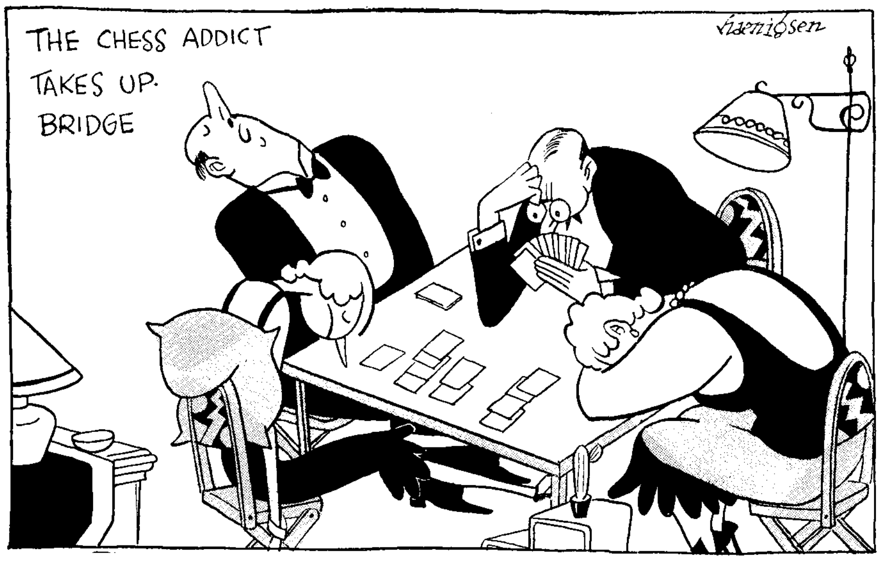

THE CHESS ADDICT TAKES UP BRIDGE

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. Q-9-2
H. J-10-7
D. J-9-8
C. A-7-5-2

West
S. 8-5
H. A-K-Q-5-2
D. 10-7-4
C. K-J-9

East
S. 7-6-4-3
H. 9-8-6-4-3
D. 3-2
C. 4-3

South
S. A-K-J-10
H. None
D. A-K-Q-6-5
C. Q-10-8-6

IF THE above hand given in last week's Collier's had been played in a game of Auction Bridge the bidding doubtless would have been: South (Dealer), one Spade; West, two Hearts; North, two Spades; East, pass; South, three Diamonds; West, pass; North, three Spades.

However, it was played in a Duplicate Contract contest and there was quite a bit of variety in the bidding because some Souths started by bidding one Spade, some two Spades, and others two Diamonds. When South started by bidding one Spade, West bid two Hearts; North passed; East passed; and South bid three Diamonds; West passed; North bid three Spades; East passed; and South bid four Spades. When South started with a bid of two Spades, West risked three Hearts; North, three Spades; East passed; South, four Diamonds; and North, four Spades. When South started with a bid of two Diamonds, West bid two Hearts; North passed; East passed; South bid two Spades; then North bid three Spades and South four. So in this hand all roads led to the four-Spade contract.

The original bid, which, as it happened, turned out to be immaterial, is the only point in the contracting to discuss. Though many expert contract players prefer to show a strong five-card Minor before a four-card Major, there are many who follow the old Auction Bridge theory that the strong four-card Major should be named first.

One thing about this hand, however, is certain: a bid of one does not picture its strength sufficiently. If the adverse Heart strength had been divided so that neither adversary had a Heart bid, North would not have overcalled South's original bid. South should show a six-trick hand by bidding two. North, then, is justified in jumping to three no matter what West does.

The Play

The play, when the Declarer handled the hand properly, produced an interesting situation. With the Heart led, as it was originally at all tables, Declarer could see that a ruff in the closed hand, reducing the trump holding to three, probably would result in the establishment of an adverse trump, should three rounds of trumps be led. Of course, the Declarer could not know how the six adverse trumps were divided, but the odds are always greatly in favor of a 4-2 division.

In today's hand it took some self-restraint for South to discard on this trick and also on the two Heart leads that were sure to follow on tricks 2 and 3; but obviously it was sound play to do so, and the majority of the Declarers who played the hand got rid of the Six; Eight and Ten of Clubs on the three Hearts led by West. When the natural Club lead followed to trick 4, dummy's Ace was played regardless of which Club was led, although when either the Jack or Nine was the card selected by West, South could have won the trick with the Queen; but the Declarer did not know that and having dummy duck would have been unnecessary as Declarer had his game cinched at this point unless one adversary produced five or more trumps—an abnormal distribution which there was no reason to anticipate. One or two Wests, on the strength of South's discard of the Ten of Clubs, suspecting that he had a singleton Queen left, led the King of Clubs to trick 4 without affecting the result in any way.

After North wins trick 4 with the Club Ace, Declarer leads four rounds of Spades, one adversary (as was to be expected) having four trumps; and after that five Diamonds for a total of ten tricks and game.

At some tables the serious mistake was made of ruffing the first Heart and then leading three rounds of trumps. When this happened, East was left with a long trump and the adversaries saved game easily by winning one Spade and four Hearts.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. A-Q-J-10-3
H. J
D. A-5-3-2
C. 9-8-2

East
S. 7
H. K-Q-9-8-6-2
D. Q-10-7
C. Q-J-10

West
S. K-6-5-2
H. 10-7-5-4-3
D. K-J-6
C. 4

South
S. 9-8-4
H. A
D. 9-8-4
C. A-K-7-6-5-3

Lincoln's First Love

Continued from page 8

used still puts it: "Ann Rutledge is now learning grammar"—grammar—and other things.

The long winter nights came on, and the big family sat before the fireplace, talking, singing, playing games. How their boarder shone in talk! He could tell them of the wonders, the dangers, the excitements of the great stream of traffic crowding the length of the Ohio, the Mississippi. He had been a part of it for months at a time—such traffic as the Nile, the Tiber, the Rhine, the Thames must once have known. He could tell them of New Orleans, their metropolis, brilliant, reckless, "flush," where the elegant and the uncouth, the opera and the slave market, the cosmopolite and the backwoodsman, the pirate and the man of culture, elbowed one another in such a dance of life as the new land had never seen.

The Flowering of Romance

As the story-teller talked of the things of which he had been a part, laughter, indignation, gentleness chased one another across his mobile face and shone in his deep eyes. Ann, listening, shared his emotions, and wondered. How much he knew, how much he had seen, and how full of fun! His stories, his jokes, his tricks unlike anybody else's. And how the children loved him—loved even his teasing! And he? Well, never before had Abraham Lincoln been made one of a fireside circle with a girl like Ann, one so beautiful, mannerly, kindly, whose blue eyes answered his mood, stirring him to his best.

And then the spring came. The prairies were blue with acres of iris. The horses came in, their legs dripping with the rosy juice of wild strawberries which carpeted the land. The calls and songs of birds filled the air—thrush, robin, catbird—myriads of wild geese honked their way across the sky—flower followed flower. Life flowed sweet, wanton, imperious through all the land as New Salem came rejoicing from its cabins.

Ann and Lincoln shared the gladness of the youth about them, its gladness and its ways. They took long canters over the hardening paths, gathered wild fruit and wild flowers, sat in the evening on the bluff overlooking the river and the plain—talking many things now besides grammar and going away to school.

Ann was sad. John McNeil was held in the East by business, could not tell when he could leave. He rarely wrote. Would he ever come? And things were going badly in the family. Hard times were on the "Sangamon country," as all that part of Illinois was called. From having been a land of settlers sought from afar, it had become one that they avoided—often left if they had means to get away. James Rutledge felt the pinch, gave up his tavern, went back to the land he had taken up when he first came to Illinois. Ann went out to work.

Lincoln's store felt the depression, partly because neither he nor his partner gave it serious attention. However, it lived, and he was made postmaster that spring. That helped, and hope was strong within him. He had made a great decision. He would study law, and he began walking—riding when he could get a horse—back and forth to Springfield, sixteen miles away, borrowing the books he needed, calling "howdy do?" to Ann when his path led near the cabin where she worked, lingering to chat.

The intimacy between them was not lessened by their separation, rather it grew by the sympathetic interest they felt in each other's troubles and hopes. Did sympathy, confidence, become love that summer? Yes, if the inscription on a stone slab turned up thirty years ago in the ruins of the village of New Salem was cut by Lincoln, for it reads:

A. LINCOLN AND ANN RUTLEDGE WERE
BETROTHED HERE JULY 4, 1833

If this record is true, then it is the only one they made, for as yet they had taken no one into their confidence. Ann was still, in New Salem's eyes, the betrothed of John McNeil—betrothed to a lover who almost never wrote her now. Indeed, letters were soon to cease altogether. What could the girl say when father, mother and intimates asked: "When did you hear from John?"

It was the more trying for her because she had been carrying all these months a secret confided by her lover before he had left. The outline of his story is one familiar in all lands at all times—a father hopelessly in debt, harsh creditors, a son determined to save family honor, seeking fortune in a new country, hoping finally to return and restore those he loves to happiness and comfort. The classical draft was varied in this case by the son establishing himself under an assumed name. He had wanted to avoid any business complications that might come from either his family or their creditors learning of his whereabouts. McNamar was his real name, he told Ann, but New Salem was not to know this until his return.

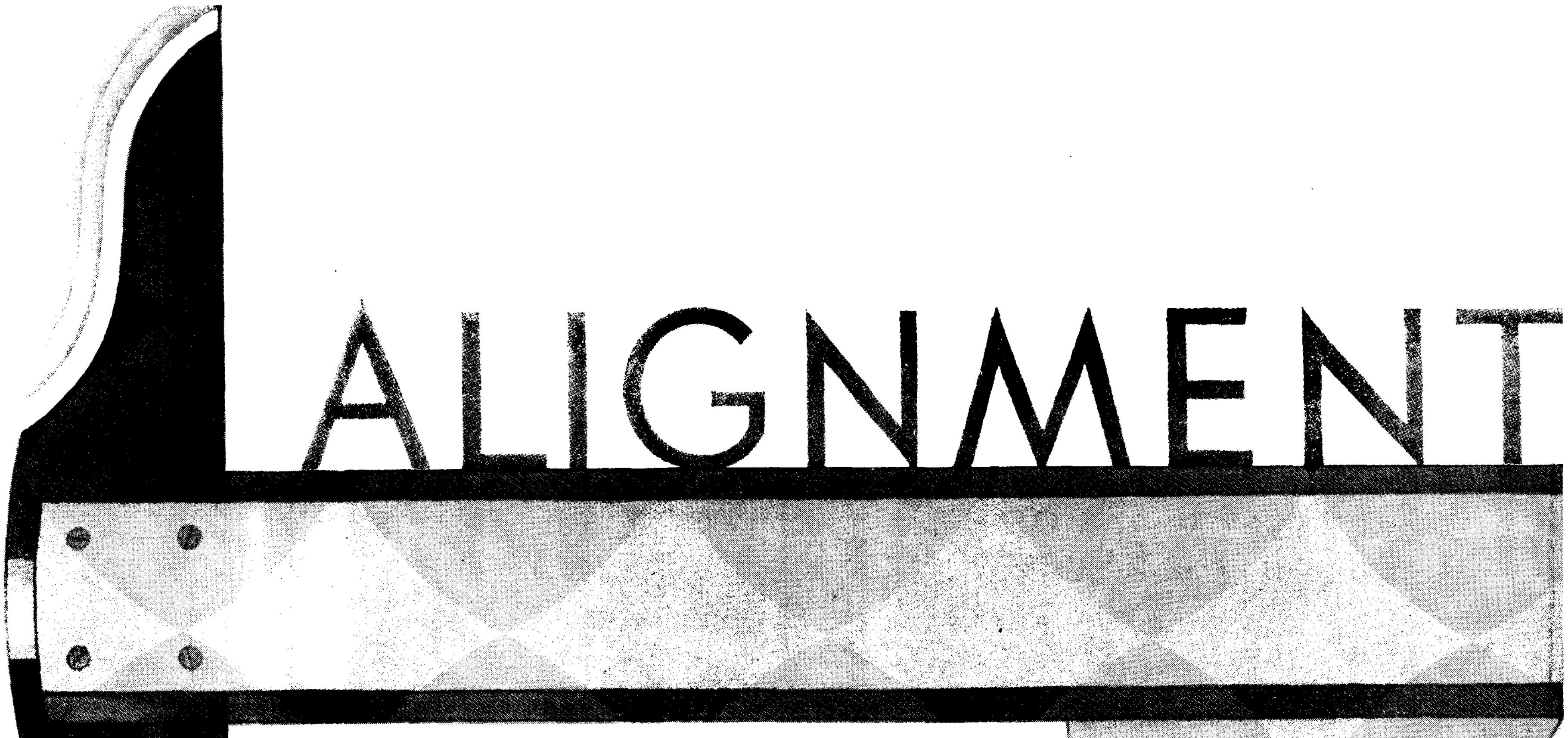
What generous young girl, in that day at least, would not have been stirred by her lover's devotion to his family, his willingness to labor and sacrifice for its interest—would not have accepted his story of a name changed for the safety of his undertaking? Ann Rutledge accepted it, but when months went by and his letters ceased, when she found herself forgetting him, caring more and more for Lincoln, she unburdened herself to her intimates, to hear from more than one of her elders, experienced in the history of pioneer settlements, stories of men who came West to escape disgrace, settled, were doing well, but, fearing they were tracked, left, never again to be heard from.

The Reward of Thrift

And what had become of McNamar? Was the suspicion of Ann's friends sharing her secret, true? Was he a fugitive from justice? No. He had been carrying out his project which had taken him East, settling his father's debts, preparing to move the family West to live with him and Ann. He had unforeseen delays—an illness on his way out, the death of his father, the complications of breaking up an old home.

McNamar was not the man to hurry an important task; he was not the man to fret because his task kept him from the girl he loved. He did not hasten his return to Ann. He wrote her rarely, finally not at all. Thrifty, he would remember that it cost twenty-five cents to send a letter. It had been hard, tedious work. Ruled by his sense of duty—cold and calculating if honorable in nature, he did not sense the need of the affectionate girl he had left in New Salem for constant reassurance, explanation of the long separation, regrets that it must be. He felt no such need himself, no need to tell her his love, to

(*Continued on page 38*)



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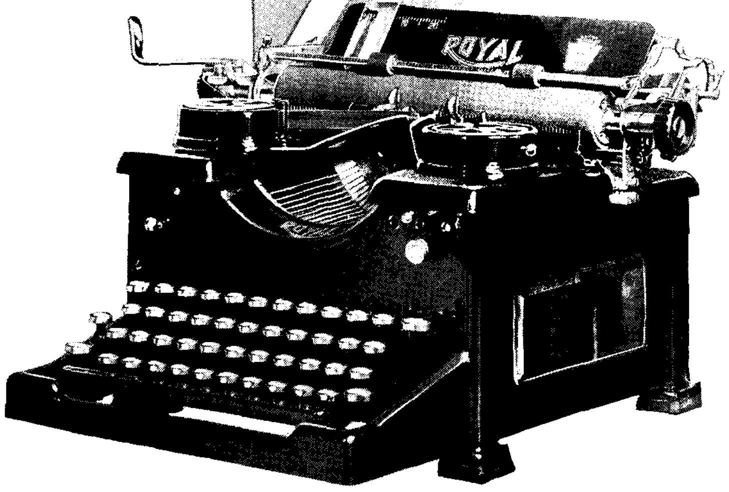

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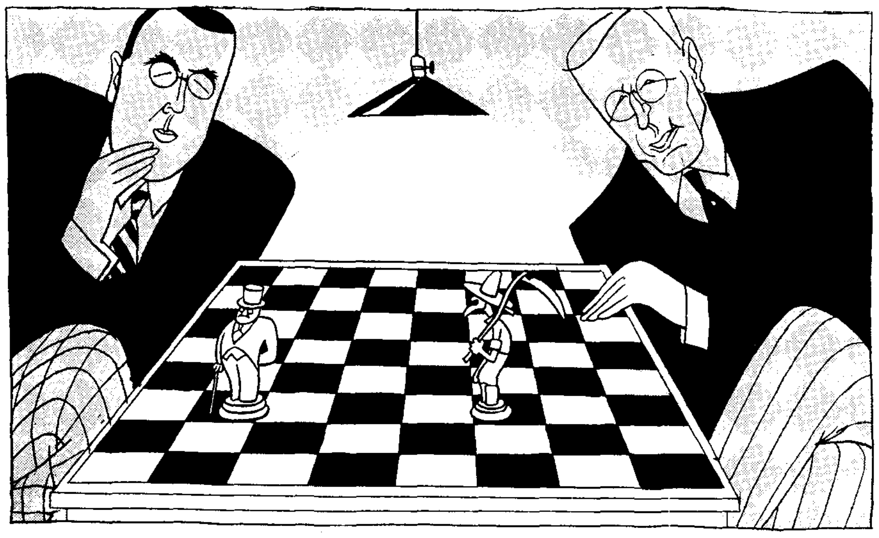

A Legge to Stand On

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THE conflict between Mr. Alexander Legge, chairman of the Farm Board, and Mr. Julius Barnes, Mr. Hoover's director of prosperity, over the scope of the aid to be extended to the farmer, is the old conflict between agriculture and business, removed from Congress to the White House.

Mr. Legge stands for a system which, in its logical development, will drive the middleman dealing in farm products to the wall. Mr. Barnes is a middleman dealing in farm products.

Loud outcries come from the grain-elevator men and grain exporters as Mr. Legge provides government money to the farm coöperatives to export their own grain and sooner or later to finance their own grain elevators. The two systems of handling grain cannot coëxist, one financed with government money at three and one-half per cent and the other financed with private money at, perhaps, six per cent.

President Hoover will finally have to decide between the two. Mr. Legge is a strong man with a flinty face and narrow hard eyes, a man of character and great organizing ability. He rose from a farm boy to be the head of a big corporation. His interests as a producer of agricultural machinery are with the farmer.

What is even more important, he has pride in doing his job well. Mr. Hoover, even if he wished to control him, could not do so. He took his place as chairman of the Farm Board at a sacrifice and he would doubtless give it up if not backed fully by the White House.

Odds About Even

There is, moreover, political necessity to support Mr. Legge. The political benefits of passing the farm relief act would be lost if Mr. Legge should resign. An election is coming along in a few months, one that gives the Republicans a good deal of anxiety. To improve the financial condition of the farmer will enlarge his capacity as a consumer and so shorten the period of the existing industrial depression. For the time being at least circumstances favor Mr. Legge.

But there is a good deal on the side of Mr. Barnes. He is an old and trusted friend of Mr. Hoover. The two were associated together in the Food Administration during the war. They once owned a newspaper together in Washington.

Politically Mr. Barnes was one of the first Hoover men. Long and loyal friendship exercises a great influence upon the President. Mr. Barnes also speaks for something that is politically important; namely, business. He is, moreover, a trader, a better politician than Mr. Legge.

Mr. Legge will serve only one year. He laid aside his business and took office for that period only. Presumably he will not desire reappointment. It is natural, when a problem ends automatically in a brief time, to let it run its course. And it is natural in politics to seek a compromise, so at the end of a year it will be reasonable to expect to find a less determined person in Mr. Legge's place. Then if the farmers are not satisfied, the issue which has held the center of the stage in Washington for several years will pass once more to the polls and to Congress.

The Way to the Public Treasury

The farmers have a great stake in the system of government-aided coöperation. Having something to vote for which will directly affect their own pocketbooks they will become more politically conscious and effective than they have been hitherto. The Eastern industrialists have for generations voted for tariff aid to themselves and that is why in the past they have been so effective politically.

During all that time the farmers have been voting on the issue of the "bloody shirt" or for Abraham Lincoln or from force of habit. Now they will be likely to vote steadily for government aid in marketing. Having found their way to the public treasury they will probably not forget it.

The coöperative movement among farmers, prompted by the opportunity of government aid, is springing into life everywhere.

Probably it is not desirable that this movement should be encouraged to go ahead too fast with government aid lest serious mistakes should be made from inexperience. So the influence of Mr. Barnes is not to be regretted. But the political consequences of farm relief will probably keep far ahead of its economic consequences. The farmers hold the balance of power in Middle Western states like Ohio and Illinois and even in Eastern states like New York and New Jersey.

There never has been much community of interest between the farmers east of the Mississippi River and those west of that great dividing line. It would seem that Congress has voted a certain unity of interest among them, the common desire for Federal aid in making their crops more profitable. The political consequences are enough to make a good many people lie awake nights.

Lincoln's First Love

Continued from page 36

beg her to wait. Were they not engaged?

What chance had such a man of holding a young girl through months on months of silence when there was a lover at her side, sharing all her ambitions, holding out the hope of a life fuller, brighter than ever hard-working, calculating John McNamar had dreamed. Why, this man she was learning to love kindled new fires in her heart, turned her feet toward upward paths. Whatever her doubts, her hesitations, they finally were at an end. She loved Lincoln. When McNamar came she would tell him so—tell him what his neglect had done, and ask to be released. That is, if he ever came, which seemed less and less likely.

An Amazing Man

There was no opposition in the Rutledge family to Ann's decision. It was a very different matter in the fall of 1834 for a girl to engage herself to Abraham Lincoln than it would have been to have done so three years before when he appeared in New Salem—a mere jack-of-all-trades. He was now in the way of becoming one of the country's first citizens. To be sure, his store had petered out but he had worked himself into a good business—surveying.

But he was not only their authority on lines and corners and directions, he was fast becoming an unofficial town clerk and advocate. The reading of law books which to more than one of his friends had seemed a waste of time was bearing fruit. It was to him they went now to write their deeds and contracts, to make their wills, to ask advice; and frequently, too, it was he they asked to plead their case before the justice of the peace.

Besides being postmaster, deputy surveyor and legal aid to the countryside, Lincoln was now, too, their favorite candidate for the Assembly, and in August, 1834, they elected him.

How proud Ann must have been of his success, how elated when in a brand-new outfit—he had borrowed the money for it—he left for Vandalia, the state capital, to sit with the big men of Illinois, the men making its laws, devising ways to give it the two things which they all demanded: highways and schools of every grade from primary to college. Give them transportation and education and nothing could stop them. That was what Lincoln thought, Ann knew, and that was what he would work for. Certainly, the Rutledges could not object to her new love on the ground of his future position in the world even if John McNamar was worth $12,000 when he went away.

Her mind at rest, Ann Rutledge happily faced the future. It seemed sure at last that she could go to the academy next year. She was earning her own money and working hard with a friend, a cultured woman ten years her senior, who had taught in the East and who found joy in helping this eager, ambitious girl.

A happy spring and early summer, that of 1835. McNeil must almost have faded from Ann's thoughts, so long had he been gone. Soon it would be three years, and there had been a year without a letter. Still she hoped he would return, and she could have an honorable release before she and Lincoln were ready to marry.

The men and women who undertake to tame wild lands meet many foes, but none more dread than fever. It comes upon them in a score of forms—burning, chilling, destroying. Abraham Lincoln had felt its horrors from boyhood on. It had taken his mother when he was a child, had driven his father from Indiana when he was entering manhood. It had laid hands on his father in the new country in which they had taken refuge, destroying all that was left of Tom Lincoln's energy and ambition.

And now, in their first summer of his and Ann Rutledge's complete understanding, the dread thing stole into the "Sangamon country." The country rose to fight it—heroic doses of the few remedies they knew—quinine, calomel, boneset tea—every woman a nurse, every man a builder of coffins, a digger of graves. Dire and resistless it passed from cabin to cabin and finally entered the Rutledge home and laid hand on Ann.

The helplessness of the fever-stricken in a pioneer home breeds hopelessness—acceptance. Whether it shall be death or life comes down to the power of resistance of the sufferer, and Ann Rutledge, worn out by nursing others, was not equal to the fight. She knew it herself. She must go. Would Lincoln come?

They had an hour together. It proved to be their last, for Ann was right, she was going to leave the world. On August 25th of this happiest year she died.

What a man is, comes out under the cruel stroke of the death of a best-beloved. If the man be young, if he has never before had what seemed to him a full answer to his dreams, a conviction that here in this woman lies a possibility of the realization of all his nature demands, he reels under the surprise of the blow. His love had the feel of eternity in it, and here is the finality of death. What is life to him without the woman?

Men throughout all time, confronted by what seems to them an irreparable loss, have refused to live, have died by their own hands. Let such a blow fall on one to whom we are close, and the first thought is for his life. Will he have the courage to carry on? More than one of Abraham Lincoln's friends asked himself that question, old as love and bereavement, as he watched the man's struggle after Ann Rutledge's death. Worn by the care of others, burning with fever himself, there was no suppression, no reticence in his grief. A cry of despair, old as death, was wrenched from him by every storm which swept the girl's grave. He could not endure that she should lie alone in rain and cold.

"Desolate and Sorely Distressed"

Yet the anxiety of friends soon passed. A few weeks of rest and care and the man was about his business, stronger than his sorrow. But Ann Rutledge's death left marks on him that those who watched him never forgot. Even John McNamar has recorded how "desolate and sorely distressed" Lincoln still seemed when, weeks after Ann's death, he drove into New Salem, his wagon loaded with furniture for the home he was ready to make.

An old, old human triangle this of Ann Rutledge, Abraham Lincoln and John McNamar, and one that would have long ago followed into oblivion the countless similar tragedies which have saddened the lives of men and women in every generation since the beginning of time, but for one thing—the deathless fame of Lincoln making all that concerns him in life dear and sacred to us.

GOOD LIGHT MEANS BETTER REPORT CARDS

196 THE CHILDREN'S OWN READERS
BOOK FOUR 197
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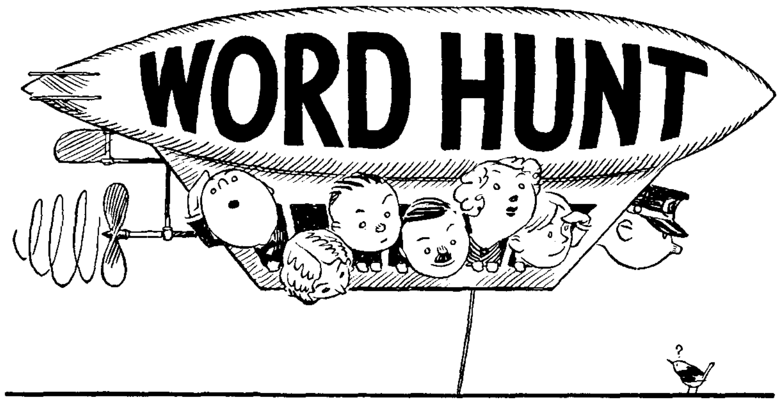

In the English language there are just twenty words (each having just seven letters) that begin with the letters E-X-P. One of them is EXPARTE. You supply the others.

1	E	X	P	A	R	T	E	In the interest of one side only.
2	E	X	P					That which is expanded or spread out. Spread; stretch.
3	E	X	P					A deed of renown. Also, to utilize, or get value out of.
4	E	X	P					To state definitely, explicitly; tell. Also, to force out by pressure. Also, a company to transport goods.
5	E	X	P					To explain; interpret, or set forth, as a theory.
6	E	X	P					To make systematic search. To search for discovery.
7	E	X	P					To strike out; efface; cancel.
8	E	X	P					Outlay; charge; cost; price.
9	E	X	P					(Australasia) A convict whose term has expired.
10	E	X	P					To detonate; burst noisily. Also, to drive from notice.
11	E	X	P					One that exposes.
12	E	X	P					Exposure.
13	E	X	P					Ended; ceased; terminated. Died.
14	E	X	P					(One of two forms) Forced out by pressure. Also, stated; uttered; delineated; symbolized. Also, forwarded.
15	E	X	P					To make a full revelation of; to exhibit; to show in detail.
16	E	X	P					Disclosed or unmasked. Also, opened to attack or damage, or subjected to influence, or opened or set out for view or inspection.
17	E	X	P					One who dies, or who breathes out.
18	E	X	P					(Scots. Law) Obtained, issued or taken out, officially, as a writ, summons, or service.
19	E	X	P					To make intelligible.
20	E	X	P					To atone for.

DIC-TION-ARY

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Streaky
2. Stretch
3. Streamy
4. Stremma
5. Strewed
6. Stretto
7. Stretta

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today. Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Uncle Sam

Continued from page 22

French and Mrs. Wiggins. Mrs. French was large and benevolent, but in general company she said little. Her man owned the livery stable at which Sam had put up his horses. Mrs. Wiggins also was tall, but emaciated. The lines in her face were perhaps the work of ill health—that was the cause she assigned whenever the subject arose—or they may have come from some thwarted ambition, some yearning which couldn't be realized in Bellevue.

As a girl she had studied painting, with what consequences the portraits and landscapes on her walls at home testified. Not that she overrated them—her talent, she would say, had only begun to blossom when she met Tom Wiggins, a charming youth with an impractical urge to teach science to children. She had allowed herself the imprudence of romantic love, and for some time produced a series of offspring instead of paintings. Now they really had enough of both, until he could afford a larger house. He was head of the science department of the Bellevue school and completely happy. His wife had reached that age when she naturally would think of the pictures she had been unable to paint, would regard herself with increasing pity, and would cherish contempt for Bellevue society because in the region of art it didn't know what it had missed.

Mrs. French had gravitated automatically to church circles. Mrs. Wiggins was driven to them by the obligations of her husband's position in town. Since he was a scientist he had to demonstrate at regular intervals, or his wife had to for him, that his hazardous interest in nature had not put him out of tune with the local conception of God.

FOR Emily Wiggins science as such made no great appeal, but she was glad Tom now began to charge a fee for locating possible oil, instead of imparting the information prodigally, as at first he had done. In biology her curiosity had been fully satisfied by her experiments in motherhood. She wasn't scientific, she told herself; she really wasn't modern; she was pagan. The thought sustained her. In actual conduct, however, her habits were identical with Mrs. French's, and perhaps it was this resemblance, unconsciously resented, which brought the lines to her face.

Cora Stockton joined them.

"How about your husband and the new bank? He's doing pretty well, I'd say!"

Priscilla wanted to hear about the bank, but it wouldn't do to show too much interest.

"Yes. Sam's been lucky," she said.

Mrs. Stockton smiled.

"Have you heard the news? Mr. Whitcomb has given the money for a parish house—there'll be rooms for the Sunday school, and a gymnasium, and club rooms for the young people, and—"

"And a place for us to gossip in," said Emily Wiggins. "It's to be complete in every detail."

"What about the new bank?" Priscilla asked.

On this point Mrs. French was informed.

"My husband says it's quite a risk, but if it doesn't fail it will be a convenience."

Emily Wiggins laughed. "That's a reasonable 'if.' But it won't fail. Priscilla, dear, you're going to be rich. For heaven's sake, don't grow too proud to speak to us, with your bank and your oil!"

"Oil?"

They all smiled at what they thought was her pretended surprise.

"Before you came in," said Cora, "Emily was telling us that Tom has been studying that field of Sam's, or what's under the field, however they do it."

Priscilla kept herself well in hand. "I never count on things till they happen. I haven't seen any oil yet."

"It's tomorrow you're beginning to drill, isn't it?"

Emily really was relentless. Priscilla cast about for a noncommittal formula:

"Is it tomorrow? Sam changes his plans so often, I just wait to see what comes next."

"In any case, your friends are very happy over your good fortune," said Cora. The idea that this fortune was good rather impressed Priscilla. After all, if everybody was to be rich, she and Sam might as well be. For the moment she forgot her opposition to his meteoric and unpredictable programs; she almost caught a glimpse of his destiny.

BUT on the way home her reluctance and her fears returned. If Sam became a banker, he'd be indoors all day, in an office. Of course she'd remain his partner and companion, in a sense, but she'd see him only at night, and then only if business did not keep him in town. All her days she'd be left alone with Irene, watching the child grow up, suppressing the hurt feelings which still asserted themselves whenever she thought of Mary Stewart. Somehow she would be in a trap, all the more cruel because Sam would certainly lavish kindness on her—the sort that wealth can pay for.

And the farm wouldn't be so agreeable if he put a well on it. She was a little vague about oil, but it couldn't be a clean thing, and she imagined black stains on the path, tracked into the garden and over the house, and a general odor of kerosene.

By the time she reached the door, her heart was bitter. She would have liked to plead with him, before it was too late, but when she came in he was at the table in the dining-room, with papers spread before him, busy with figures. He spoke to her without looking up:

"Well, did you have a good time?"

She didn't answer, and he was too engrossed to notice whether she did. He looked, she thought, unusually determined, hard and worldly. She went upstairs and put her things away.

After what Emily had said, she wasn't surprised when the machine for digging the well was brought in next morning. Sam explained its purpose to her as the men were trying to get in through the front gate. Not knowing that she was forewarned, he expected her to protest, and he was ready with sound arguments. All she said was that she hoped they wouldn't injure the apple trees, getting the thing down through the orchard. He went out to help the men, and through the kitchen window she watched them haul the clumsy derrick slowly across the fields.

A month later they struck oil.

THE next day Sam went to Whitcomb's office. He was very cheerful. When he opened the door, Luke remarked the satisfaction on his thin face.

"What's the good news?"

"Nothing out of the ordinary. Is Jim in?"

"He's got a caller just now—don't

(*Continued on page 43*)

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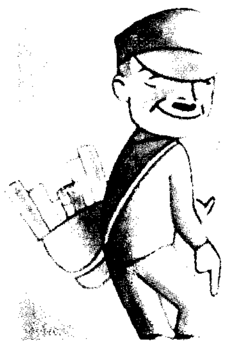

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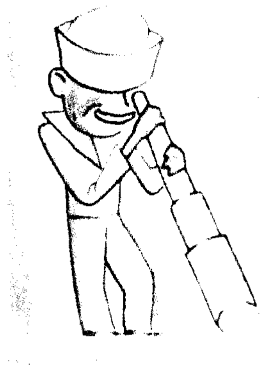

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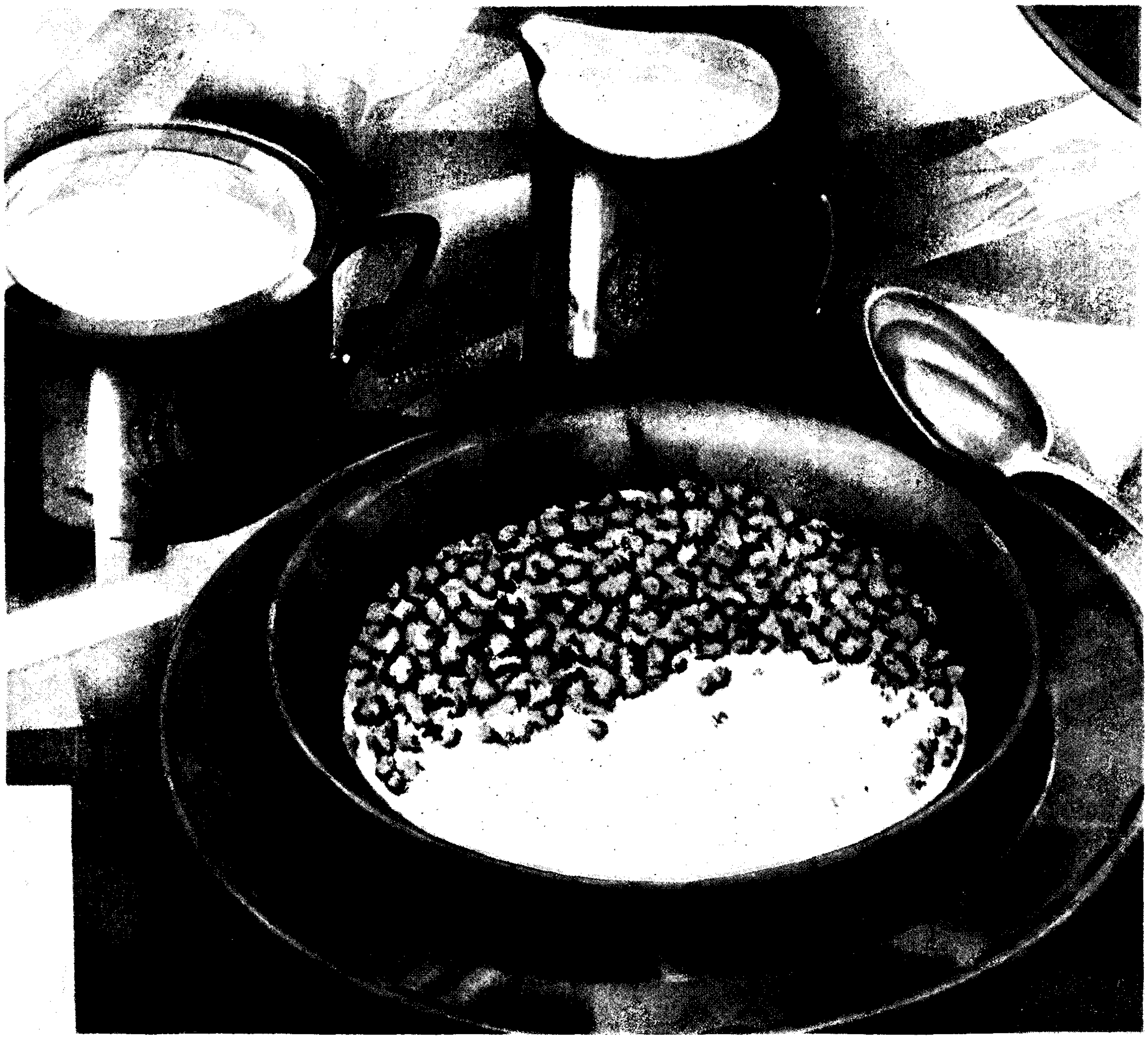

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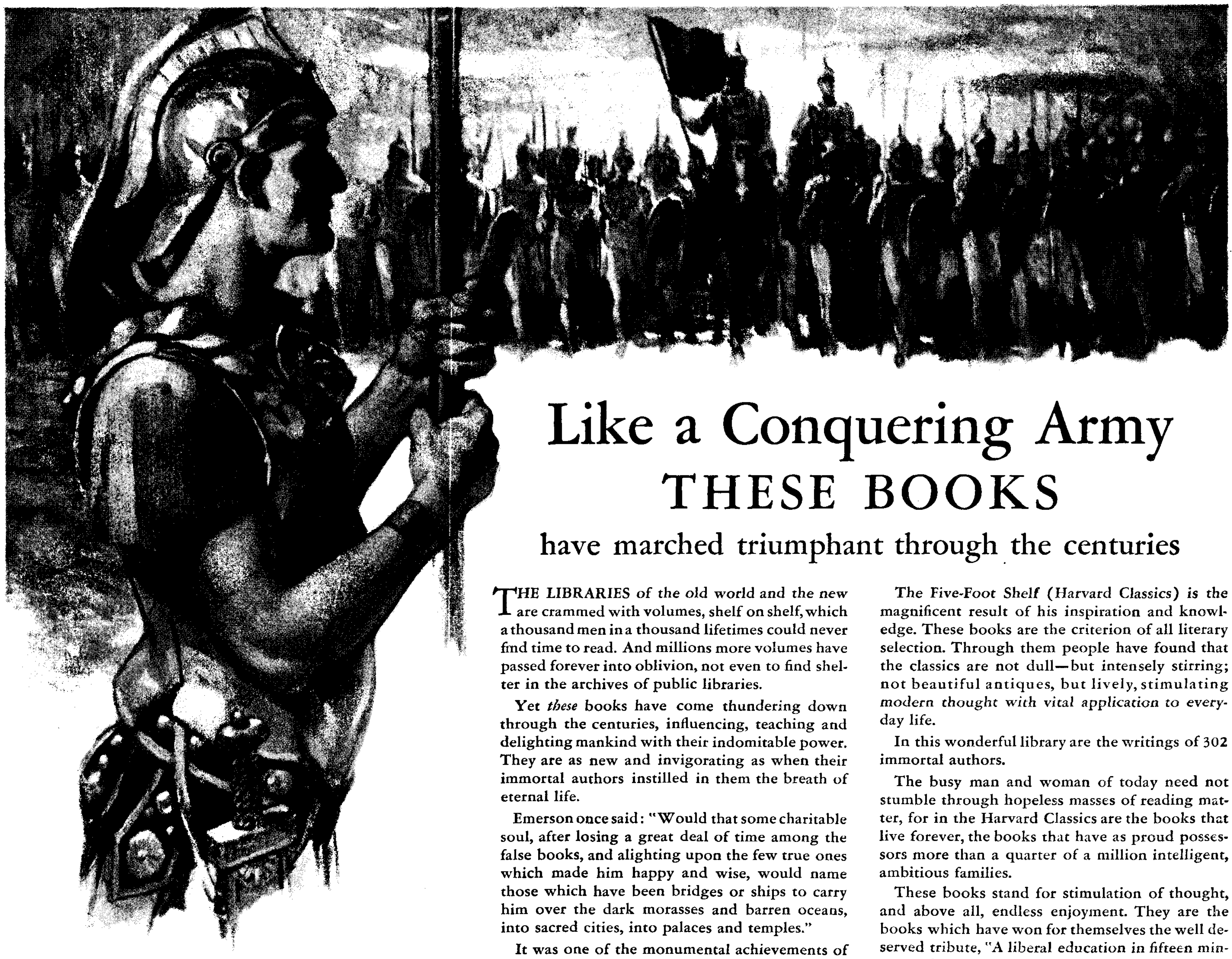

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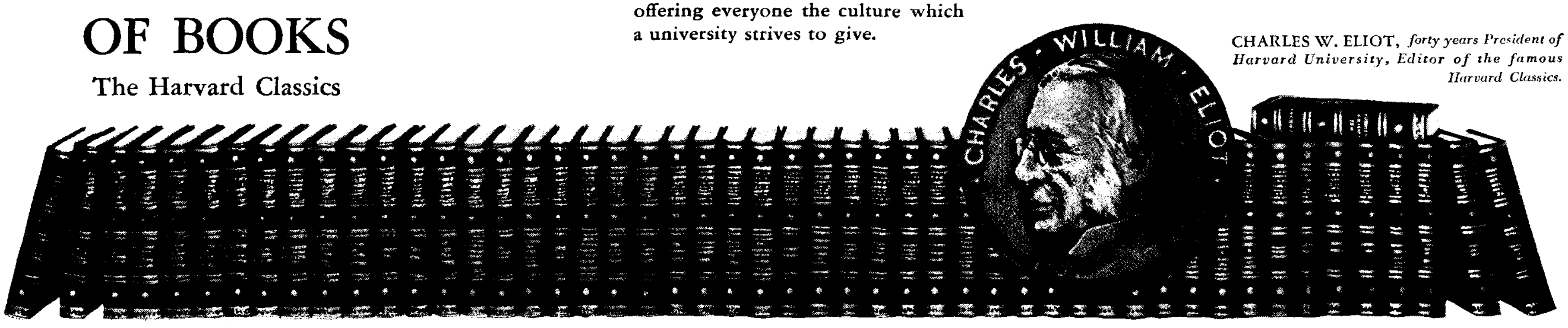

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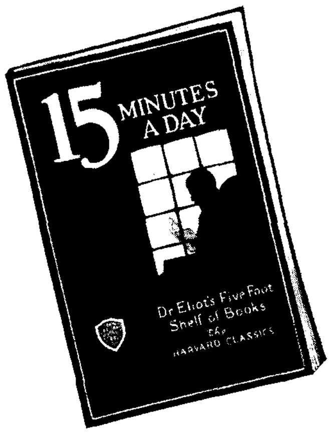

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Uncle Sam

Continued from page 40

know as he'd like to be interrupted."

"I'll wait." Sam seated himself. A few moments later the outer door flew open, and a large man, of his own age or a little more, walked in—a man somewhat between his height and Whitcomb's, stout, assertive, overdressed.

"Is this Mr. James Whitcomb's office?"

Luke examined the intruder.

"What d'you want?"

"I've an engagement to meet Mr. Whitcomb—that is, I was to meet Mrs. Ralph Stockton here."

Luke kept on writing. "What's the name?"

"Marlet—Richard Marlet."

Luke got off his high stool and opened the inner door.

"There's a Mr. Marlet here, to see Mrs. Stockton and Mr. Whitcomb."

Sam could hear exclamations of pleasure from Cora and Jim. Luke came out, as little cordial as possible.

"You can go in." The door closed behind the man, and Sam listened to the buzz of voices, and to Luke's pen.

"That's Mrs. Stockton in there?"

"Yes."

IT WAS long before Whitcomb was free, and several times Sam had almost determined not to wait. Then the door opened, and all three came out.

"Why, Sam, I'm glad to see you! I'm afraid we kept you waiting. I wanted Mr. Whitcomb to meet my cousin, Mr. Marlet. Dick, this is—"

The man didn't wait for the introduction. He held out a large soft hand.

"Known him all my life! How are you, Sam! Don't you remember me? Richard. In school together. Understand you and Priscilla married. It's like old times to see you."

Cora was immensely pleased.

"You don't mean you two know each other? How wonderful!"

"We've met," said Sam. Marlet looked a little checked at the cool greeting, but said good-by to Whitcomb in loud tones, and took Cora away. Whitcomb turned back to his office, apparently much gratified.

"Sit down, Sam. Awfully sorry to keep you waiting. If I'd known you were there, I'd have asked you in. That's a cousin of Mrs. Stockton's, a clever chap, I understand. But you know him?"

"Knew him in school. Tried to knock his head off, once."

Jim laughed. "Glad you didn't succeed. He may be rather useful to us now."

"How's that?"

"Why, in the bank. Mrs. Stockton thought we might have a place for him."

"Looking for a job, eh?"

"Oh, I understand he's well placed where he is, but—"

"Just where is he?"

"I've forgotten, exactly—but he'd like to come out here, on account of the opportunities."

Sam said nothing, and Whitcomb looked annoyed.

"You don't like him?"

"I don't."

"Well, I do. I'm disposed to give him a chance."

"Not in the bank."

Whitcomb lost his temper.

"Why not, if I want him? What's the matter with you, Sam?"

Sam settled back in his chair.

"Let's talk business, Jim. I came over to see you about the bank. If it's all the same to you, I'd like a larger share of the stock."

Whitcomb's eyes narrowed.

"How much stock do you want?"

"Twice as much as we talked of."

"Why, you'd control the thing!"

"Exactly."

"I'll be damned if you do!"

Sam sat there looking at him.

"You haven't the money."

"I have now."

"Struck oil?"

Sam nodded. Whitcomb got up and strode across the room several times.

"Look here, Sam, that wouldn't be satisfactory to me. I want—"

Sam got up and took his hat.

"As you like, Jim. We'll call it off."

"You want to give up the bank entirely?"

"No. I'm going to start one. You can start one too, if you like, with Marlet."

"Sam, you're a rotter!"

Sam had the door open, and he talked loud enough for Luke to hear.

"Think it over, Jim. We'll do it together, on my terms, or we'll try it separately. Let me know how you feel about it, before the end of the week."

He went home at once to tell Priscilla. No doubt she wouldn't like the news—he was prepared for a scene. But she too had been ready for it, long ago. He found her alone, upstairs.

"We've got the oil."

"I'm glad, Sam, since you wanted it."

"It's the biggest well around here."

"That's nice."

She said no more. He was a little embarrassed, and started to leave.

"It's going to be hard to live here, Sam."

"Impossible, I'd say. I've—I've arranged to sell the farm."

"Sold it?"

"Yes—sold the whole thing, oil and all. It's a fortune, Priscilla. We'd better move into town. You can pick out the house you want, or we'll build."

She took the news as coolly as though buying a home were an everyday event.

"If you don't mind, Sam, I think I'll travel for a while. I'd like to go home. I'll take Irene and go visit my folks and yours."

His face tightened. He might have been speaking to Jim Whitcomb.

"You can go. It's a good idea. But I'll keep Irene here."

"Why, you couldn't manage, Sam!"

"She stays with me."

He went downstairs, and when she mentioned the subject again, he wouldn't answer her.

SAM got down to breakfast earlier than usual. He took the morning paper into the library and sat before the open fire. He never liked to begin without Irene.

Ten years in Bellevue had changed him little. Long hours in the office had made him less angular, no stouter, no softer. He still looked like an out-of-doors man. His face was longer. That is, he had accentuated its perpendicularity by a pointed beard, but he wore no mustache. His clothes were of better quality than in the old days, but he wasn't careful of them. The suit he wore that morning needed pressing.

He glanced at the front page of the paper, then turned to the financial column.

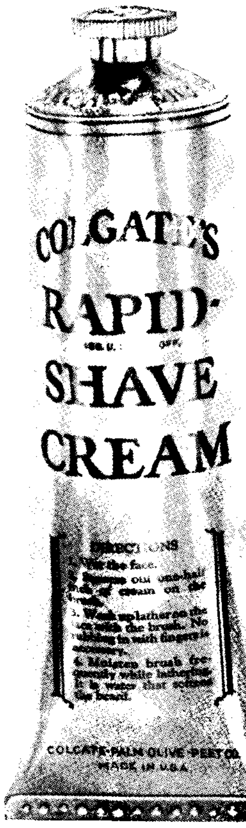
"There, I thought I'd be down before you, Uncle Sam! You're the early bird!"

"No hurry. I've some things to attend to this morning, before I reach the bank."

He followed Irene into the dining-room and took his seat on the other side

(*Continued on page 44*)

Small-bubble lather



...means a longer-lasting shave

. . . . because small bubbles go down to the base of the beard . . . soften each whisker right at the skin line . . . your shave is closer, lasts longer.

THERE is no mystery about why Colgate shaves last longer. They are *closer* shaves . . . that's all! And the reason they are closer is simply that Colgate lather is composed of *small* bubbles that carry large quantities of water down to the base of the beard . . . vastly different from the large, air-filled bubbles found in ordinary shaving cream.

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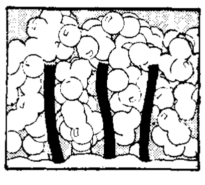
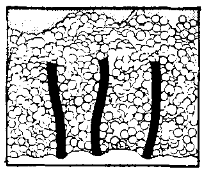


ORDINARY LATHER
This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER
This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

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(*Continued from page 43*)

of the large table. She busied herself at once, pouring his coffee for him. He took it in an extra large cup, of which Priscilla never quite approved. Irene liked to see him have his own way.

He enjoyed these breakfasts, when his wife was touring in search of culture. Irene had become his happiest companion. She looked more than her fifteen years, altogether a young woman, and he often wondered if there was a lovelier girl anywhere. Her black hair and black eyes against her olive skin were enough to distinguish her, even if she hadn't been so eager and animated. She was rather tall now, slender, indescribably feminine. Priscilla still thought her a bit wild. That was because she was on occasion explosively frank, and embarrassed the best circles with untimely truth. She gave you the expectation of something surprising.

TO SAM it seemed proper that youth should be alive, and he would annihilate Priscilla's criticisms by asserting that Irene was what the Martin children and their neighbors would have become, had he been a successful educator.

She was doing well at school—they said she had a quick mind. Her one marked talent was for dancing, an art not greatly encouraged in Bellevue. She had given one public performance, at a bazaar in Mr. Stockton's parish house. The audience talked about it afterward, but at the time it made them very serious.

Sam reached over for another cup of coffee.

"What are you doing today?"

"Well, after school I'm going home with Lena Welch, and Perry Hill and Bert Evans are coming to take us for a ride. Perry's father's new car."

"Has Hill bought an automobile too?"

"A beauty! Haven't you seen it?"

"No. What sort of boy is Perry? Good enough for you?"

"Of course he is. What do you mean?"

"His father made the money. I was wondering if Perry was just going to spend it, or whether he was likely to do something else of importance in the world."

"I guess you're thinking of Bert. Perry has a lot in him."

"Well, take your heavy coat, and don't let him drive too fast."

He got his own coat and his hat. She came to the door and stood up on her toes to kiss him good-by.

"Uncle Sam—I can't make out whether you object to my going. If you do, I won't."

He smiled down at her.

"You're a good girl, Irene. Your kind can do what you like, so far as I'm concerned. I'll look for you at dinner."

She held the door open and watched him down the stone steps, because she knew he would turn back and wave at her before starting up the street.

It was a generous half mile to the bank, but he always went on foot, in great strides. As he hurried now, the pleasant look died from his face. It came back for a moment when he passed Father Hugh, his friend the priest.

"You're out early, Father."

"Ah, but there's sick folk at all hours!"

Father Hugh and he still got around town on foot. They liked each other's reasons for it.

Just before he reached the bank he turned in at a large hardware store and walked slowly toward the rear, making a fairly accurate inventory as he went. At a familiar tall desk, under an electric light, sat Luke. Time had altered him but slightly. He still surveyed the world over cloudy spectacles, and he still used a pen that scratched.

"Sam, your brother writes that they can't fill that last order for another three months."

"Can't, eh? He must be crowded with orders."

Luke failed to get satisfaction from John's success.

"Where does that leave us? That's what I want to know? Here we are selling twice as much as he can make! If we're his agents, he ought to keep us supplied."

"I rather thought he couldn't. That's what I stopped in about. He can't enlarge his factory—or he thinks he can't. We'll get as much as he's been sending, and no more."

Luke shrugged his shoulders. "The goods are more than all right—that's why they sell so fast. But if we're always out of what people want, we'll get a bad name."

Sam meditated a moment longer.

"Luke, I thought it out last night. We'd better start another store."

Luke stared at him. "When you haven't enough goods for this one?"

"Yes. Several more. Bellevue's not the only city that wants hardware. We'll make the stuff ourselves."

Obviously he enjoyed Luke's bewilderment.

"I mean, I'm thinking of putting up a factory."

Luke hesitated. "My idea was that you started this store to help your brother. Now if you build a factory, you'll ruin him."

"Oh, I'll write John about it, and make some arrangement. We can sell his things still. If he's too set in his ways to help us out, he can't object to our helping ourselves."

Luke's forehead continued to wrinkle.

"Seems to me like an awful risk, Sam."

"Not for you. I'll build it myself."

He started for the door. Luke called after him:

"When are you going to start building it?"

"Soon as I can."

"You don't want me to mention it, I suppose?"

"Don't care one way or the other."

He disappeared up the street, and Luke, somewhat dazed, moved toward the front of the store.

"The first mean thing I ever knew him to do!" he muttered. "His own brother!"

WHEN Sam reached the bank, he went quickly to his office. a comfortable inner room, quiet and well furnished. He pushed a button at the side of the desk. His secretary, young Berton, came in. Sam had imported him from another town.

"Anything come up this morning, Phil?"

"You have that engagement with Mr. Wiggins, sir, and you wanted to see Mr. French. He'll come in after ten, he couldn't be sure just when. Mr. Whitcomb is very anxious to see you. I put him down next after Mr. Wiggins. If you'd rather change it, I'll send word to him."

Sam's face went hard. "What does Whitcomb want?"

"He wouldn't tell me."

"That means he wants money. All right. Here, we can dispose of these in a minute—there's nothing important."

He indicated briefly the reply he would make to several letters on his desk. Berton carried off the papers and closed the door quietly behind him. Sam appeared to have no good reason for getting up so early that morning. There was, it seemed, nothing to do. With his hands in his pockets he strolled over to the large window opposite his desk, looking out on a court. He stared aimlessly through the glass.

A number of things were on his mind—John's business, Whitcomb, Irene's future—but he always had them to think of.

Something he had read in a magazine last night was particularly bothersome. It was a high-flown, over-eloquent discussion of the place of beauty in modern life. A young man had written it, a fellow who had gone to college. The magazine editor had a note about him—said he was precocious.

The young man's idea was that we all understand beauty while we are young, before we have become educated, but by the time the schools get through with us we are good for nothing but trade, commerce, banking—that sort of thing.

The article had spoiled Sam's sleep. He had smiled a little to read in the editor's note that the precocious graduate was traveling at the moment on a fellowship. He wondered what forlorn business man had provided the fellowship. But the boy's main point had hit him hard. Ideas of that sort made him restless.

Berton opened the door. "Mr. Wiggins, sir."

Sam held out his hand to the oil expert.

"Glad to see you, Tom. How are the family?"

"Flourishing. What's the news from Priscilla?"

"She's enjoying herself. Coming home soon, I understand."

"We'll be glad to see her."

SAM made no comment. Wiggins took a chair by the desk. Sam looked at him. A tall man, like himself, but with a youthful face—light brown hair, a friendly mouth.

"Well, Tom?"

The friendly mouth broke into a broad smile.

"I've solved it, Sam! We can sell it six cents cheaper."

"We can, eh? I rather thought you'd work it out."

Wiggins leaned forward eagerly.

"And it will be better oil at that, the way we can refine it now."

"My idea," said Sam, "is that you're only beginning. You'll find still simpler methods."

"Well—to do that, you ought to have someone working at it all the time. This has cost me six months, you know."

Sam sat up straight.

"Then get the right men to help you, and experiment all the time!"

Wiggins was a little surprised at Sam's reply.

"That's a great idea—but it will cost like the devil, and I don't know that it's necessary, from the business standpoint. The oil sells as it is—if you improve it too much, will they appreciate it?"

Sam thought of the magazine article. "Tom, I guess you're a little over-educated."

"What?"

"Draw up a plan for the experiments, and let's see what it would cost. Another matter, Tom: I'm thinking of manufacturing hardware."

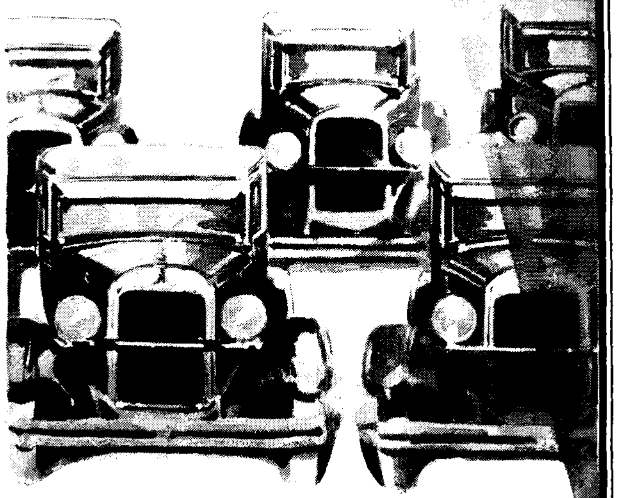
Tom raised his eyebrows.

"The store can't get as much as we can sell. I mean the high-grade articles. There's a big field if someone tries it on a scientific scale. I'll need your help."

"Great Cæsar, man! You'll overreach yourself."

"Think so? No, there's no danger. I want the factory here. Business for the bank, of course. It will bring more workmen to town. There are a good many sides to it. But it must be the right kind of outfit—you'll have to help me."

(*To be continued next week*)



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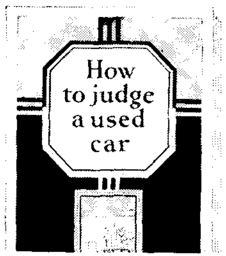

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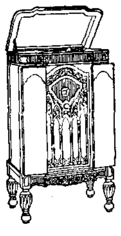

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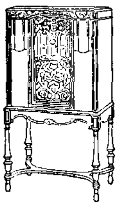

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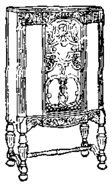

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The Lion and the Lamb

Continued from page 17

pointed stick. Reuben shrugged his shoulders, and obeyed. He even brought out a tumbler, and opened the wine.

Tottie poured out a foaming glass of the wine, and drank it greedily.

"Who was here last night?" Reuben inquired.

"Fishy Tim and Tony, Snacks and Jim Bordon."

"Lem still at the Nursing Home?"

Tottie Green gurgled assent. He was halfway through his second tumbler of wine. Globules of foam remained upon his nose and lips. A few drops of perspiration were already breaking out upon his forehead.

"Waking me up like that!" he grumbled. "Now get at it. What is it you want to say?"

"I've been up west," Reuben confided. "I've seen Belle."

"WHO the hell gave you leave to do *that?*" her guardian demanded angrily. "Up west ain't no place for you. Belle's all right there. You ain't."

"I'm not so sure about that," was the sulky reply. "I'm not so sure that Belle don't need looking after like the rest of them."

"Belle's all right, you fool," her guardian chuckled. "I'll bet she's got the thing fixed. I've never yet seen a man who could stand up against her. They try sometimes—they try to be brutal, they try to be sloppy—but before long she's got them running about in a trap, like a mouse looking for a way out. They can't escape Belle."

A slight spasm distorted Reuben's face, a twitch of the muscles—little more, but it told its story.

"Belle's all right with such as us," he acknowledged. "Maybe she hasn't come across the type of chap who counts with her yet."

"You're not imagining she'd fall for Dave?" his chief asked scornfully. "His goose is cooked all right. And, mind you this, Reube," Tottie Green went on, leaning forward in his chair, a terrible look still further disfiguring his bloated face, "don't you nor none of the others try any tricks with Belle. Don't you think I'm to be hoodwinked. You're all jealous of anyone she casts an eye on. Let it stop at that, d'you hear? You can be jealous, you Reube, and Lem and Bordon, and all of you, but that's got to be the end of it. She's not your class, and she ain't for you. If any living man," he concluded, his voice sinking almost to a gasp, yet filled with intense emphasis, "if any of you chaps lift a finger against her, for any reason whatever, to hell you go—one or the lot of you. Take that from Tottie Green."

There was a queer ominous silence. Reuben mopped his forehead with his handkerchief, went through the strange business of actually straightening his distorted lips with his fingers. He breathed unevenly for a moment. Then he flung himself into a chair, and lit a cigarette.

"You ain't any cause to fear, Tottie Green," he said. "There's not one of us would lift a finger against Belle. Brain clear this morning?"

"It generally is when you don't come blundering in on my sleep," was the brusque retort. "What's your trouble? You think a lot of yourselves, you young fellows, but you always have to come to the old 'uns to find your way out."

Reuben glanced up at the rings which he was forming from his cigarette.

"Blue Diamond or no Blue Diamond, we have decided to do David in tonight," he announced, "and with four of us right on the job within a yard or two of him, he hasn't got a million-to-one chance. We can reckon him wiped out. What you've got to make up your mind about, Tottie, is that the Blue Diamond is gone. We're not going to make any bargain with David. Blue Diamond or no Blue Diamond, he's best out of the way."

"I can't bear to hear you talk like that," Tottie Green groaned. "I can't bear to hear the sound of it. I tell you, Grimes is absolutely potty about that stone. Belle will get it out of him. Give her time, and she'll have it."

"What has Grimes got to say?" Reuben asked.

"A hundred and forty thousand pounds," Tottie Green declared slowly. "Think of that, Reube. I just ask you, think of that. I worked it out on the back of an old envelope last night. There's seventy thousand amongst the gang. And he knows where it is, the *swine! He took it. He was working* for us, and he took it. Well, he won't be surprised when he gets his. He knows enough of the Lambs to know that he is going out. He's had every chance."

"Has he?" Reuben queried. "We've never tried the Nursing Home."

Tottie Green made no reply. He breathed hard, though. His eyes were fixed upon his companion's.

"There's no man I'd sooner see kicked into the gutter than David," Reuben continued slowly. "I'd kick the last breath out of his body with pleasure. You were asking whether there wasn't something the matter with me. I've got the wind up about Belle for one thing—you're right about that—and when I haven't, I'm asking myself, what the hell's the use of slitting the fellow's throat before we've got what we want out of *him* when we can do it just as well afterwards? See what I mean, Tottie? So long as he's alive there's a chance of getting the Blue Diamond. Why not put out his light after we've got it?"

Tottie Green poured out a third glass of champagne.

"Now listen to me, Reube," he enjoined. "We'll finish about David directly. Just what do you mean when you say that you've got the wind up about Belle?"

"I RECKON she's fallen for Dave," Reuben declared harshly. "I saw her last night, decked up like a princess, sitting in the dancing-room of the Milan. Dave was there, and her eyes followed him everywhere. I heard her whisper—whisper before me, mind—that she wanted to speak to him. She got up and danced with him as though she were stepping out of this filthy room into Buckingham Palace. There wasn't much passed between the two there. I watched her lips. When she came back I knew that she'd got it in her mind. She meant selling the show—to save David."

"You're a foul liar," Tottie Green pronounced. "Belle would never do that. She ain't built that way."

"A woman who falls for a man will do anything," Reuben persisted. "The fact that she's fallen for him is another dead-certain nail in his coffin, but if she can get him out of the fix tonight she will."

"Ain't you doing anything about it?" Tottie Green demanded. "What good is it sapping away down here?"

"I've done what I could about it," Reuben answered. "The trouble is that David's no greenhorn these days. I dropped one of Nadol's little tablets into her Evian water—don't be a fool, Tottie.

It won't hurt her, but if she'd drunk the lot it would have taken her until the day after tomorrow to wake up. Dave saw it. There was pretty nearly a scene. He snatched the glass away, and insisted upon a doctor. Fortunately, it was a swell place where they hate a row, and whilst everyone was calming things down I slipped off. I got the matron from the Nursing Home up there and Nadol, but I'm terrified that the doctor the hotel people called in will hang round. She's safe until this evening anyhow. That's why I came down to see you."

TOTTIE GREEN pulled out a clean handkerchief, which he looked at with disgust. He condescended, however, to wipe his forehead.

"Reube," he said, "this is a tough business, but don't you ever tell me that Belle means squealing."

"She may not be squealing on the gang," Reuben admitted sullenly. "If she'd been able to, though, I believe she'd have got David out of tonight's business. Just in time I was. There ain't nothing she can do now. David will be food for the rats by this time tomorrow at any rate."

"He will, will he?" Tottie Green said slowly. "Blue Diamond or no Blue Diamond, eh? What the hell are you trying to kid me for, Reuben? Do you think that drink's made me soppy, or what? You ain't so scared of David's squealing as you pretend. You ain't afraid of Belle's squealing, and I tell you straight I don't believe she'd do it. Seventy thousand pounds is a little more than I'm going to part with because you've got the wind up about a girl."

"You and your stinking money!" Reuben snarled. "You're full of it already. You want to risk our lives, risk the whole gang for the sake of one more dollop. We're not standing for it."

Tottie Green chuckled. It may have been his idea of humorous expression, but there was very little mirth in it.

"Dear, dear me!" he gibed. "Not standing for it, eh? We'll see about that. David can go all right. You can have him when you want, but we'll have the Blue Diamond from him first. Who's taking the lads out tonight?"

"I am," Reuben replied.

Tottie Green chuckled once more.

"That's a good 'un!" he exclaimed. "I bet you keep out of the fighting, my lad. Take care David don't have a go at you. He's a born scrapper, David is, you know."

"He isn't going to have a chance," was the sullen reply.

"You're going to keep out of reach, eh? Very wise, Reube. You're a cunning lad. That's how it is you've done so well. You pick up your hat. Good morning, Reuben. Your audience is at an end. Tell Jim to bring me up another bottle as you go out."

Reuben rose to his feet with a scowl. On the way towards the door, he paused, and looked back.

"Well, I'm damned glad you've finished interfering, Daddy Green," he said. "You sit here and swill. That's all you're fit for nowadays."

Tottie Green made no reply, but his stomach began to heave spasmodically. It might have been anger, or it might have been some fit of unholy mirth.

THERE was a sudden silence in the long, bare room—the most secret of the meeting places of the Lambs. It was the silence of mortal fear—the kind of silence during which men hold their breaths and count the seconds of life. The unprepossessing little company had broken off their altercation with almost dramatic abruptness. They all turned toward the door. There was a curious rustle as the fingers of nearly every one of them stole down his clothes to some place of concealment. Fishy Tim, holding a deadly long automatic, rose undisguisedly to his feet. Reuben was the only one who spoke, or attempted to deal with the situation. He spoke stealthily, without raising his voice above a whisper.

"Number One, get out the box. Don't throw till I say the word. Number Seven, stand by the cellar door."

One of the young men groped under the table, and brought up a wooden case. Another crawled across the room, lifted a strip of linoleum, pressed his heel upon a metal disk, and watched a trapdoor roll back. Everyone was listening intently. Someone with heavy footsteps was slowly descending the sacred stairs, someone who must already have passed through a trebly locked door. As the sound came nearer, however, it became more inexplicable. The footsteps were the footsteps of one, or two people at the most, and they lacked all the caution of any ordinary humans approaching the secret haunt of a desperate gang of criminals. There came no summons upon the door, which was built to withstand any normal charge of dynamite; instead, there was the soft insertion of a key.

Automatically, a fierce, unshaded electric light flashed out above the doorway, and every other lamp in the room was obscured, leaving the visitor in a yellow bath of illumination, and the company of men gathered around the table scarcely more than shadows. The door swung full open. It was Tottie Green who stood for a moment motionless in the halo of light. There was a single wild moment when Reuben's fingers strayed toward the wooden box and its sinister contents. He conquered the impulse, however. This visitation must be dealt with in a different manner. The lights flared up again. Tottie Green, leaning heavily on two sticks, came down the room.

"Well, lads," he croaked, as he drew near. "How are you all? Thought I'd have a look at you before you started out on this show. Got a word to say, too."

HE PUSHED Reuben unceremoniously to one side, and took the chair which the latter had been occupying at the end of the long table. He sat there blinking a little, and looking down at two rows of surprised faces.

"You might have let us know you were coming," Reuben grumbled.

Tottie Green stretched out his hand for a whisky bottle, helped himself to the nearest tumbler, half filled it, added a little water, and sipped the contents appreciatively.

"This is the stuff to fight on, lads," he declared. "Bubbly's the stuff when there's nothing doing and the ladies are around, but this warms your blood. Yes, you're a pretty good-looking lot. Number Six there, are you gun or knife?"

"Knife, boss."

"Show me a quick draw then, and a double stab, man's height, in front."

Number Six was a clumsy-looking youth, but he was on his feet in a second, and something blue and glittering flashed through the smoky atmosphere to the left and to the right. His chief nodded approval.

"Good. Glad you've got up the drill. Number Eighteen, you're a gun. Draw for the door, like hell!"

Almost before he had finished speaking, a vicious-looking young man had sprung to his feet, and an automatic was being held with yellow-stained but unfaltering fingers pointing unswervingly at the entrance. Tottie Green chuckled.

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "You'll make our friend David hate the day he thought he could put up flesh and blood

(Continued on page 48)

If the doorbell makes you tremble in your old slippers, if the gay voices of sudden callers send you sneaking away to put on a decent looking pair of shoes, read on:

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Walk-Over's contribution to your hours of relaxation!—the Indoor Oxford. When you get home and remove your heavy daytime shoes, slip on a pair of supple, half-weight Walk-Over Indoor Oxfords before you sit down to dinner. All evening long you can wear them, enjoying your favorite smoke, chair and radio. You won't know you have them on, yet your feet will be smartly shod for guests, or for a jaunt to haunts of amusement.

Half the weight of daytime shoes . . . Comfortable as a moccasin . . . Elegant as a top hat

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Yet she has "Athlete's Foot"!

ONLY this morning she had noticed it again—and her pretty brows had puckered with vexation.

Charming—sought after—exquisitely groomed—it seemed to her almost a reproach upon her delicacy—yet there it was, that affection, unnaturally white, unpleasantly moist,* between her smallest toes!

Not that it hurt her so much—it seldom *does* in the beginning—but the *thought* of it distressed her more and more. In the midst of a perfectly divine dance—during the "big" scene at the play—in wakeful moments at night—it obtruded itself upon her mind—it was *maddening!*

She is just one of millions who suffer from "Athlete's Foot" and *don't know what it is!*

Tinea Trichophyton— a National *Affliction*

Her escort, the big Princeton end, had he known of her worry, could have told her that she was suffering from a form of ringworm infection caused by tinea trichophyton and nicknamed "Athlete's Foot"! Also he could have told her *what to do* for her trouble, for college coaches everywhere now know that Absorbine Jr., the familiar antiseptic, *kills and helps prevent its spread.*

This is fortunate, for "Athlete's Foot" is such a *stealthy* infection . . . so easily overlooked at first . . . that it has stolen up on the Nation until it is found simply *everywhere!* The United States Public Health Service even asserts in one of its Bulletins that "*it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time*"— . . . suffer from it without knowing what it is.

Again, tests conducted in such widely separated universities as those of California and Pennsylvania reveal that probably 50% of the students involved are infected.

There can be no doubt that tiny *tinea trichophyton* has made itself at home in America!

It lurks where you would least expect it

One of the worst features of "Athlete's Foot" is that it is most apt to be contracted in the *very* places where people go for health and cleanliness and recreation! In spite of the most rigid sanitary precautions, the germ abounds on locker and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums, even on hotel bathmats.

And from such places it is carried into millions of homes to infect whole families!

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. kills Tinea Trichophyton

A series of laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, through bacteria counts and photomicropgraphs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the "Athlete's Foot" infection.

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for the distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot."

At the first sign of infection begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure. Not injurious to the tenderest tissues.

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample, write

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* WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ *tinea trichophyton*— its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways usually between the two smallest toes: redness, skin-cracks, tiny itching blisters, a white, thick, moist condition or dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS.

The Lion and the Lamb

Continued from page 47

against steel and lead. That reminds me, lads, I came down here to talk to you about David."

"You're just in time," a hoarse voice muttered from the bottom of the table. "He won't be here tomorrow. We've got him fixed."

"You've got him fixed all right, no doubt," was the wheezy reply, "but I've been thinking this over, and I'm not quite sure whether Reube's planning it the right way. That's why I'm down here. I'm with you, lads, but before you let daylight into Dave—why shouldn't we have the Blue Diamond out of him?"

"AND have him peach whilst we're waiting to get it," Reuben muttered. "Besides, we're not sure if he's got it."

"Listen, you chaps," their chief begged. "You haven't got this right. Dave took the Blue Diamond. Everyone knows that, and the insurance people paid the money for it. He's done his term in quod, and as soon as he gets out see what happens. Chucks us cold. Goes and lives like a millionaire. That's all bunk about his having the money because he's a lord. Nowadays a lord isn't any better off than you and me, and the Blue Diamond's worth a hundred and forty thousand pounds."

There was a deepened murmur of covetous voices.

"Yes," their chief went on, "that's seventy thousand quid for you lads around the table. Two thousand quid apiece, and more. Something to retire on, eh? Reube says he doesn't know that David's got it. Where else is it? The insurance company has paid. That we know. It hasn't gone out of existence, has it? What Dave did was to hide it before he was copped. He passed the office on to someone, and he's waiting now till the thing blows over to dispose of it altogether. That's how I figure it out, and I reckon I'm generally right."

"Whether you are right, or whether you are wrong," Reuben said truculently, "David has got to go. We can't afford to risk our lives whilst we wait to get the diamond back."

"Not so impetuous, please," Tottie Green insisted. "I was thinking of a nice, quiet week or so in the Nursing Home for David. It was your own idea first, Reuben, and a damned good one. I think at the end of that time we should know where the Blue Diamond is."

They fell upon the idea, discussed it, and gloated over it. Tottie Green leaned back in his chair, took out a terrible-looking black cigar and lit it.

"A coffin and a few yards in Highgate are all it would cost us," he continued. "You may have noticed that, unless it's one of our own crowd, people don't often get better who go to Number 15a Mortimer Place. Don't be in a hurry, lads. Think it out. Four of you have got the handling of that one young man. If you can't knock him silly, get him into one of our pet taxis, and away to the Home instead of croaking him outright, why, you're pretty bad bunglers. What's the whole raid, anyway? If there's a thousand quid in it, it's all there will be."

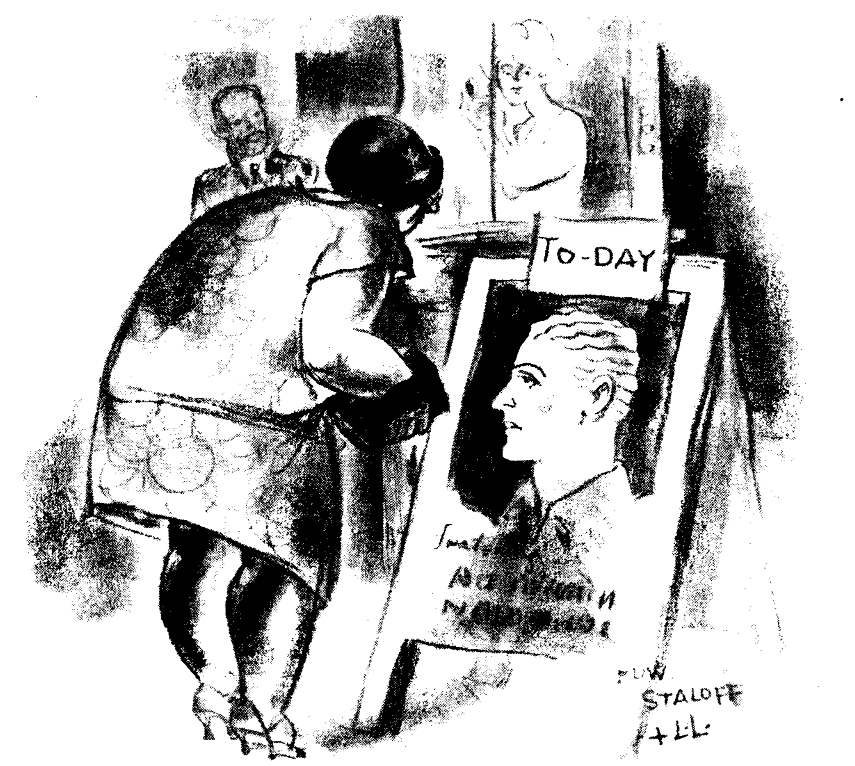
He blew out a dense cloud of noxious smoke. Everyone was listening to him now. He jerked his thumb toward Reuben.

"It's Reube here," he went on, "who thinks he's lost his girl, who wants to put him out quick, and give up the diamond. I can't see no sense in it. If you don't think that four of you can bring him in, why, try six or a dozen. Once he's in the Nursing Home he'll have no chance to squeal, and I rather fancy he'll tell us all about the diamond. Some of our nurses are a little persuasive, and the theater isn't exactly a boudoir."

THERE was a hubbub of voices. Tottie Green drank long and deeply from his replenished tumbler.

"Talk it out, lads," he invited. "I'm not the sort of boss who comes down here and orders you to do this and do that, and don't tell you why. I like to hear your own opinions. It's a matter of two thousand quid apiece for you if you get that diamond, and David Newberry either has it, or knows where it is."

(*To be continued next week*)



"Guess I'll go in and get rid of myself for a couple of hours"

Red-Hot Blues

Continued from page 19

whistle, half hum, which had given him his name.

"When I get Ed Grogan I can come up for air," he said, but Ed Grogan persistently refused to be gotten.

After three weeks had gone by, Buzz grew restless.

"That rat's *never* comin' up for air," he exploded sullenly. "You an' me are goin' down to Barney's for a steak, kid."

"Aw, Buzz—" protested Danny.

"*C'mon, I said!*"

Together they slipped out, and to the street, and hailed a taxi.

The taxi shot away. Buzz gave the address and leaned back triumphantly. The taxi ran along brightly lit streets, then swerved, and darted abruptly down a dark side street.

Buzz reached for the door as a car drew alongside on either side and dropped back in his seat, defeated.

"The song's ended for us, kid."

THE taxi, flanked by its escort, speeded up.

"Lissen t' me, kid," said Buzz. "I've been seein' as we rode along that playin' the square game ain't so bad even if the returns *ain't* big. And *you* don't belong in the racket nohow kid. You just drifted in by accident and I kept yuh. *You* ain't got blood on your hands and yuh don't owe the world nothin'. *You* can back out. . . ."

Danny moved as though to speak.

"Shut up and lemme talk," commanded Buzz fiercely. "Mebbe I can talk you outa this, and if I do, *you get outa the racket and stay out!*"

The taxi stopped as the other two cars closed in, and the driver turned in his seat with something glimmering in his hand.

"Got yuh, Buzz!" he stated blandly.

"Got me," assented Buzz.

A group surrounded the taxi. The door was yanked open. Dexterous hands searched swiftly for weapons as they were pulled to the street.

"Buzz carries a rod under his left arm," drawled a voice dryly.

"Got it, Chief."

"So yuh came to the party in person, Ed?" said Buzz. "W'at's the idea, pickin' on a kid 'at's hardly cut his milk teeth?"

"Who said we had anythin against the kid?" Grogan countered suspiciously.

"Scared!" accused Buzz, with laughter rippling contemptuously in his voice. "Scared clean back to your yella backbone that even a *kid* 'at's traveled with me is too smart for you!"

Fury overwhelmed Ed Grogan.

"'At so?" he challenged. "Well, just t' show yuh it *ain't* so, I'm turnin' the kid loose."

Danny wanted to say something. He wanted to do something. But there was nothing he could either do or say, and there was Buzz, compelling him to be silent by the force of his unspoken will.

"Run along an' sell your papers, kid," instructed Buzz, with the edge on his voice which demanded obedience. "*An' remember what I told yuh!*"

About breaking loose, Buzz meant. About choosing the safe road. Danny stood, weighed down with misery, aware of impotence as a blight devastating the world.

He was still standing there, hands clenching and unclenching in his pockets, when the Grogans pushed Buzz back into one of the nondescript open cars and all three cars drove away, leaving him on the curb alone. . .

After a time he found a street-car line and rode back to the city with the conductor staring at his white, miserable face. At a corner near the hotel he alighted from the car and stood hesitating on the sidewalk, curiously uncertain what to do next.

The lights of a near-by picture house catching his eye, he turned blindly toward them but, buying his ticket, thought inevitably of Buzz.

Buzz had liked movies . . . *Buzz*. . . . He sagged against the showy gilt cashier's cage and the eyes of the girl cashier within flew to his face in startled wonder.

"Are you ill?" she asked through the small aperture before her mouth, but Danny passed on without hearing.

Ages afterward he became aware of a voice beside him.

"Something's the matter," the voice was insisting. "I just know something's the matter, and I've seen you and your friend here so often. . . ."

Amazingly then Danny could put it into words, writing the period to a dreadful fact.

"*He's dead!*" said Danny, and leaned down blindly because there was the hot gush of tears upon his cheeks.

In the darkness a small hand reached out and caught his own in pity, holding it tightly until at last the lights came on and the show was over for the evening.

He looked at her then.

Just another of the slim, dark-haired girls he passed in the street and never gave a second glance to, but he found in her the only gentleness he had known since the days of his childhood, except what Buzz had shown him, and Buzz had loved him.

It was raining when they came outside, and Danny shuddered.

"Are you all alone now?" asked the dark-haired girl compassionately.

At his nod, she slipped a hand persuasively beneath his arm.

"Then you are coming home with me," she insisted, and Danny went without protest.

She lived, this girl, in one of the thousand and one shabby little flats at which Buzz had so often jeered his contempt, only when you got inside, it wasn't bad. Not fine like the hotel suite, of course, but immaculately clean, with a white-haired woman sitting in a chair beside a lamp sewing on something, who glanced up out of eyes as gentle as her daughter's.

"This boy has lost his only friend, and I've brought him to you, Mother," explained the dark-haired girl eagerly. "It seemed so dreadful to be in trouble and not have *you!*"

THE older pair of dark eyes studied him and perceived his utter misery.

"It was right to bring him," declared the older woman in warm approval.

And then he was aware of being led to a room where he fell across a bed with his clothes on and amazingly went to sleep, although he had never expected to sleep again.

When he awoke it was morning and still raining, and immediately his thought went out to Buzz and he buried his head in the pillow and lay choking with grief until presently he was able to face his changed world again.

Then he got up and tiptoed out. Marking the name over the bell, the number of the house, and the street in his memory, he went to the hotel.

Afterwards Danny's life changed. Following Buzz's instructions he dropped completely out of touch with the gang, and one day, when the contents of his roll had been entirely depleted, he took

(*Continued on page 50*)

a half

a quarter

and two dimes

. . . *a genuine*

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complete for

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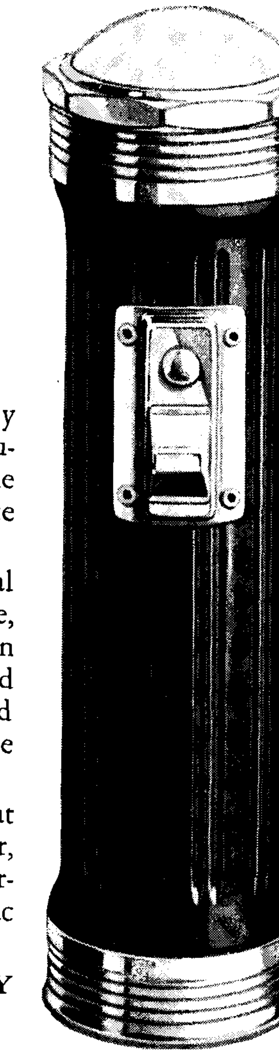

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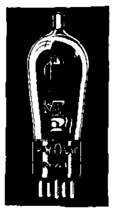

1

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2

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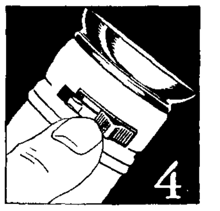

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1. Ray-O-Vac Radio Tubes make a good program better. 2. Ray-O-Vac Radio Batteries are built in all sizes and styles. 3. Ray-O-Vac Ignition Batteries give a hot spark always. 4. The Ray-O-Vac Rotomatic Searchlight is "light for life." Ask to see it.

IF THIS BE EXTRAVAGANCE THEN MAKE THE MOST OF IT:

If statistics serve us right (as what statistics do?) you, as one male citizen of the United States of America, own three and one-third safety razors.

We hereby suggest that you buy another one!

If this be extravagance, then make the most of it. But wait a minute . . . is it extravagance? Let's see. If, by acquiring this other razor you could have a clean shave with *less irritation, less effort and without fail, every morning* . . . wouldn't you actually be better off?

We honestly believe you would, with an Enders Razor, because we have so many letters (unasked and unbought) from owners who tell us so.

There is this to say: the Enders is balanced very light. You take it in your finger tips, and draw it (don't push it) over your face. The less effort you put in, the cleaner and smoother it shaves. The thing seems to defy nature.

And there is also this to say: by hair testing, among other tests and inspections at the factory, we detect all the dud blades and throw them out. Being protected from dull blades means something, these piping times.

The Enders, with six blades, will only cost you a dollar at practically any store where razors are sold. Dast you go that far, what with all the razors you have now, just for the expectation of a little better shave *every* morning? Enders Razor Co., Inc., 105 West 40th Street, New York City.

Enders
RAZOR

The Hair Test

New Enders Razor
with 6 blades . $1.00.
Blades, 5 for 35c.
If you cannot find an Enders locally, send purchase price to us.

(Continued from page 49)

the slim key and went where Buzz had told him to go, and there, after various formalities had been complied with, he found that Buzz had indeed taken care of him.

He was rich, although that didn't seem to matter greatly because he cared so little about things these days, and he bought a car, a quiet, inconspicuous, conservative car with a very good motor, and took the slim, dark-haired girl and her mother riding. Daytimes, because the dark-haired girl worked at night, and in the country, because the two women liked to ride in the country.

Sitting behind the wheel he would listen to their raptures over the flowers which were blooming after a belated spring. Over trees. Over clouds. Over houses. Over sunsets. Over a thousand things he had never noticed before and which he hadn't known anybody ever noticed.

"This is what we're going to have some day—a little house in the country!" said the dark-haired girl, triumphantly adding that they had a thousand dollars saved toward the house already.

More and more he liked the dark-haired girl, making her frequent presents of the sort anyone educated by Buzz could be expected to make: Great boxes of chocolates tied with ornate bows of ribbon; great clusters of roses tied even more ornately; a fur to wear about her slim throat; a bracelet in a velvet box over which Molly worried.

"Mother says you are giving me far too many things, Danny!"

Danny's eyes flew open in wonder. What kind of a gag was that, when nobody could give anybody too many things, when the way of life was simply to take all you could get and reach for more?

His new life held other surprises. Like, for instance, the time Mrs. Mallory matter-of-factly inquired regarding his business.

He was an automobile salesman, he stated hastily, and went moodily to survey the automobile which had cost him more than four thousand dollars.

Could he sell a car like that if he had to? Could he make good in any chosen field if he wanted to? It was the first time he had ever faced such a question.

Time went by, slowly at first, then more swiftly, until Buzz had been gone six months.

He was more than merely fond of Molly now. Queer, how these slim, dark-haired girls grew into your heart once your attention was given to them; and he liked the mother too, finding something very restful in their tiny flat, and finding, also, that Buzz had been wrong when he said everybody was crooked and that everybody was out to grab what they could.

EVERYBODY wasn't crooked, and Buzz must have known that too in his heart because there had been the gray-eyed girl to teach him. Buzz had only been making out a case for himself the way a guy had to when he was on the wrong side of things.

"Either a woman means a lot to a man or she means nothing at all," Buzz had said to him once.

He thought of that one night when he was with Molly. And at last he knew that he was in love. . . . Love . . . something sweeter than he had known for Buzz, although that had been love also. Then he told her about it, and—

"I love you, too," said Molly.

Next day, in a barber shop, he encountered Larry Ellis, the first of the gang he had seen since the day of Buzz' spectacular burial.

"Hel-lo, kid!" greeted Larry easily.

"Hello, Larry!"

They went out into the warm sunshine of late summer together.

"Watcha doin' these days, kid, hidin' out?" inquired Larry, with an air of reserved judgment.

"Quittin' the racket," explained Danny.

"Ain't yella, are yuh, kid?" suggested Larry, who had his own ax to grind.

Their eyes met.

"Who says I'm yella?" inquired Danny evenly.

"*I* don't say so!" disclaimed Larry. "I always liked yuh, kid. But anybody'd nacherally think yuh wouldn't rest easy until you'd put Ed Grogan where Ed put Buzz."

Danny missed the fact that Larry's eyes were eager because he was remembering vividly Ed Grogan's face as he had seen it last, his narrow eyes, his rasping voice, his foxlike cunning.

"Grogan eats every night at Barney's now," said Larry, watching him closely. "Mostly he leaves there around ten o'clock."

Barney's!

With almost a nausea of homesickness Danny saw Buzz and himself eating there together. And now it was Ed Grogan who ate there, with Barney serving him as skillfully as he had once served Buzz. . . .

"Reckon he won't be eatin' there much longer!" he prophesied rebelliously, and afterwards was never entirely clear about just when Larry melted into the passing crowd.

He was very quiet that night when he ate dinner with Molly and her mother, although of late he had acquired a merriment which kept all three laughing.

WHEN he left Molly at the theater that night, he took from his key ring the slender key Buzz had given him.

"Sweetness, if anything should happen to me, I want you to use this."

He told her where to take the key and how to use it, exactly as Buzz had told him, seeing the whiteness of alarm creep into her face and reflecting that in the morning he would have the proper papers fixed up. Then, tomorrow night. . . .

"But why *should* anything happen to you?" demanded Molly, tremulous and dismayed. He smiled down at her.

"I'm not saying it will, Sweetness. I'm saying *if* it does. . . ."

But Molly was not satisfied. She clung to him at parting in a manner unusual to her.

"You're not like yourself tonight, Danny," she protested.

As best he could he soothed her, but after he had left her he knew that Molly, with the strange intuition of love, was right.

He *was* different. Something new had come to him. Something which strangely depressed him yet uplifted him. Something which gave him certainty of a success which would nevertheless be linked with failure.

He would get Ed Grogan, but Grogan or one of his mob would get *him* . . . it was all in the cards presently to be dealt and he was queerly able to call those cards before they were dealt.

Driving along the street he knew what had come to him.

Red-hot blues—that same premonition of the end which he had seen come to so many, including Buzz himself, that certainty of disaster akin to the prickling of the spine which in savage animals presages danger.

IN BED, he heard two o'clock strike. He probably wouldn't see two o'clock in the morning again, he thought. Before another dawn he would be . . . he resented the inescapable picture of himself which presented itself.

"If Grogan wasn't hangin' out at Barney's, Buzz, maybe I coulda kept clear. But that . . . was *ours!*"

Two-fifteen.

He fell into a troubled slumber in which he argued ceaselessly with Buzz in phrases which clung to his memory after he had awakened in the morning.

Buzz, passionately insistent: "*You get clear an' stay clear, kid!*"

Himself, passionately defensive: "*I can't stand for Ed Grogan crowin' over yuh, Buzz!*"

He dressed slowly, aware of a throbbing headache.

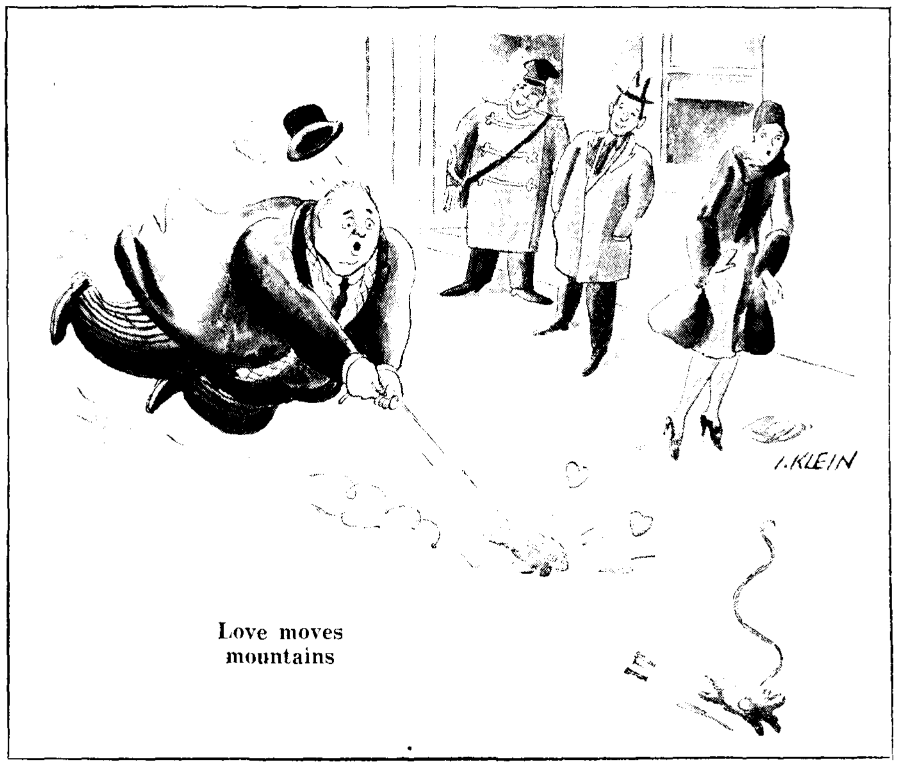
Molly . . . poor little kid . . . he must call her when he was sure she was awake.

Listlessly he ordered breakfast served in his room, and stood looking out the windows which faced upon a small park, seeing nothing really until the waiter entered with his tray.

After the man had gone he studied the tray with utter absence of appetite, picking up the morning paper which lay neatly folded beside the coffee pot.

And then, with his first glimpse of headlines splashed heavily across the front page, his life merged imperceptibly into its third phase, which was to be permanent.

Ed Grogan was dead and the late edition of the morning paper carried full details of his killing.



Love moves mountains

"Notorious Gangster Slain. . . ." Danny put down the paper because the manner of Ed Grogan's going was not important, only the fact holding significance.

He was free now, as Buzz had wanted him to be.

If Buzz knew he would be pleased. . . . Danny was suddenly convinced that Buzz did know, and that he knew about Molly as well.

"Two-thirty!" said Danny aloud meditatively, glancing down at the paper to mark the time of Ed Grogan's demise, and heard Buzz as clearly as he had heard him in his troubled sleep.

"No red-hot blues for you, kid!" said Buzz, loudly and triumphantly, just as he would have said it, and Danny moved to the phone.

He had so much to tell Molly that he could never tell her that he stood frowning and uncertain until he heard her voice, and then it was, after all, quite simple because there was really only one thing Molly needed to know, and he told her that so gaily and so altogether lightheartedly that immediately joy rang out in Molly's own voice.

". . . and I'll be right over!" he finished eagerly, and felt that somewhere Buzz was smiling at his impatience.

Because Buzz, too, had loved a woman, and Buzz would understand.

Coroner's Inquest

Continued from page 20

to come in swinging his little cane and looking pretty cheerful. I said, 'How are you feeling, Jimmy?' and he said, 'I don't feel so good, Mr. Wineguard.' So I said, 'Why, what's the matter, Jimmy?' I could see there really was something the matter with him by this time.

"'I'm getting scared,' he said, and I says, 'Why?'

"'I'm starting to grow again,' he says. He said it the way you'd say you just found out you had some disease that was going to kill you in a week. He looked like he was shivering.

"'Why, you're crazy, Jimmy,' I says. 'You ain't growing.'

"'Yes, I am,' he says. 'I'm thirty-one and it's that late growth like my brother-in-law has. My father had it, but his people had money, so it didn't make much difference to him. It's different with me. I've got to keep working.'

"He went on like that for a while and then I tried to kid him out of it.

"'You look all right to me,' I said. 'How tall have you been all along?'

"'Thirty-seven inches,' he says. So I says, 'Come on into the prop-room and I'll measure you.'

"He backed away from me. 'No,' he says, 'I don't want to know how much it is.' Then he went up to the dressing-room before I could argue with him.

"All week he looked awful sank. When he showed up the next Monday evening he looked almost white.

"I grabbed him as he was starting upstairs to make up.

"'Come on out of it,' I says. I thought he'd make a break and try to get away from me, but he didn't. He just sort of smiled as if I didn't understand. Finally he says, 'It ain't any use, Mr. Wineguard.'

"'Listen,' I says, 'you've been over with that brother-in-law of yours, haven't you?' He said yes, he had. 'Well,' I says, 'that's what's bothering you. From what you tell me about him he's talked about his own tough luck so much that he's given you the willies, too. Stay away from him the end of this week.'

"HE STOOD there for a second without saying anything. Then he says, 'That wouldn't do any good. He's all alone over there and he needs company. Anyway, it's all up with me, I guess. I've grown nearly two inches already.'

"I looked at him. He was pretty pathetic, but outside of that there wasn't any change in him as far as I could see.

"I says, 'Have you been measured?' He said he hadn't. Then I said, 'Then how do you know? Your clothes fit you all right, except your pants, and as a matter of fact they seem a little longer.'

"'I fixed my suspenders and let them down a lot farther,' he says. 'Besides they were always a little big for me.'

"'Let's make sure,' I says. 'I'll get a yard-stick and we'll make absolutely sure.'

"But I guess he was too scared to face things. He wouldn't do it.

"He managed to dodge me all week. Then, last Saturday night, I ran into him as I was leaving the theater. I asked him if he felt any better.

"'I feel all right,' he says. He really looked scared to death.

"THAT'S the last time I saw him before I went over to Jersey City after Mrs. Pike phoned me Tuesday morning."

"Patrolman Gorlitz has testified that the bodies were in opposite ends of the room when he arrived. They were in that position when you forced open the door?"

"Yes, sir."

"The medical examiner has testified that they were both dead of knife wounds, apparently from the same knife. Would you assume the knife had fallen from Dawle's hand as he fell?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has it been your purpose to suggest that both men were driven to despondency by a fear of lack of employment for Dawle, and that they might have committed suicide?"

"No, sir. I don't think anything of the kind."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, when Mrs. Pike and I went in the room and I got a look at the knife, I said to Mrs. Pike that that was a funny kind of a knife for them to have in the room. You can see it's a kind of a butcher knife. Then Mrs. Pike told me it was one that she'd missed from her kitchen a few weeks before. She'd never thought either Robel or Jimmy had taken it. It struck me as funny Robel or Jimmy had stolen it, too. Then I put two and two together and found out what really happened. Have you got the little broken cane that was lying on the bed?"

"Is this it?"

"Yes, sir. Well, I'd never been convinced by Jimmy that he was really growing. So when Mrs. Pike told me about the knife I started figuring. I figured that about five minutes before that knife came into play Jimmy must have found it, probably by accident."

"Why by accident?"

"Because Robel had gone a little crazy, I guess. He'd stolen it and kept it hidden from Jimmy. And when Jimmy found it he wondered what Robel had been doing with it. Then Robel wouldn't tell him and Jimmy found out for himself. Or maybe Robel did tell him Anyway, Jimmy looked at the cane. It was the one he always carried. He saw where, when Jimmy wasn't looking, Robel had been cutting little pieces off the end of it."

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"And even our most discriminating customers marvel at how smooth, fresh and comfortable their faces feel after a 'Lifebuoy Shave'."

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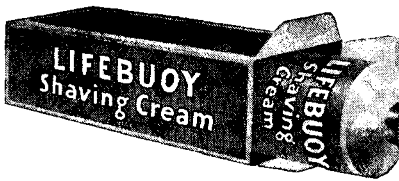

ends *tender*face

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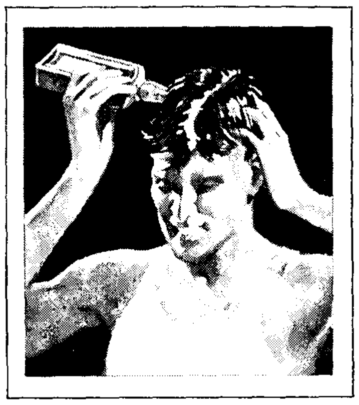

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WILDROOT
Hair Tonic . . . . . Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

Moonlight Bride

Continued from page 15

"Berthe!" Valerie exclaimed, accepting the recovered mule. "I told you I would hear no more of that. It is you who are a child, a primitive child." Her attention wandered to the figure which emerged wearily from the shadows below and mounted slowly to the terrace, a lithe strong figure in sport tweeds with a long fly rod bending over his shoulder and a heavy fishing creel slung on his back. She waved to him, her sleeve trailing. "Luck today?"

He stopped short and looked up. "Plenty luck as far as fish go," he called back. "I went up beyond the falls. You should have come. I waited an hour." He paused and smiled as he always did to mitigate some contemplated impudence, and then added:

"Lovely lady in a window, throw me down a rose."

She snatched off one of her pink mules and pitched it down at him as hard as she could. He pocketed it solemnly as he went inside. "Of course, Berthe," she said, turning back, "you are quite absurd, as I was saying. Monsieur likes fish and fields and Madame's wine cellar, as messieurs generally do. But just on the chance your sentimental suggestions are well founded, I shall send him off to Cannes tomorrow. But for Madame de Chabrières, I would have done so in the first place."

SHE remembered that first evening when she had come down to dinner and found Kirk Marriott, surprisingly stunning in his evening dress, and that tiny stone image of a pompadoured Madame de Chabrières, finishing an apéritif together on the terrace. She'd even suspected it was their second apéritif. They had been discussing Flaubert, whom Madame had known, and Marcel Proust, whom she had refused to meet. Seated at her dinner table like a little queen, with Valerie at one side and Marriott at the other, she'd answered his toast, in the perfect English of which she was so proud. "I have invited this charming gentleman to stay the fortnight with us, Valerie."

After dinner, that first evening in the dark music-room where she'd attempted to play—for who can play the piano now?—he'd asked her: "Do you mind? If you will let me, I'd like to stay here." He had the suite down at the end of the wide corridor now, and she had been fishing with him twice and tramped across fields to Digne with him once. They had sweet hours.

And so it seemed strange, after seven days, going into that long-shadowed room again, that the same issue of his going was still in her mind. Tonight, though it be seven days harder, she would make him go. Berthe's remarks had reminded her; all the time Berthe was putting her into the new long black lace evening gown which so suited the charming, intimate formality of their château evenings her determination was building.

It was not that she feared a deep hurt to him—not yet, anyway. Three days at Cannes would make him forget even her name. That thought had made Valerie search deep into herself for assurance that she was not in love with him, but her searching only pained her, too, with its proof of her own heart's death. It warmed her to see him swinging with that suggestion of limp across a field toward her. It thrilled her a little that her country was rearing such a type to represent it to the world, and she recognized instinctively that the two men she had married were not—were not like Kirk Marriott. Marriage!—she could never have allowed him, nor any man that burden—but it hurt her that she couldn't, just a little, even play she was in love.

She turned away from the piano, her few bars of "Connais-tu le pays—ou fleuris l'oranger?" that plaintive, nostalgic little cry for the land where the orange blooms, still echoing. Yes, Cannes was in her mind. "Kirk! come, sit down, will you? I want to talk to you."

He turned slowly, reluctantly almost, away from the window and sat beside her on the piano bench. His hand trembled slightly as he stubbed his cigarette into an ash tray.

Valerie had never before seen his hand tremble. "What's the matter, Kirk?"

"Do you suppose," he said, "that I don't know what you're going to say? God knows, I've felt it tremulous in the air ever since I came to this—this insecure paradise. You're going to send me away because you're afraid I'll get hurt—as if I were a boy."

Valerie smiled. "Well, you are a little boy. Oh, I know your intellect, my dear. I don't mean that. And you're man of the world enough. I just feel, though, that someone ought to take care of you and keep you out of trouble. I mean—"

"You mean that you want me to get away before I realize fully what it will mean to do without you. You're too late, Val dear." He'd taken that name for her from Madame de Chabrière's punning endearment, "Val chérie." He held her limp hands; for the strength had gone out of her with her realization that she was, as he said, too late. She hadn't the strength to stop him. "I'll do the talking, Val, because a man has the right to tell a girl he loves her, and I do so love you, every look of you, every word, every breath. Look at me—"

She shook her head, as someone fighting to consciousness out of a dream, and pushed him away with her hands on his shoulders. "I'm not in love with you, Kirk. That's all. It hurts me more than it can hurt you. I'm empty. There's none of me left. I hoped you'd get away without knowing and that a sweet conjecture about each other would linger with our memory of Chabrières."

"Why are you so, as you say, empty?" he demanded. "Because of this Ryerson affair. Oh, Madame told me all about that, Val."

"I'M GLAD," she said. "I wouldn't want you to think me the sort who would show the white feather at the last moment. I think there was more sympathy in my feeling for him than love. I knew he took drugs. We fought it together and I was rather proud— He'd deceived me all the while. I couldn't very well stay with him married, could I, Kirk? It might—leaving me out of consideration—it might have—"

"Of course," he interrupted. "You tried harder, as it was, than most women would. You suffered publicly, Val, but actually you are untouched."

He went on talking to her steadily in a low voice, of his need for her, of his hopes. "You know the State Department regards us as career men, Val. I should be ambassador one day and with you—I would."

She arose from the bench. "You will, Kirk, and that would be enough, even if I loved you. An ambassador's wife should be like Cæsar's—which Valerie Dulaney, in this world where a girl's unhappiness is so exploited, can never be. You'd be hurt. You might be ruined. I'd never risk it. Will you please go to Cannes tomorrow?"

He spread his hands helplessly. "If I must," he said. "Although it's like a sentence to prison. I wonder why this happened to me, to someone who thought at least that he was content."

"Would you rather stay for another week, Kirk, knowing? I've got to be honest with you. That's all I shall be able to remember." She touched the top of his head. "I can give you nothing."

He stood up abruptly, went to the casement window and stepped through it to the lawn. Late that night Marcel brought a note to her. "Dear Val," it said, "I'll take the week's reprieve. Let's try again for that old trout in the rock pool. We'll have to start early and I'm having Marcel prepare 'a loaf of bread, a jug of wine' in the event we don't get back for luncheon."

THEY got back about six in the evening. They did not catch the old trout in the rock pool but they caught his cousin. They had been fishers and philosophers and children in Eden with a forbidden fruit—the one subject which they dared not discuss. Valerie had skinned her knee and he had first-aided and babied her. It was one of those days, and there were three more of them before that evening when the wind and the rain whistled down the valley and the stream turned white and angry and the pines moaned low and the twilit lawn changed from light green to dark.

Madame de Chabrières had not felt so well and retired immediately after dinner. Berthe came to the music-room an hour later for Valerie. "Ah, no, Madame is not malade, Madame wishes to be amused. That is all."

She was a picture from another age, that tiny but "grande" old lady propped high in her Empire bed. "Sit here close to me, my dear child," she demanded, "so that I shall be able to tell when you are lying. Now tell me all about today." She heard all about Marriott's and Valerie's expedition in the pony trap down to Barrême and their discovery of what they thought was a first-edition Montaigne. Frequently she interrupted with sharp admonitions: "Stop skipping, my dear. That was noontime. Where did you have déjeuner and what did you eat and how much did it cost? Will you fasten my peignoir, Val chérie? I'm a little cold."

"I'll get you a spirit," said Valerie.

"Nothing, please. Stay where you are. I want to ask you some questions, Valerie, entre nous, as between women. Realities, you know. It seems to me this young Marriott is the very man. He solves your whole problem. He is clearly bonne famille; he has money; he is in progress toward a distinguished career, his gaze devours the footprints you leave behind. Yet he is unhappy."

Valerie thought a moment. Finally she said: "He is unhappy, as most of us are, because he wants something he should not have, something it would ruin him to have. I do not love him. And if I did, the more I did, the less willing I would be to marry him."

Madame shrugged, a little Buddha with the peignoir about her shoulders. "A typically sentimental, Anglo-Saxon idea," she said. "We French are more practical and our marriages more permanent. We would say, in your circumstance—'There is no reason why I shouldn't love him. Therefore I do. His career will be risked if he marries me, but a man's career is always risked when he marries and probably less so with me than with some other. There-

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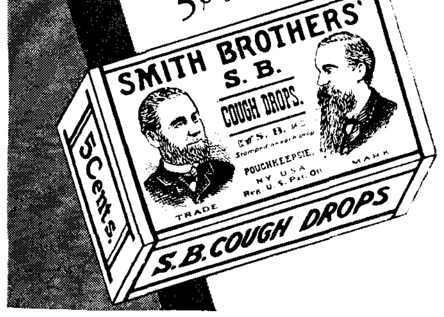

fore I will marry him.' 'Ménage—enfants—la vie—voilà!'—or we would say 'I cannot ruin this man by marrying him, but he is dearer to me than my own welfare. Therefore he may have me without marriage.' "

"If I loved him," said Valerie slowly, "I would be prepared for that."

Madame de Chabrières never heard her say it. When Valerie had lifted her gaze from the moment's embarrassment, even between women, as Madame had said, she saw her thin blue eyelids fluttering over the steely little eyes and a gray, like dust, upon the age-etched pattern of her face. "Madame! are you faint?"

SHE hurried for the spirits and tried to pour some brandy between those tight, pale lips. In a panic she rushed down the corridor. "Kirk! Can you come? Madame has an attack! Will you go over to Marcel's cottage and tell him to take the pony and race to Digne for the doctor?"

She watched him run down the lawn toward the footbridge which, on its insecure posts twenty-five feet above the foam-dashed rocks of the stream, swayed with the drive of the wind. The awkwardness which his injured ankle imparted to his running touched her strangely in some hitherto insensitive recess of heart. Dear Kirk. Clutching the handrail, under the lantern in the middle of the bridge, he turned to wave to her. She heard the cracking of wood as it gave to his weight and sent him plunging, but the sound she really heard was not that, nor the echo of her terrified scream, but the breaking of something which had been tight within her own breast.

Valerie flew down the dark slope, calling his name, saying half-articulate things, begging him not to be killed and leave her, shouting for Marcel. Kirk had climbed up the bank in time to see her coming. He saw her coming with her arms reaching out and he opened his own arms and lifted her up and close without needing any more evidence or explanation. "Stop it now, Val dear. There's no use crying. I landed in the water, I'm not hurt. Only wet. I'm so happy I wouldn't care if my back were broken. Oh, Val, you're mine after all and I'll never let you go. You do, don't you?"

She quieted. "Yes," she said, "I do, Kirk. I don't want anything to happen to you. I want to be yours—as long as you wish."

Marcel, in answer to her screams, stood on the opposite bank of the stream. Kirk shouted to him about Madame, sent him dashing off for the stables by way of the road bridge farther down. Then he lifted Valerie in his arms and carried her slowly up the lawn toward the light in the château.

Madame was up out of bed and upbraiding them all for making a disturbance long before Marcel arrived with the doctor. Then she noticed Valerie standing in the circle of Kirk's arm. "At least," she said, "I'm glad you've come to your senses about that."

Later, when she was being put to bed, she decided they should all go down to Barrême together and get the marriage done with the next day. Valerie shook her head. "There will be no marriage, chère Madame. But—he *is* dearer to me than my own welfare."

It was a valiant idea, Valerie being what she was. It carried her over thousands of miles of tradition, instinctive conviction, rooted conviction. It carried her down the corridor, buoyed by reckless defiance of her woman's practical certainty that she gambled with her own last and everlasting love and that his might pass—determined to create his happiness without a sacrifice. It carried her trembling to his door.

And at his door Valerie's valiant idea died away, like white smoke in the wind. She did not know what had become of it but it was gone. He simply laughed at her. He simply picked her up and kissed her gently and many times, and carried her, clinging, whispering, protesting, back up the corridor. "You didn't quite understand, Val dear, what I meant when I said—I love you."

"Kirk! Will you listen, Kirk? I shall never marry you, my joy, at the price of your life career. You are only a man and you don't understand—the talk—'The Daylight Bride'—the secret mockery—my dear, you are denying my one chance to show you that I am yours."

"I'd give up a career that cost me you, Val."

"No," she said, "you won't." Then a flare of pride made her draw herself away. "Good-by then, Kirk. Please remember that I tried. A girl can hardly do more. Tomorrow I shall go."

He flushed too. "And I shall find you and bring you back or—I'll resign my post." Upon that challenge the door was closed, and in the morning Valerie was gone.

There were notes in her bedroom, to Madame, to Berthe, to Marcel about sending her trunks to a friend in Paris. Kirk Marriott, frantic for a clue, telephoning police as far south as Marseille, as far west as Avignon, searching for a forgotten memorandum, a marked railroad time-table, anything that might hint a way to find her, found only that fragile ghostlike fragrance which lingers in a lovely woman's room long after she has gone.

She had been clever enough to anticipate his efforts, their completeness, their energy. He would capture her and bring her back, if he found her, by force. And he, on his part, might have been clever enough to suspect the almost surly gloom of Berthe and Marcel, the vagueness of Madame. "Very well, Madame," he said after the third day with no information and with no result of his combing of Barrême and Digne, "I shall return to Geneva tomorrow morning, and to Paris, or New York, or wherever she may have fled. I'll wire my resignation to the staff tonight."

"Marcel will take your telegram to the poste at Digne, Monsieur Marriott."

AND Valerie, safely concealed in the upper chamber of the crossroads cottage of Berthe and Marcel, from which she had watched with a pang in her heart his distraught comings and goings, his well-known figure swinging out across the fields, was quite aware of the excitement when Marcel brought the pony cart across the bridge. "I go to Digne for Monsieur Marriott, Madame. He wishes a ticket to Geneva and to send a telegram."

"Marcel!" she demanded, her commands sounding sharper in French. "How dare you, Marcel! Give me the telegram at once." She read it while Berthe held the lamp, and after a long moment of silence she and Berthe cried a little together in each other's arms and Marcel fumed and complained that he would be late.

"Wait," Valerie soothed him. "Berthe, will you go up and get my bag. You will need more money for the two tickets to Geneva, Marcel. I'll take care of the telegram myself."

They were alone together in the compartment as the wandering little train found its way among the bright hills, northward through Savoie and Chambéry toward Geneva. "Like a dream, Val darling—like a dream one dares not hope to make true. It will be by the lake at midnight, dear, and I'll invite all the newspaper men in Europe to come and watch me marry my moonlight bride."

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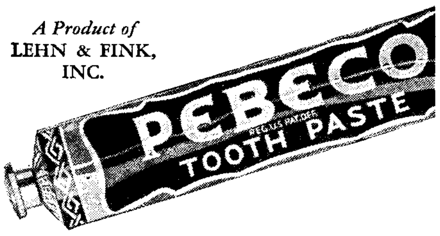

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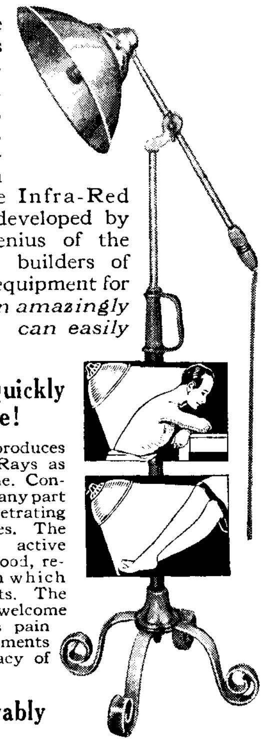

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Cowboys will be Cowboys

Continued from page 30

suitable for farming without irrigation. But the "wild hay," grama and bunch grasses that thrive upon the sun-whipped soil are surprisingly nutritious, even when drought makes them thin and sparse. A section of land—640 acres—commonly supports twenty to twenty-two head of cattle, or eighteen to twenty head of horses. That is not many. Even a small ranch must be, by Eastern standards, a domain of vast extent.

Because of the amount of such land that is necessary for the grazing of cattle in quantities, it is only recently that fencing has divided into rectangles the tortuously canyoned mesas, and the arid sweep of the New Mexican plains. The three successive years of drought in 1918, 1919 and 1920 marked a considerable change in that direction, putting an end to many a big cattle outfit that had bounded its lands by rivers, mountain ranges and county lines. The losses by the big outfits made necessary the more modest division of the ranges.

Yet even the fencing of today is less constricting than might be supposed.

The Big Drive in 1919

A "small ranch" includes twenty-five to forty sections of land. A ranch is not considered "sizable" unless it contains at least a hundred sections—an area equivalent to a square ten miles long and ten miles wide. Perhaps the average ranch in New Mexico today contains fifty sections—32,000 acres—a cow lot of fifty square miles. Within the boundaries of each ranch the land remains undivided.

The cowboy himself feels that it is only yesterday that there were no fences at all.

"Twelve or fifteen years ago," said one, "there wasn't a fence between El Paso and the Pecos River."

Too sweeping to be strictly accurate, maybe—but it gives an idea of the cowboy's own impression of it.

"I don't mean," he qualified, "there wasn't a few drift fences. There was drift fences every forty or fifty miles, some places. They run east and west, some of 'em hundreds of miles long. All the outfits joined in to put in work on them. They was needed to keep the cattle from drifting too far in winter. Lots of these fenced-in ranches has a drift base.

"Take the big drive in 1919," he went on. "A dozen or more of the big outfits pooled in together. The drought had stripped the range, and the amount of stock that was dyin' was terrible. I don't remember who-all was in that drive, nor how many head—I was only punchin'. But you could ride for miles through nothin' but head-down, bellerin' white-faces, far's you could see. The drive started from the plains east of Carlsbad, on the Pecos, and pushed northeast to Amarillo. Thousands o' head died on the way.

"I wish you could o' seen that. You couldn't drive that many cattle across there now, the way the fences is. That was the last big drive. Right there was where most of the last big outfits lost out."

I asked, "Are you sorry to see the range cut up by fences?"

He looked at me as if that question was dumb. "They was sure to get it fenced up soon or late," he suggested, as if that had been the object all along. Then he grinned and let down a notch. "Well, a fellow naturally likes to look back to the old ways. . . ."

In that vast land of mountain snows and desert cactus, piñon pines and sagebrush, the rambling Spanish-type ranch houses of adobe still stand far apart. There are less than 400,000 people in the entire state—so sparse a population that the civilization-hating timber wolf still thrives on the long slopes. The big gray wolves in fact penalize stockmen yearly at the rate of $2,000 to the wolf, and constitute an economic factor in ranching. Coyotes of course are more numerous, but more frugal, getting along on $500 worth of calves each, per annum. While in the mountains the panthers sustain life by means of $1,000 worth of calves per cat, and the lowly bobcat finds that $50 worth is about all he can steal. Of these pests the coyote, at least, is on the increase.

"The more coyotes there get to be,'" said an old cowboy, "the harder they are to poison or trap. Used to ride one down and rope him, sometimes, with a fast horse; but the varmints have picked up in speed. Never hear of roping a coyote any more. Whip, snap, and he's gone."

In a country where the timber gray can survive there is plenty of work attached to cattle ranching—and it is work that only a cowboy and his horse can do. The ruggedness of the country and the coulees and arroyos, which lace it with straight-sided cuts anywhere from five to a hundred feet deep, confine the usefulness of the motor car strictly to the roads. In rounding up cattle, or shifting them from one pasture to another, the horse is on his own ground, and at his best.

The range pony, bred in the open, and running wild until the age of three or four, still fights as he used to when he is first roped and dragged to the snubbing post—fights with all he has, and with the fear of death in his eyes and heels. He'll rear skyward, an almighty tall, demoniac figure striking with his forehoofs at the strangling rope; he'll throw himself in the air, as like as not coming down on his back—unbalanced by the haul of the rope—so hard that he bleeds at the nose; and finally, with saddle and cowboy on his back, he still knows how to pitch, buck, sunfish and pivot, with a violence fit to dislodge Old Man Panther himself, who taught the range horses' granddaddies those tricks way back in the early days.

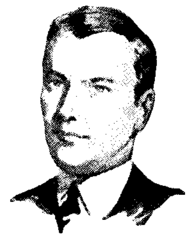
And those men in the saddle likewise know their rope. In spite of the fence that bounds most ranches now—a fence miles out of sight, often enough—branding is essential in keeping straight the ownership of stock. Most branding is now done in corrals, so that the nicely accurate work the cut-horse once 'did is no longer required. But calves are still roped and tied down for the branding in the same old way. The rope, along with the saddle, remains an essential tool in the cattle business as run in New Mexico.

The Six-Shooter

Modern methods have not left so much room for the third tool of the old-time cowboy—the six-shooter. Nearly every cowboy owns one, because the heft and feel of a gun appeals to him; but the gun seldom sees the light of day. A mercantile row with a gang of irresponsible Mexicans is about the best excuse for toting a gun that remains.

Probably there are more loaded guns in the waistbands of merchants in New Mexican towns than there are in the holsters of cowboys on the range; certainly the number of visible automatics is surprising. On the range the gun seems to have had its day. The modern

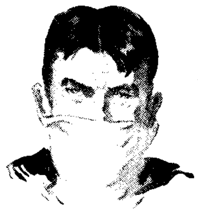
Uncle Henry



Mr. Editor

The Love Story Girl

Prof. Lucifer C. Butts



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Hereford is not the active belligerent that the longhorn was, for one thing; and the always-present danger of being dragged by a stirrup does not seem to be a sufficient incentive.

In one respect the cowboy's horse has changed more than either the man or his equipment; there are only a few real rope horses left. Formerly, when branding was done on the open range, a cow-pony was supposed to know enough to keep taut the rope from saddle horn to critter, while the rider dropped to the ground, ran down the rope, and hog-tied the roped animal.

Few horses know that trick any more. Horse and calf are apt to lope away together while the man is on the ground, nowadays. It is easier now, with improved equipment, to brand calves in corrals, where no circle riders are needed to hold the herd. In those close quarters a mounted man ropes, and a man on the ground ties. Or, more often, two mounted men rope the calf by fore and hind feet respectively, and stretch him out; while others on the ground brand, earmark, dehorn, and vaccinate against blackleg, all in one systematic and efficient operation.

The cattle, too, are a good deal changed. Horns are no longer the thing, and what few are to be seen are short. The steers with the "medium-length handle-bars," for bull-dogging at the rodeos, have to be brought up from below the Mexican border, where a few modified descendants of the longhorn still exist. The New Mexican cow of today is a white-faced Hereford, broad-backed, short-legged and heavy—altogether a suitable and efficient cow.

"You want to know how to judge a cow?" said a puncher. "I'll tell you how to judge a cow. If she's shaped like a loaf o' bread, with one leg on each corner, and a dumb look, she's O. K. If she's kind o' oblong, and her legs come in pairs, and she has a look as if she don't think she's done right by—that's a plain, eatin' cow. And if she has horns about so long, or more so, and legs more like a horse, and a real worried look, that's a rodeo cow—she ain't fit to eat."

The fenced range and the motor car have about done for the chuck-wagon, along with the longhorn steer and the smart rope horse. Once in a while a sort of farm wagon is temporarily rigged up when a big herd is going to be moved a long way; but the cook wagon as an institution is gone.

"But how about the cowboy himself? Has he changed much?" I asked an old Texan, who has been a rancher since the late sixties.

"The cowboy nowadays is out for a good time," the old-timer complained. "He always wants to be goin' some place and having some fun. That's the trouble with *him*. He won't stay put. Work a little and move on—that's what he's come to."

There you have it. The roaming cowboy of fiction is just a little more roaming than he was. That is the big change the flivver and the radio have made in *him*.

Not that the Southwest cattlemen are unreceptive to innovations. The automobile, the tractor, the motor pump, the electric power and light unit are worked in wherever they can be made practical, always providing that there has been rain to furnish funds. The breed of the Western pioneers was not brought up to take the long way round when a short-cut, though it be ingenious to the point of outlandishness, could be made to serve. Many a long sprawling adobe ranch house nowadays has a beautifully finished interior, with all modern improvements.

"Wish you'd stop by in a couple months and see the way we're going to fix this dump up," one rancher said. "Wait'll you see our hot and cold swinging doors."

A Las Vegas hotel keeper offered another viewpoint as to the present status and condition of the cowboy. In his hostelry the capacious hat and the high-heeled boot are barred, right along with dogs, poker games, commercial travelers and several other such blights upon an orderly existence. He came out flat-footed:

"There ain't any cowboys. Gone long ago."

Lonesome Cows

"Well," I objected, "these fellows out in the street here: they punch cows, don't they?"

"I suppose they do—when they can't get out of it."

"And they look like cowboys, and act like 'em, and talk like 'em?"

"I suppose *they* think they do."

"Then what are they?"

"Porch climbers!" exploded the hotel man. "Porch climbers, dressed up!"

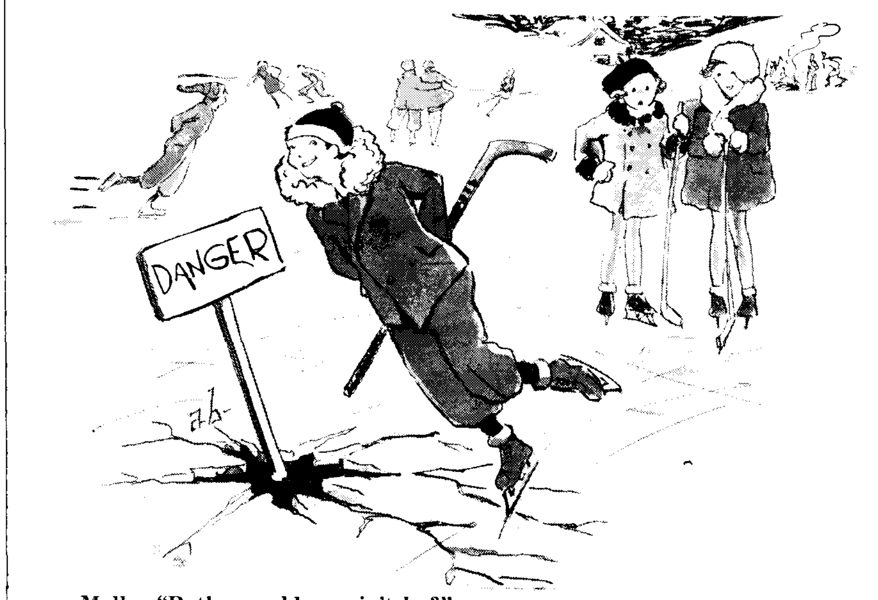
I went out into the street, where I found Bill—the same who had ridden his horse into the hotel.

"I just heard," I said, "that there aren't any more cowboys. The cowboy has vanished."

"Very likely," said Bill. "I ain't heard. Holy cripe, my poor old bean! Well, take care yourself."

"Bill, if you'll lay over a day or two—"

"Say, brother—there's millions of cows gettin' lonesome up here in the greasewood. Millions of 'em. I gotta go home."



Molly: "Rather reckless, ain't he?"
Dolly: "Yes—but I prefer that kind. They're always good spenders."

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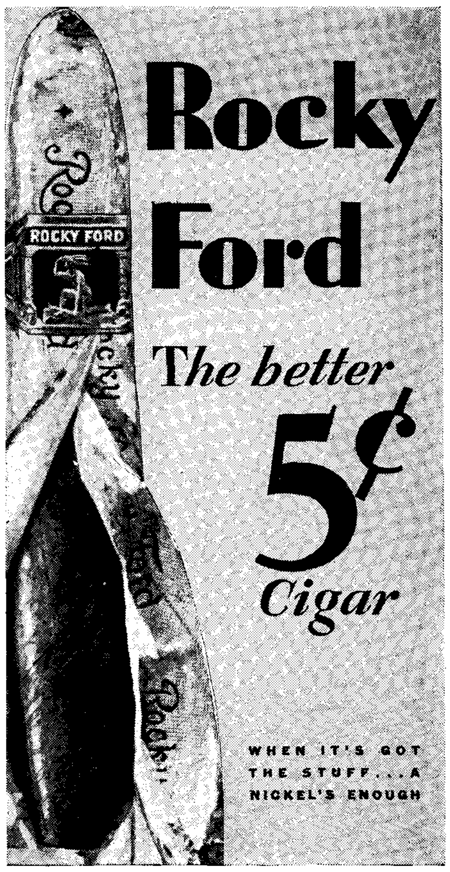

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Finders Keepers

Continued from page 12

new board of directors who were to be elected next month.

It was a good way to end the argument and the motion carried unanimously. I was kind of surprised that Winnie voted for it. A little while later I found out why.

We took up next the plans for the finals in the club championship. There wasn't much interest in it because Butterfield was certain to win. Oscar Hemming, who was to play him, had never broken eighty-five for eighteen holes, while Butterfield shot around seventy-five.

"Next Saturday at two o'clock ought to be all right," said Markham. "Then we can play the big match on Sunday afternoon."

"Let's get Butterfield," I said.

"I'll find him," Winnie spoke up. "Then I'll go on home, if you don't mind."

In a few minutes he came in, all smiles.

"How about playing two o'clock Saturday?" Harry Watterson asked him.

"All right. Er, I trust that I shall be one of you after Saturday."

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"Am I wrong about the rule that makes the club champion a member of the board of directors?" he asked.

We all looked blankly at one another and finally Harry Watterson, with a weak laugh, said, "Of course, if you win the big match on Sunday."

A couple of years before, just as a joke, we had adopted a by-law which provided that the club champion should automatically become a member of the board of directors. But there was a catch. It was, providing he beat the caddy champion. When we passed it, there seemed to be no chance that anybody ever would beat a caddy champion and we adopted it just to have some fun about the big match each year.

"Oo-o," I said to myself. "What a fix we are in now!"

BUTTERFIELD would beat Oscar Hemming easily and was rather sure to beat Jimmy McLain, who had won the caddy championship, and then we'd have the poison right in our midst!

"You'll play the caddy champion Sunday?" Harry asked. "You know, Butterfield, that you don't become a member of the board unless you beat him."

"You're not afraid of Jimmy McLain, are you?" I mopped the perspiration off my face.

"Afraid of a caddy? Nonsense."

"Maybe you want to bet on that." As soon as I said it, I knew I should have kept my mouth shut.

"Five hundred dollars," Butterfield snapped.

"I'll take two hundred of it," George Markham said quickly.

"Hundred for me," Harry Watterson offered.

"Give me a hundred," I said rather weakly.

"I'll take what's left," Doc Thompson spoke up.

"I certainly won't protest now, gentlemen," said Butterfield. "Saturday and Sunday at two o'clock." He turned to leave.

"Wait a minute," I demanded. "If Jimmy McLain knows that this money is bet on him he'll be so nervous that he won't have a chance. In all fairness we should agree not to say a word to anybody about this bet."

"Very well," said Butterfield. "You all agree?" When everybody nodded he left the room. . . .

I shall pass rapidly over the finals in the club championship. Oscar Hemming tried too hard and Butterfield won on the twelfth green.

Sunday, after church, I drove to the club. When I went out to the kitchen Mom McLain was singing, and Jimmy was standing by the door.

"Why aren't you out there warming up, young fellow?" I asked.

HE GRINNED and held out his hand, which contained four new Black Eagle balls that cost one dollar each. There is no demand for dollar balls at our club. We get along with fifty- and seventy-five-cent ones—that is, everybody except Butterfield, who has Yellow Circles shipped to him from New York.

"I just brought these in to show them to Mom," he said. "Mr. Watterson sent to Kansas City for them and gave them to me. If I win I get eight more."

"The eight are just as good as in your bag then," I said, and I certainly hoped it was true talk. "How'd you like to have me caddy for you?"

"Will you do it? Honest?" he cried eagerly. "Oh, say, Mr. Jennings, that'll be great!"

It looked as if the whole town had come out. Butterfield was on the ninth green practicing putts and when I got down there I found Winnie Rhinehart looking at him with what you might call adoring eyes.

"We'll be ready to start in a few minutes," I said. "Have you your caddy?"

"Oh, any will do," he replied, sinking a ten-foot putt, which didn't cheer me up any.

"We'll have a committee of three officials. One named by you, one by Jimmy, and the two choose a third."

"Winnie will do for me," he said, and I went back to the caddy house.

Jimmy named Harry Watterson as an official and he and Winnie Rhinehart chose Oscar Hemming. I picked up Jimmy's bag and the match was on.

Butterfield won the toss, and without any preliminaries socked his Yellow Circle over the gully in front of the tee and it stopped in the middle of the fairway 200 yards up the hill.

"Take your time, Jimmy," I said.

He came back too fast, topped his drive and it plunked down in the gully. It was a rotten start, but Jimmy had backbone and he lost that first hole, but he took the second and halved the third. It was a tough scrap and they reached the ninth tee all square.

As Jimmy took a handful of sand out of the box Butterfield came over to where Harry Watterson and I were standing and in a voice loud enough for Jimmy to hear said, "Do you fellows want to double up on your bet? I'll give you another five hundred."

Jimmy gave a start and turned around with a questioning look. Then he sliced his drive into the rough.

Harry and I were raging inside and didn't answer Butterfield and as he took his place on the tee Winnie stepped close and asked in a low tone, "Are you fellows betting on this match?"

"Yes," I muttered, taking care that Jimmy didn't hear. "And we agreed not to let Jimmy know."

She bit her lip and scowled and we all left the tee following Butterfield's perfect drive, to look for Jimmy's ball in the rough.

As we went down the fairway Jimmy asked anxiously, "Mr. Jennings, is that true? Are you men betting five hundred dollars on me?"

"Don't pay any attention to what he says," I said angrily.

"But it's true, isn't it?"

"Well, yes, we made a little bet, but don't let that worry you."

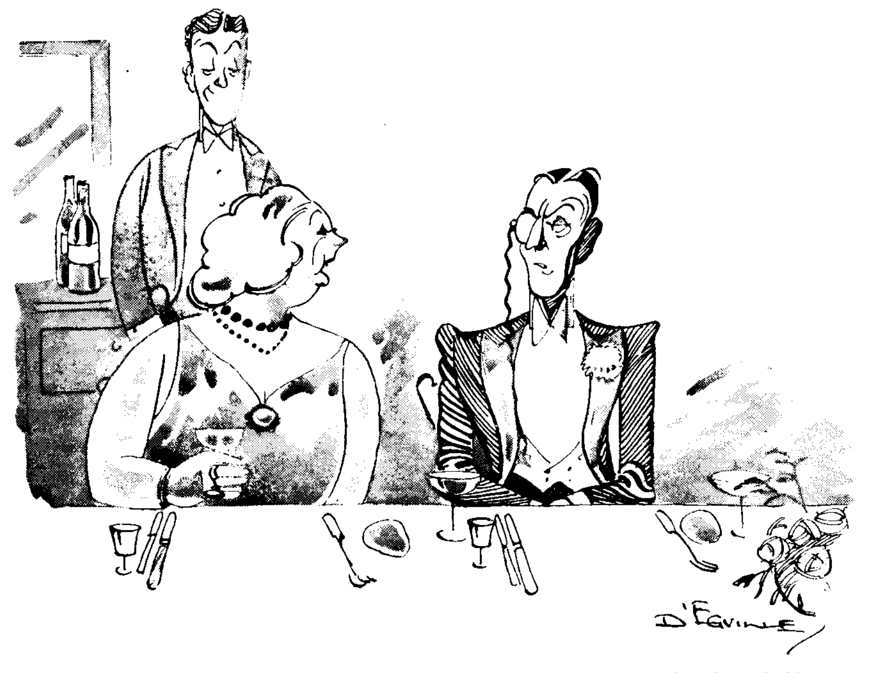
BUT talk didn't do any good. He tightened up, took two to get out of the rough, sent his fourth over the green into a trap and finally took three putts and finished with an eight, one down.

Mom McLain was at the ninth green and she knew something was wrong.

"What's happened?" she asked me. I told her.

She went over and walked beside Jimmy, who was coming up from the ninth green with his head down, and whispered something to him. When he reached the tee he patted her on the shoulder and turned to me, his face beaming. He rubbed his hands together and said, "Hot dog! Give me that driver!" and I felt that everything was all right.

Both drives were good as they started the second round. We walked down through the gully from the tee and Butterfield stepped on something,



"Why do you wear that silly thing in your eye, Mr. Blundersburgle?"
"It's the only way I can keep the ribbon up."

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stooped and picked up a Black Eagle which Jimmy had lost on the first hole.

"Here's what cost you that hole," he said, kind of sneering. He held up the ball.

"Thanks," said Jimmy, reaching out for it.

"Finders keepers," said Butterfield, and he put the ball in his pocket.

"But, Mr. Butterfield—" Jimmy began to protest.

"Never mind, Jimmy," I muttered. "That'll give him bad luck."

Jimmy was relaxed and began knocking off beautiful golf but Butterfield was still one up after playing five holes on the second nine.

Our sixth is a short one, a 156-yard mashie shot, downhill to a green that is in the center of thick woods. Butterfield's shot rolled over and Jimmy's was on the edge of the green. When we got down there, however, we saw that Butterfield's ball had stopped on a plantain leaf and he had a good lie, but still there was a chance that he might not lay it up close enough for a three.

We were all crowded around the green as Butterfield chipped his ball clean and it started straight for the cup. His caddy stood beside the flag, but he had not taken it out of the hole. He tugged at it but it stuck. I had a flash of exaltation, for if the ball hit the pin Butterfield would lose the hole. Jimmy jumped, grabbed the pole and jerked it out just in time to let the ball go plunk into the cup for a two.

What a noise the women made! Not one of them appreciated what Jimmy had done—except Winnie Rhinehart. As he walked off the green, two down and three to go, after taking a par three, she squeezed his arm and said, "You're a good sport, Jimmy."

HARRY WATTERSON grabbed me by the arm and as Butterfield was teeing up he pulled me off to one side and whispered, all excited:

"Listen! Let's tell Jimmy! It won't do any harm and it might help!"

"Tell him what?"

"That if he loses this match Butterfield gets on the board of directors and will get Mom fired. Jimmy's sagging now. It's a long chance but let's try it."

"Fore!" Butterfield snapped at us. I'd forgotten that he was shooting. We shut up and he knocked out a 225-yard drive.

"Go to it!" I said to Harry and he took Jimmy over to one side of the tee and told him.

Jimmy's face was like a thundercloud when he teed up his ball. His drive was twenty yards beyond Butterfield's, his second was on the green and he sank a fifteen-foot putt for a birdie that put him one down and two to go. They halved the next hole with pars, leaving Butterfield one up and one to play. Then Jimmy laid his approach dead on the eighteenth and squared the match. They were tied, and the one that next won a hole took the match.

Jimmy's drive was sharp and true.

As he stepped back, Butterfield pointed to Jimmy's tee.

"He'll have to shoot it over," he said. "He was ahead of the line."

There was murder in Jimmy's eye as he glanced at Butterfield, but rules are rules.

"I'm sorry," he said. He drove again but sliced slightly and the ball jumped into a patch of swamp land.

Butterfield pressed and his tee shot hooked into short rough 210 yards out. I had already started off to look for Jimmy's ball and I shouted when I found it on the top of a tiny mound of earth at the edge of the swampy ground. It was a good lie. Butterfield, Jimmy, Winnie Rhinehart and Harry came up behind me.

"Are you sure that's the way you found it?" Butterfield demanded.

"Of course it is," Winnie asserted. Harry held me back and told me to keep quiet. I wanted to sock Butterfield.

"Don't you think that's where it stopped, Mr. Butterfield?" Jimmy asked.

"Looks queer to me," sneered Butterfield.

Then something took hold of Jimmy, the spirit of some good old Scotch warrior who liked to make faces at tyrannical kings.

"I think, Mr. Butterfield," he said, "that I can win even without a good lie here." Before I could stop him he picked up the ball, faced the green and dropped it over his shoulder and it rolled into a little muddy depression.

"Jimmy!" I exclaimed, thinking of my hundred dollars. "Why on earth did you do that?"

"He's a big stiff!" Jimmy muttered and took a niblick and laid the ball seventy-five yards up the fairway.

BUTTERFIELD found his Yellow Circle perched nicely on dead grass and after waiting for us to reach the top of the hill, took his brassie and put the ball over the brow, still in the rough at the left of the fairway.

Winnie Rhinehart walked over to find it and the rest of us waited for Jimmy's ball, which went screaming up the hill, took a big bound and rolled on the green.

Butterfield's caddy and Winnie still were looking for his ball when the crowd came up. At the end of five minutes the committee declared the ball lost and instructed Butterfield to go back and drop a ball, taking a penalty stroke.

With sour looks he protestingly obeyed—he certainly hated to lose a ball—and before he could control his temper he was lying five on the green with Jimmy shooting four. It was a matter of seconds for Jimmy to sink his long putt and the whole crowd, even the women, whooped and hollered and we carried him on our shoulders all the way back to where Mom McLain sat beaming on the porch. She folded him in her arms and the first to seize his hand when Mom let him go was Winnie Rhinehart. I heard her whisper, "Jimmy, you'll never know what you've done for me."

I went out to get some ginger ale and Winnie followed me.

"I've been a darned fool," she said. "I'm going to withdraw that resolution about doing things to the club. There's something terribly wrong about a man who plays the kind of golf Mr. Butterfield did."

"Do you mean it?"

"I certainly do. Look! Don't ever tell anybody."

Before my very eyes she pulled a Yellow Circle ball out of the pocket of her jersey, the ball Butterfield had lost.

"Finders keepers," she said.

"What did you do that for?"

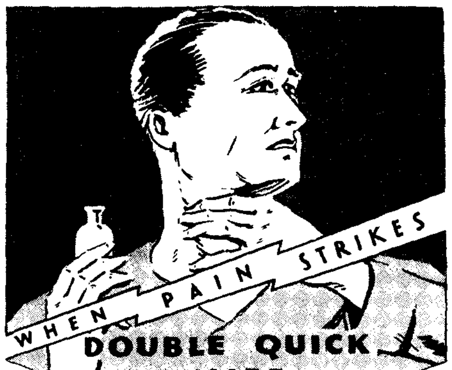
"I thought maybe things would work out better for me if I tried to help the Lord answer Jimmy's prayers," she said.

I gave a yell and threw my arms around her and nobody else ever knew about the lost ball except my wife, who happened to come in at that moment. It took a lot of explaining but it came out all right and we had the Rhineharts over to dinner the next Sunday.

MR. JENNINGS asked me if I didn't want to try a good Winesap apple. I did.

"And the women all turned on him? That ended it?" I asked incredulously.

"That," he said, grinning, "and the fact that Butterfield had been posing as a bachelor and a week later his wife and three children arrived unexpectedly from New York."



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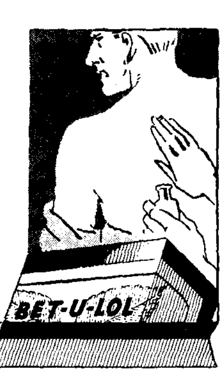

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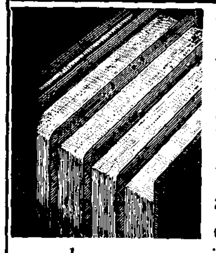
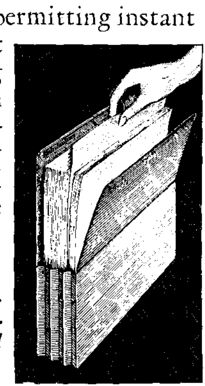

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Ten Years' Promotion in One

Snarling Devils

Continued from page 10

believe? Here you have the explanation:

The tiger is taught to leap from his pedestal to another seat or to a platform a short distance away. Day by day the distance is increased until the tiger springs fifteen feet through space without difficulty. One day the trainer stoops beneath the tiger as he makes the jump, but the animal's mind is intent on reaching the seat at the end of the jump and he doesn't notice the man.

In a few rehearsals the trainer can stand to his full height and the trick is ready to go into the act. Of course the trick is not as simple as it may seem. If the pedestal should slip, several hundred pounds of frightened tiger would land on the trainer. It is well to remember that a frightened or badly confused tiger, even though thoroughly trained, is little safer than an unbroken cat.

A Hoop of Fire

It is harder of course to teach a tiger to jump through a hoop of fire. First he is taught to make the jump. Then a large hoop is placed between the pedestals. He jumps through this hoop without noticing it. Each day the hoop is a little smaller until at last it is just large enough to permit the tiger to pass through. Then a few inches along the under side of the hoop are soaked in gasoline and ignited before the animal makes his jump. This also is increased gradually until the hoop is all ablaze when the cat leaps through. It may take months of training.

The revolver which the trainer carries is loaded with blanks and is used as a last resort when animals are being trained. A blinding flash and stinging powder will drive off a murder-bent cat unless the animal has become used to it. Mabel Stark had a huge bundle of striped fury that had become accustomed to the gun and no longer feared it. But she could drive that animal all over the place with a little whip!

Cat animals are not fed before they do their afternoon turn. To feed them just before their act would be to render them sluggish and hard to handle. They are fed at about five o'clock, and for half an hour thereafter the menagerie tent is a symphony of the loudest roaring that ever came out of any jungle. This vocal exercise seems to aid digestion. It also clears the animal tent of visitors who linger on after the show is over. The animals are not fed on Sunday. They seem to know when the fasting day is at hand and lie quietly in their cages.

Despite the fact that tigers are never completely tamed, and regardless of the countless wounded and dead trainers whose plight bears witness to the eternal savagery of the circus cat, the tiger nevertheless has a status in the circus that insures his personal safety.

The circus tiger is far too valuable an animal to injure just because a human being gets careless and invites an argument. Even though he be in mortal combat with his trainer, the tiger seldom is shot. He is a whirlwind in action and a good marksman would be as apt to shoot the trainer as the cat. The circus tiger who has played his rôle too realistically will be put back into the act as soon as the trainer recovers—or a new one is substituted—or he will be sold to a zoo.

There are a lot of people who still believe that trainers control their wild animals through hypnotic effect. For example, if the trainer can just catch the eye of a tiger or a lion before it springs to the attack, trouble will be averted and the animal completely hypnotized by the steady stare! A pretty theory. But it doesn't work out!

While Mabel Stark was *en route* to Columbus to rejoin the circus after her release from the hospital, a reporter asked her:

"If you could have caught that tiger's eye, he wouldn't have harmed you, would he, Miss Stark?"

The trainer smiled at the journalist and asked him what he supposed the other fifteen tigers would be doing while she stared her immediate antagonist in the eye. "I used my gun, my whip and every bit of strength I could muster; not my eyes!" she assured him.

Nevertheless, there are countless wild animal trainers who pride themselves upon the "friendships" they have been able to make with their cats. Many raise lions, tigers and leopards from cubhood in their homes or during the circus season. Tiger cubs, or punks as they are called in circusdom, make beautiful pets and can be handled with comparative safety by children until they are three months old.

The apparent affection of a certain tiger for his mistress and his subsequent grief at their separation have become one of the classics in circus history.

For several years the feature of the Al. G. Barnes circus was a wrestling act between a little blond trainer and a huge Bengal tiger. Mabel Stark was the trainer and "Rajah" the Bengal. The animal seemed to enjoy the act and never harmed his trainer beyond a few unintentional scratches one might well expect to receive while wrestling with a tiger.

Then came a day when Mabel Stark accepted an offer from the "Big One," as the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey circus is called by show people. Rajah was the property of the Barnes circus and his trainer was obliged to leave him behind. Another woman was chosen to wrestle with the great cat, but Rajah had other ideas and his new partner was seriously injured at the first rehearsal. After he had mauled a second substitute, the tiger was declared unmanageable and sold to the Mexico City Zoo.

Dead of a Broken Heart

He became stupid and irritable and spent his time sleeping in a corner of his den. But Rajah remembered the days when he was part of a great portable city that pitched its billowing white tops among strange noises, strange faces and in all sorts of weather. His plight was similar to that of the fire department horse that was sold to the milk man. Rajah was hitched to the "milk wagon" as compared to the former life under circus canvas. The zoo was too quiet and nothing interested him.

But whenever a blond head appeared, he would bound out of his corner and pace up and down, purring joyously, his amber eyes peering anxiously through the bars in search of the one thing he loved. When he was satisfied that the blond head did not belong to the object of all his savage affection, he would return to his corner and whimper like a hurt kitten.

Rajah's health failed rapidly and one morning he did not respond to the attendant who pushed him a pan of milk and raw meat. Where is there anyone in all circusdom who will say that Rajah did not die of a broken heart?

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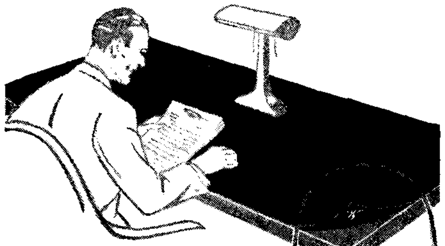

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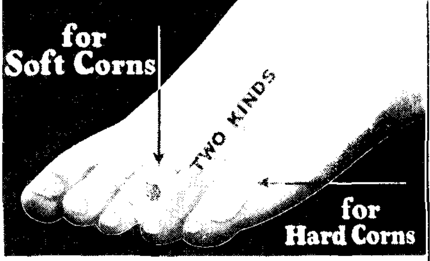

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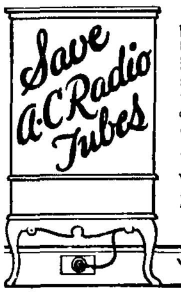

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King George, Gentleman

Continued from page 26

daughter, strong in their love for each other, entered the abbey hand in hand. His Majesty was not the sovereign but the father on that day. His pride and joy could be seen when he led Princess Mary and her husband on to the balcony at Buckingham Palace. It was as a father too that the King dispelled any sadness, when the bridal pair left on their honeymoon, by pelting them vigorously with paper rose leaves, made at his special request by wounded soldiers. It was only after they had gone that the King turned with a sigh and said, "How we shall miss her!"

Dukes, Marquises and Earls

The next royal family happening of importance and excitement was the announcement in 1923 of the engagement of the Duke of York to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon. It was entirely a love-match and the King gave his consent with the utmost willingness, though it had been two hundred and fifty years since a Prince in direct succession to the British throne had received the King's consent to marriage with a subject. When King George during the war changed the family name to Windsor, he also abolished the rule that members of the royal house must marry only members of royal families. Henceforth, they would be allowed to choose their wives and husbands from the families of dukes, marquises and earls.

The year was full of those domestic happenings that the King loved so well, for on February 7th a son was born to Princess Mary and there was great delight over the birth of the first grandchild.

The Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth were married on April 26th and again, as with his own daughter, his Majesty pelted the pair with rose leaves on their departure and helped to tie the traditional old shoe to the back of the car.

In 1925 the King suffered an attack of bronchitis from which he recuperated on a trip through the Mediterranean. It was lovely weather but the King was pining for home and Cowes Bay. He returned in April very fit and brown, and went immediately to see his mother, who was growing very frail. In November of that year she began to fail, and with her son and daughters and her beloved daughter-in-law about her she passed away.

Life is fortunately a mingled web of laughter and tears. In the spring of the next year a great joy came into the royal family with the birth of a daughter to the Duke and Duchess of York. She was named Elizabeth Alexandra Mary, but his Majesty really decided her name, for he said, "She will soon be Betty; no little girl can keep up the dignity of Elizabeth."

The year passed quietly. There were well-deserved holidays at Cowes, Balmoral and Sandringham. Windsor is not used very much by their Majesties as a residence, owing to the enormous cost of running it. It requires a staff of three hundred, at least. Sandringham, with its greater sense of home, has always meant more to the King. On October 30th their Majesties returned to Buckingham Palace, and in great state the King opened the last session of the sixth parliament of his reign on November 6th.

November 11th was, as usual, kept by the King and Queen as a day of sacred remembrance. In the morning the King laid a wreath of Flanders poppies on the Cenotaph, and in the evening attended with the Queen the great British Legion Service at the Royal Albert Hall. On the next day their Majesties went back to Sandringham, and here it is believed that his Majesty caught the chill which resulted in his serious illness. I know Wolferton Marshes and am well aware how damp they can be. I was not with the royal party, but heard that another member of the shooting-party felt the effects of the damp and was excused from continuing by the King. His Majesty went on, although he was seen to be shivering when he returned home. His Majesty's homes are delightful, but Windsor has a damp climate and Sandringham a bleak one, and the cold can be very acute at the latter. The King needs a climate that is both warm and dry, but this seems to be an impossibility in England. Their Majesties returned to London on November 19th, and on the 21st a bulletin was issued:

> "His Majesty is suffering from a cold with some fever, and is remaining in bed. (Signed) Stanley Hewett,
> Dawson of Penn."

That was the beginning of long weeks of anxiety, which not only concerned our country but was shared by the whole world. On November 3d the doctors diagnosed congestion of one lung, and the bulletins became more frequent and more alarming. Not many people will forget those anxious days of December when the King lay in his bedroom fighting the hardest fight he has ever fought. Outside Buckingham Palace crowds of silent men and women waited for the latest news. A profound gloom brooded over the palace. Some of us who remembered the crowds at the palace during King Edward's brief illness noticed a slight difference between the two crowds. There was less excitement about King George, but more personal concern.

I had never realized how greatly the King was loved until his serious illness. When, in the first midnight bulletin issued on December 2d, the heart strength of his Majesty was first mentioned, and disquieting rumors were spreading over London, I looked at that vast white-faced crowd, and wondered whether in the whole world a man had ever been beloved as the King was. The people have always turned to Buckingham Palace in great events in our national history. Seeing them standing there, I thought of all that had happened outside those gates in the last few years. At the beginning of the war and at the end of the war his Majesty's subjects had turned to the palace. The King had done so much for them. I think that the great thought which rose from that mass of people was, "Now that he is ill, how can we repay him, and show him that we love him?"

The Prince "Takes Over"

On December 4th a Council of State was set up to act for the King, the appointment being authorized at a Privy Council meeting held at the door of the sick-room. By this time the Prince of Wales was on his way home from Africa. He arrived home on December 11th at 10 o'clock in the evening. Victoria Station was bleak and almost deserted. There were crowds behind the barriers, mostly men, but they were silent. There was no red carpet. A breathless feeling of tension seemed to pervade the whole atmosphere. The Duke of York arrived to

(*Continued on page 60*)

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(*Continued from page 59*)

meet his brother, passing through the crowds with set face. I saw the Prince as he alighted. He looked tired out, and, without saying a word, clasped his brother's hand, and walked quickly with him across the platform. The King recognized his son when he went to the bedroom, and the very sight of him seemed to do him a little good for the moment. He even tried to smile, as he murmured that the Prince would have "to take over."

On December 12th an operation was performed for drainage of the right side of the chest, and then began the weary days of ebb and flow when none of us knew what we might hear next. For the King's friends it was an almost unendurable time, but it was alleviated by the sympathy of the whole Empire.

In the United States of America the daily newspapers which used to write on "King George," now wrote of "The King," as if there were no other king of any interest to their readers. Every bulletin was recorded daily, and read by millions.

At Craigwell House

When the King was very ill, he could not bear Queen Mary to be out of his sight. She was often in his room for hours together, and was the only one who could persuade him to take any food at all during the critical stage of his illness. Her Majesty's bedroom was very close to that which the King occupied, and she made it a rule to visit his room once or twice each night to see that he was resting. Often he could obtain no sleep at that time. If he was not restful, she would ask the nurse if she might sit by him, and would often hold his hand until the early hours of the morning.

Some people thought that the public should not have been given such intimate details regarding the King's illness, and that they should not have been told how ill he was. Vague bulletins, concealing the actual serious condition of the patient, might have been issued, but the King insisted that, from the beginning, his people should not be misled in any way about his illness. In the early stages he had the newspaper reports read aloud to him, so that he might be certain that the doctors' bulletins were given fully.

Slowly his Majesty began to get better, and eventually went down to recuperate at Craigwell House, near Bognor. The doctors were delighted with his Majesty's wonderful recovery, which, they said, was due to a great extent to his own will-power.

It seems to me, after watching his life for so many years, that at Craigwell House he had a vision, as it were, of his life and interests. There was the sea almost at his very doors—the sea that he loved and still loves with an almost passionate intensity—on which so much of his life has been spent. There were the long, lean horses exercising on the sands, to remind him of his life as a sportsman. Nearer still was the home life that has always meant so much to him.

Lastly—perhaps nearest to him of all—on the table beside him lay the dispatch-box with its State papers, and the pile of newspapers. For, above the sea and sport, above even his home ties, is his knowledge of and devotion to the duties and responsibilities of kingship. Never has he failed to put them first.

So we raise our glasses thankfully, perhaps a little tremulously, and the voice of the Nation, yea, the voice of the Empire, echoes the words that come from our very hearts—"The King, God bless him!"

Model Maids

Continued from page 9

She had a cleverly pretty face with wise, gray-blue eyes. This was Miss Joan Clement, daughter of a famous editor of the staid Boston Transcript, and acknowledged to be one of the four best models in all Manhattan.

With perfect ease Miss Clement took this inquiring reporter in hand. During a jolting taxi ride she delivered a verbal biography. Graduate of the Finch school, once a seventy-five-a-week show girl, attached to the Theater Guild, awaiting rehearsals for a part in Tom, Dick and Harry, a new Ziegfeld show. Meantime keeping the wolf from the door by turning an honest dollar—fifty of them a day, to be exact—wearing clothes in pictures and fashion shows. Twenty-four, with a swift-moving vocabulary of shop, drawing-room and night club, it was quite obvious that if onions were known to anyone, the name was Joan Clement.

We paused at the side-street door of a huge Fifth Avenue establishment. Down one alley Miss Clement popped and I was led to an upper region. A typical store show was in progress, and an ordinary journeyman journalist was on the inside of the temple of style.

Expert young women, notebooks open, sat before a long, narrow black platform backed by neutral-colored screens. A colored movie of Deauville and Cannes was being explained by a girlish lecturer. As gay female figures strolled down a golden beach their frank attire was described. This, the European advance mode of late summer, would be the Palm Beach mode of winter.

The picture stopped and another young woman took charge: one of the directors of this establishment, who talked with the assurance of a highly paid executive. The parade began. The directress breezed through descriptions.

Joan Clement, our heroine, sailed in and out of costumes, before and behind the screen, with casual grace. She made seven changes in all, ducked the dinner party that closed this professional show and displayed a check for thirty-five dollars. She had been in the building less than an hour.

"This," she explained, "is the minimum fee for a show. If it takes up most of the evening the charge is fifty dollars or more.

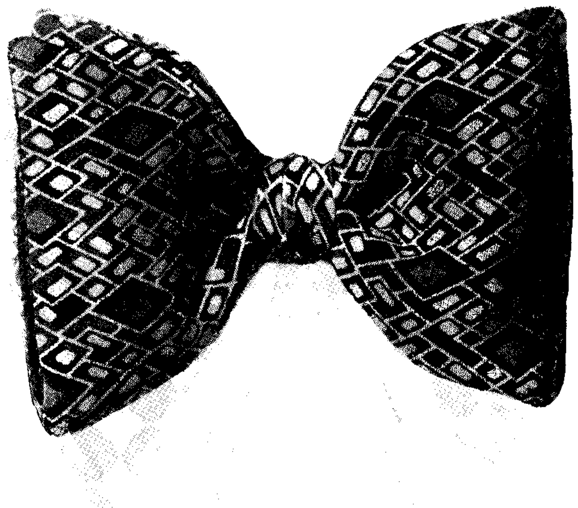
"Fees are all regulated, and clearly understood. A minimum of ten dollars an hour for photography: fifty dollars, if the picture is to be used in advertisements. Now"—she did not refer to a diary—"this has been my day:

A Modern Cleopatra

"Three photographic appointments this morning at ten dollars each, a fashion fitting for a show tomorrow. Oh, yes, the fee is five dollars per fitting for whatever gowns we'll display. I had another photo engagement at five-thirty, and the fashion show you have just seen."

"An eighty-dollar day," was murmured reverently.

"Yes," the lady was quick at figures, "and last Friday was a one-hundred-and-sixty-dollar day. But that's too exhausting. I posed for three color photo-



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It sounds like a fairy tale, doesn't it, to be well and happy so easily? Well, all you need to do to find out if these people have made a real discovery is to get a bottle of Nujol today in its sealed package at any drug store and take it for two weeks. See if you don't join the happy millions who have discovered that the sure way to happiness is through *health*. Begin Nujol tonight!

graphs, charged double rate and earned it. Color photography requires so much care with light and slow exposure that it's a terrible strain on the model. Try to keep still for two and a half minutes at a time. You'll want to be paid for it. Two fashion shows—one afternoon and one evening—with fittings, and two hand poses—one jewelry, one gloves—in the morning made it about the heaviest day I've experienced."

Among the best sellers of modeling there is one who doesn't like it, one who detests it. Marion Morehouse, the super-exotic who looks, in a jet-black evening gown, what Cleopatra might have hoped to look on her first at-home to Mark Antony if the Egyptian stylists had known as much as their Parisian and Fifth Avenue successors.

The sensation of most New York first nights is not a multi-millioned queen of the mythical Four Hundred, but a blond Diana of the fashion chase named Gurle André, a Belgian beauty who can set off dark fabrics more poignantly than any known model. There's dazzling Muriel Finley, a vision of petite blond grace; Mary Heberden, thin, smart and English, or Constance Verlegh, who might have the surname Talmadge and nobody would know the difference. All these are among the very limited élite of the more extended élite whose engagements are arranged by Mr. John Powers.

Nellie the Cloak Model

Studying their crowded calendars, which are marked into fifteen-minute periods like local calls on a radio-station log, one realizes how this supply of shapely and lovely talent does not meet the demand.

Wherever you see them, and you can range Fifth Avenue and find groups of them in some place at any hour of all but the hottest summer days, you find them a democracy of beauty. Some are daughters of delicatessen storekeepers, others stepped last week out of cloistered convents or exclusive finishing schools. All have the enamel of sophistication in their bearing, a knowing air, that cannot discount physical freshness and fitness.

"We are recruiting them all the time," let Mr. Powers explain. "The girls we have meet other girls socially. Now," he indicated by a polite quirk of the head an easy eyeful leaning gracefully against an ornamental bookcase in his reception-room, "that young lady is here, I know, without her parents' consent. She's a society girl—a Junior Leaguer—utterly bored and eager to get some sort of employment. We have it for her. She's a perfect sports-girl type."

For a moment the mind, the perfect sports girl having sailed out to pose for a dental cream, wandered backward in its flight, far, far downtown from Mr. Powers' ornate bureau.

There, in the days when tights were bold and even daring soubrettes wore stomachers when they did the cakewalk, was an emporium for out-of-town buyers and about-town modes. Gentlemen from Missouri and elsewhere went there to be shown. They were shown. They left orders behind them not always dictated by sober business judgment. Blandishment was practiced: what the boys call entertainment. You could drop in there, if you were lucky enough to know an important buyer. You could share the entertainment given the boys with out-of-town order blanks. You could gurgle pre-war liquor and view pre-war fashions and pre-war lassies in days when pleasure was elegantly mixed with business. The girls were not called hostesses, but that was their principal function. They went by the name of models. So generally was it conceded that their daytime work was supplanted by labor after office hours that outdoor evangelists included "cloak models" in the litany of brazen sinners for whom the devout should pray.

Indeed, an entire generation held "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model" as the ideal opposite of gay ladies flourishing in a hazardous occupation.

The truth lies somewhere between Nellie, vigorously virtuous Nellie, and the bold mesdemoiselles of the hoop-skirt and directoire era. Beauty and spare-time amiability were then essentials. Now beauty is less important than brains. The girls have finesse, technique, savoir-faire and an abiding sense of personal dignity.

I watched Miss Betty Maar posing for a dentifrice advertisement, likewise in an ermine evening wrap. To the uninitiated a beauty by the camera lens a beauty was and nothing more. But the smocked photographer rhapsodized:

"See the difference! That girl droops her lids just to the right hundredth of an inch. And on that wrap observe the play of her right thumb. It simply tells observing eyes—and all women keenly observe clothes—that she cherishes the wrap, that she tugs at its luxury and will not part with it."

And a thickset, cigar-smoking gentleman who was paying the bills for all this said bluntly:

"She sells the stuff by making it desirable."

"I've never known any model to be given a dress at a show," Miss Joan Clement reports. "And I don't know any model worth her salt who ever pays full prices for her wardrobe. For instance, this coat would cost you six hundred dollars. I paid two hundred and sixty-six dollars for it."

Little wonder, when they want to be, that they're the smartest girls on the Avenue. French couturiers, visiting New York, observed this—Worth, Lelong, and the agents of Patou and the great Chanel, whose name is rarely uttered minus genuflections. They yearned for an interchange of models. Dorothy Smart, then America's leading model, went over to Paris. Miss Smart, now a beautiful Westchester matron, returned tout'suite from Paris. American models regard their profession as a business, not a by-product of a very much older profession.

Yet the Parisians would give much to have American models. Biologists may be able to explain this better than stylists. The American girl's admixture of strange and vital racial strains gives her a piquant beauty, and the keen American intelligence for "presence" gives her an instinct for the chic that makes her naturally excellent. Models who have worked in Paris and New York hope and prophesy that the great French couturiers, who have the insuperable advantage of tradition, will make America the world center of fashion because in America they can find the most effective, the most appealing models to project their creations.

A Grand Racket

In a calling so lucrative, where average weekly earnings of the free lances rarely fall below one hundred dollars, vacations included, professional jealousy is surprisingly absent.

"Why should we try to form a closed corporation?" the intelligent and articulate Miss Joan Clement again has the floor. "Work is increasing even when the stock market slumps and the big Fifth Avenue stores lose customers to Sixth Avenue. Anyhow, we veterans of twenty-five are moving up from the débutante and college-girl class and welcome successors. Again, those who hire us like rotation, fresh faces."

THE UNIVERSITY of the NIGHT

THE YOUNG LINCOLN, poring over borrowed schoolbooks far into the night—seeking in the dim light of his log fire the transforming light of knowledge—eager to grow—eager to do—here is a picture that has touched the hearts of men in every country on the earth — here is an example which, for threescore years, has inspired the man who strives against the odds of circumstance to make his place in the world.

Tonight, in cities and towns and villages, on isolated farms and on the seven seas—thousands of men will drop their daily labors to fight, beneath the lamp, the battle that Lincoln fought—to wring from the hours of the night the education of which circumstance deprived them in the days when they might have gone to school.

Up from the mines, down from the masts of ships, from behind counters and plows, from chauffeurs' seats and engine cabs, from factories and offices—from all the places where men work they will go home and take up their books because they yearn to grow, because they seek higher training, more responsibility, lives more profitable, and work more satisfying.

Two generations ago these men, some of them married, all of them with a living to earn by day, would have had no place to turn for the courses of study and the personal guidance they need.

But in response to their want a school was founded—a school that *goes to them* no matter where they are — a school whose courses are prepared by the foremost authorities, whose textbooks are written for study in the home, whose instructors guide their students by personal correspondence.

Beginning with a single course in coal mining, the International Correspondence Schools have grown today to an institution with 241 standard courses and scores of special courses, covering practically every technical and business subject.

In the thirty-eight years of its history the I. C. S. has furnished instruction to nearly four million men. Many of them now occupy positions of leadership in their fields. Most of them have been helped to greater earning power, to higher skill or craftsmanship, to the added character and good citizenship that come with increased knowledge.

For the most part, these Scranton Schools have served men who could have been served by no other type of educational medium. They have served a larger number, and in a greater number of fields, than any other educational institution.

If you wish to learn more about the work of the I. C. S., write for the booklet, "The Business of Building Men."

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They Hated Lincoln

"NOW he belongs to the ages." Curious irony of history it was that a man who had combated Abraham Lincoln as relentlessly as had Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, and who even as Lincoln lay dying was planning to frustrate the President's policies, should have uttered this perfect tribute to the fallen leader.

We incline to remember now only the Lincoln of the Gettysburg speech, the man of the people whose simple eloquence gave permanent expression to the hopes and ideals and aspirations of the inarticulate millions of decent men and women.

It is refreshing for us also to keep in mind that other Lincoln, the sober man of action who was forever fighting against tremendous odds to lead our predecessors to do justice with mercy during the most tragic period in our national history. For if we understand the difficulties which prejudiced men put in the path of Lincoln, we shall have a more comprehending insight into embarrassments which still confront our leaders.

When Abraham Lincoln was a candidate for the presidency in 1864, he won by a scant majority—obtaining only 55 per cent of the votes of the Northern States.

As the Civil War approached the end President Lincoln was bitterly fought in his every policy. Speaking of the radicals in Congress he said:

"They have never been friendly to me. At all events, I must keep some consciousness of being somewhere near right. I must keep some standard of principle fixed within myself."

His plan of reconstruction was passionately hated and later when Andrew Johnson adopted it as his own, Johnson was impeached.

Every important policy for which Lincoln stood was repudiated by Congress and by the country during the years immediately following his assassination.

Straight through his presidency Lincoln was subjected to incessant and unrestrained attack. Wendell Phillips called Lincoln "a more unlimited despot than the world knows this side of China."

Eight hours after the assassination the group of radical leaders who were later to control Congress and to make the national policy met to draw plans for ridding the country of the Lincoln influence.

Reports of the meeting stated that "the hostility for Lincoln's policy of conciliation and contempt for his weakness" were "undisguised" and, as Bowers quotes in The Tragic Era, "the universal sentiment among radical men was that 'his death is a godsend to our cause.'"

More amazing still were the sermons preached on the Easter immediately after Lincoln's murder. Lloyd Lewis in Myths After Lincoln collected numerous sermons from representative preachers of that day. Some of the statements made are almost incredible today.

In Boston the Rev. Warren E. Cudworth was saying: "God may have seen that a sterner hand than his (Lincoln's) was needed to hold the helm of state during the next four years of reckoning and reconstruction."

The Rev. C. B. Crane of the South Baptist Church at Hartford said among other disparaging things: "Do you remember how our confidence in Abraham Lincoln was shaken when he went from Springfield to Washington making little speeches from the platform of the car all the way? Abraham Lincoln's work is done. From the fourteenth of this April his work was done. From that time God had no further use for him in this position which he held. At that time God had use for Andrew Johnson. . . . There was danger that Lincoln would subordinate his executive function to his personal sympathies . . . that he would even pardon Davis and Stephens and Johnson and Lee if they should come into his power. . . .

"But Andrew Johnson, a man of nerve, has had his heart wrung under the iron heel of rebellion. His sense of justice is paramount to his tender sensibilities. I believe God has raised him up to bring this rebellion to the consummation of just retribution. It is not private revenge he will wreak but the vengeance of God, whose appointed minister he is."

Such were the expressions heard in many influential pulpits after Lincoln died. His policies were repudiated in Congress and in the country. Every plan associated with his name was under suspicion. Reconstruction became a needlessly bitter and tragic process because men abandoned Lincoln's policies. Today our national politics is still confused because of the hatreds of that era.

We forget Lincoln's heart-rending struggles and remember only the historic victory. Time, the great judge, was with the man of understanding mercy. Today men all over the world honor him for those same compassionate sympathies which made even the righteous men of his generation hostile to him.

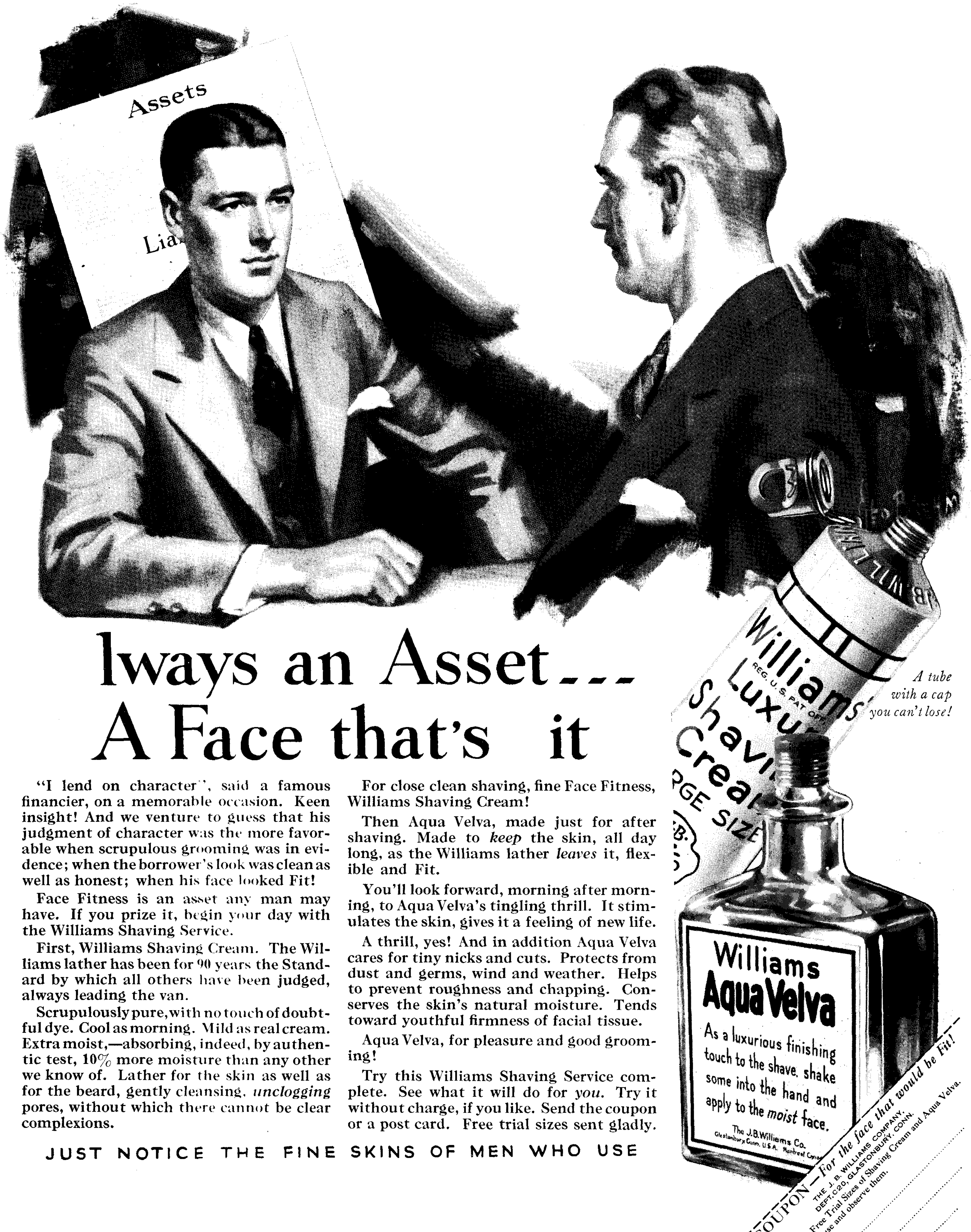
This is not a new experience in human affairs. Since the earliest times the fathers have stoned the prophets and the children have built their sepulchers.

Now that the conflict is so far back in history we can see the issues clearly and the essential nobility of Lincoln stands out, overtowering the petty meannesses and hates of those who opposed him. The man who was despised and whose principles were flaunted has become the symbol of the best we hope to be.

We actually honor Lincoln, however, as our decisions and policies in our present affairs are determined by the broad understanding and generous sympathy which guided him.

Wide World

The Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D. C.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A Face that's it

"I lend on character", said a famous financier, on a memorable occasion. Keen insight! And we venture to guess that his judgment of character was the more favorable when scrupulous grooming was in evidence; when the borrower's look was clean as well as honest; when his face looked Fit!

Face Fitness is an asset any man may have. If you prize it, begin your day with the Williams Shaving Service.

First, Williams Shaving Cream. The Williams lather has been for 90 years the Standard by which all others have been judged, always leading the van.

Scrupulously pure, with no touch of doubtful dye. Cool as morning. Mild as real cream. Extra moist,—absorbing, indeed, by authentic test, 10% more moisture than any other we know of. Lather for the skin as well as for the beard, gently cleansing, *unclogging* pores, without which there cannot be clear complexions.

For close clean shaving, fine Face Fitness, Williams Shaving Cream!

Then Aqua Velva, made just for after shaving. Made to *keep* the skin, all day long, as the Williams lather *leaves* it, flexible and Fit.

You'll look forward, morning after morning, to Aqua Velva's tingling thrill. It stimulates the skin, gives it a feeling of new life.

A thrill, yes! And in addition Aqua Velva cares for tiny nicks and cuts. Protects from dust and germs, wind and weather. Helps to prevent roughness and chapping. Conserves the skin's natural moisture. Tends toward youthful firmness of facial tissue.

Aqua Velva, for pleasure and good grooming!

Try this Williams Shaving Service complete. See what it will do for *you*. Try it without charge, if you like. Send the coupon or a post card. Free trial sizes sent gladly.

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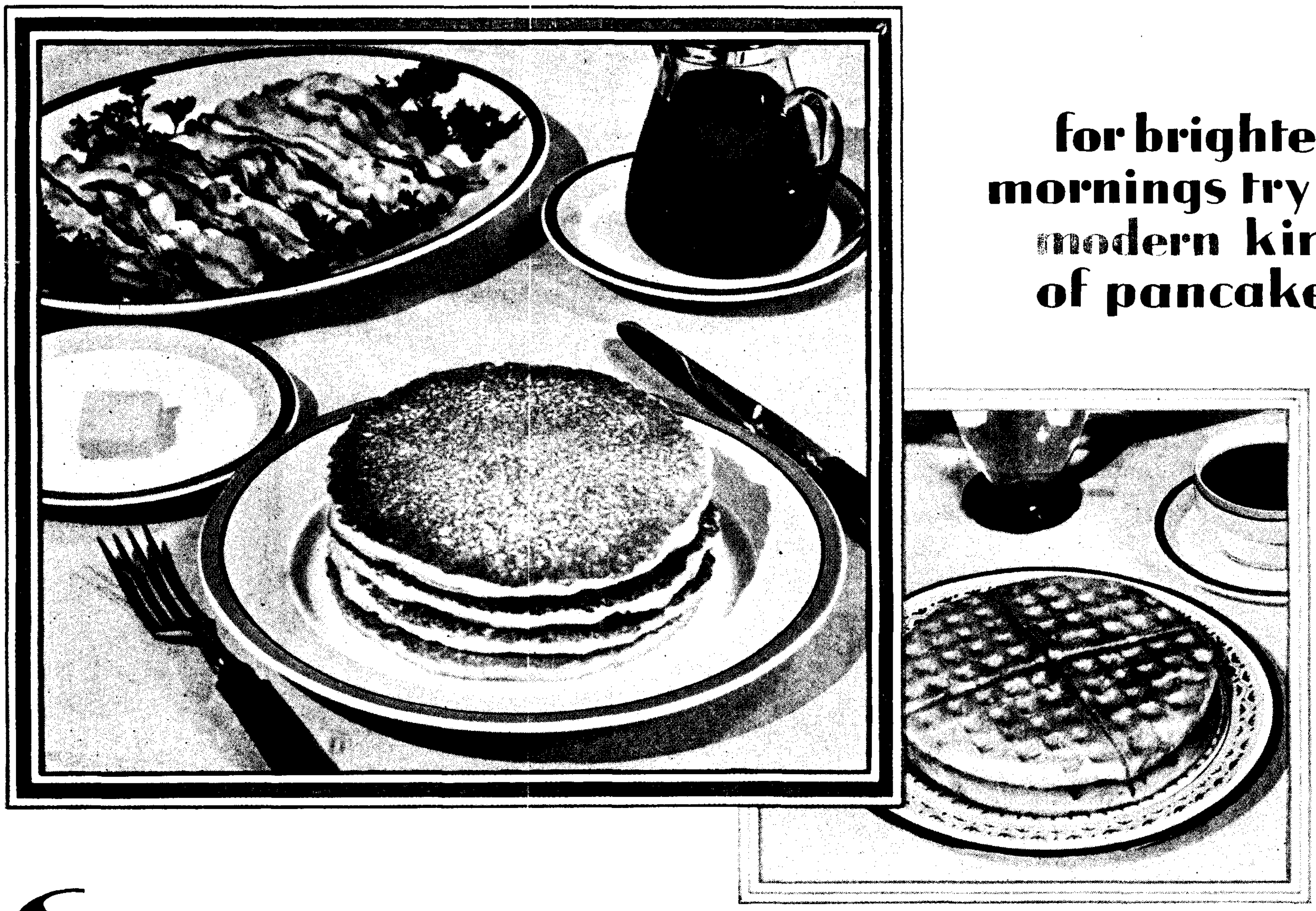
All food and no fun makes breakfast a dull meal



for brighter mornings try this modern kind of pancake!

Good for waffles, too!

SOME of us have fallen into the sad habit of treating breakfast as simply so much nourishment. Good food, to be sure, but nothing to cause any particular excitement.

That's the wrong idea. Unless we are cheered as well as fed, breakfast is only half a meal. It's just as important to refresh the spirits as the body. For the sake of good digestion and good living, we should get pleasure as well as nourishment from our morning meal.

For instance, take pancakes—especially this modern kind, made with the new Pillsbury's Pancake Flour. That's the way to bring a gleam of delight to a man's eye—a positive outburst of joy from the children. A breakfast like that is more than good food—it's an occasion for enthusiasm. And enthusiasm is as important as the food itself.

You'll like these improved pancakes—Pillsbury has made a real discovery. Pillsbury's Pancake Flour contains a new type of flour, unusually soft, fine and delicate. It makes lighter cakes, more tender, more delicious, easy to digest, much better than the old-fashioned kind.

They're made in a minute—simply add water or milk to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour and bake on a hot griddle.

Pillsbury's are truly *modern* pancakes, thoroughly in keeping with up-to-date diet ideas. They furnish ample fuel for the busy morning in school or at work, in a warm, light, quickly digestible form. And, more than that, they supply keen enjoyment, zest, eagerness—an important part of a successful breakfast, the proper start to a happier day!

THE RECIPE IS SIMPLE

Made in a minute and ready to bake—simply add the liquid gradually to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour and stir. You can use only water and make a delicious pancake. Or, if you have been mixing your own batter with milk or eggs, use the same liquids with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour—we believe you'll like these pancakes better than the home-mixed kind.

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Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

Pillsbury's
PANCAKE
FLOUR

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